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**MRS BAILLIE REYNOLDS**  
*Starts in this Number*

# *The Quiver*



April  
1925

1/-  
net



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ANZORA  
*Masters the Hair!*

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IDEAL FOR DRY SCALPS



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FOR SLIGHTLY GREASY SCALPS

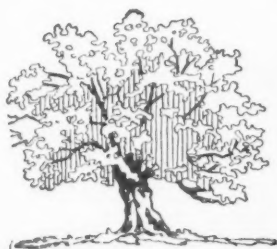
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1'6. 2'6  
PER BOTTLE DOUBLE QUANTITY

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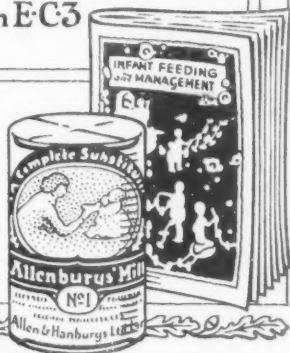
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Progressive System of Infant Feeding





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**4<sup>D</sup>**





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and all  
CHEMISTS

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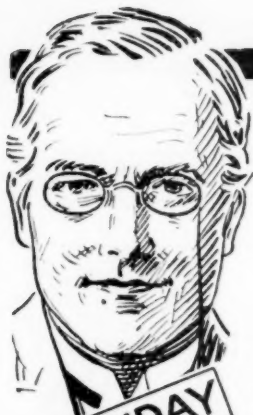
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It must be Player's



P1137



*Is it always  
"Monday morning?"*

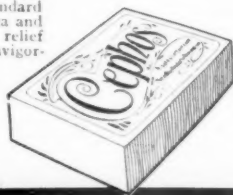
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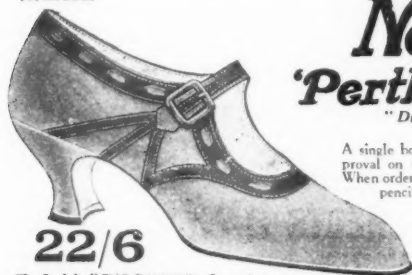
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22/6

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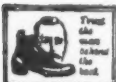


22/6

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Formerly, to accomplish these two objects it was necessary to take expensive courses of treatment at famous springs, but an eminent scientist has recently discovered that the same result may be secured at slight expense by drinking, three or four times a day, a glass of water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of refined *Alkia Saltrates*. These saltrates, which in their refined form enable you to reproduce the curative and medicinal properties of the most famous springs, and are obtainable of any chemist, will, in a few days, not only remove all uric acid from the blood, thus causing backache, rheumatism and lumbago to disappear, but they will also at the same time entirely restore the kidneys to normal activity and perfect health, thus guaranteeing freedom from future attacks.

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4/6  
8/6  
1/9

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CHEMISTS  
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will keep  
you right.*

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

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## The Editor's Announcement Page

### THE PROBLEM OF HAPPINESS

By THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

My May Number will contain some of the most important features we have had for a long time. Dr. Grenfell, the celebrated Labrador missionary, has written a stirring article, "Some Heroes of Modern Life"; Leslie Gordon Barnard is contributing a curious, deeply interesting story, "The Portrait"; H. Mortimer Batten sends a nature story, "The Frenchman," and I am privileged to give a fully illustrated article by H.M. the Queen of Roumania, entitled "The Problem of Happiness."

An article which may create some controversy is called "The Life of a School Teacher." Everyone in the scholastic profession—and all who think of entering it—should read this important article.

*The Editor*

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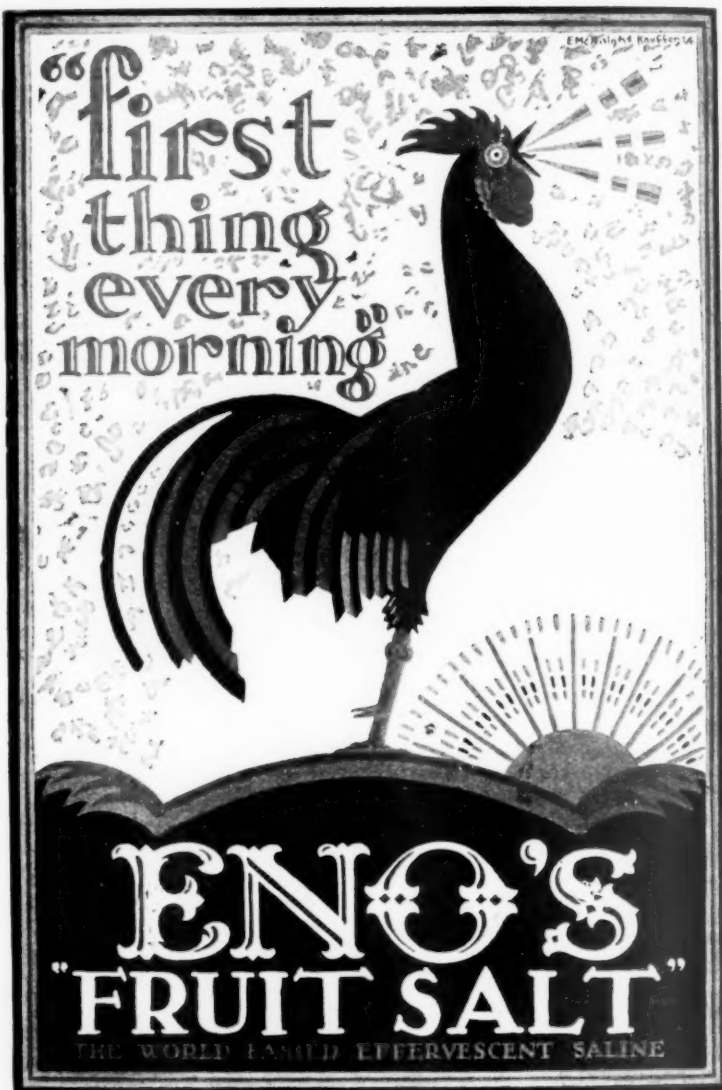
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*The above illustration is from the well known colour poster designed for ENO's "Fruit Salt" by E. McKnight Kauffer. A reproduction of this in colour will be sent on application to J. C. ENO Ltd., P.O. Box 671, London, E.C.4.*





# The QUIVER

## Spring-time

*There is a peculiar poignancy about the Spring that reminds one of Youth: the keen, piercing winds, the illusive sunshine, the joyful promise, the bitter set-back, the sharp shower and the rainbow. Youth is a time of keen emotions, rich promise, frequent peril, easy disaster. Youth varies like the Spring, yet like the Spring it is full of immense potentialities.*

*Don't discourage Youth. Admitted the inexperience, the rawness, the over-confidence, yet Youth holds the promise of the future.*

*Always be tender of the budding plant, and never crush the seed of hope in growing youth. Respect the future.*



"Down the room advanced an elderly woman followed by the girl with whom he had exchanged a few words the previous night"—p. 516

Drawn by  
Norman Sutcliffe

# THE SPELL OF SARNIA

By  
*Mrs. Baillie Reynolds*

## CHAPTER I

### The Return of the Native

"I BEG yours!"  
The colloquialism fell lightly from the young man's lips as he raised his hat to a girl against whose arm his own elbow had brushed in the obscurity.

The night was still and dark. The thin crescent of the young moon had just sunk below the horizon. The starry sky hung over Weymouth Harbour, and the revolving lights winked and flashed upon a sea like black marble. On board the *Reindeer* there was light enough where the gang-plank crossed; but under the awnings on the farther side of the boat the twilight was profound.

A little thud informed Vauxlaurens that the slight impact of his arm with hers had caused the lady to drop something that she carried. He stooped, recovered the parcel, and remarked that it seemed as if they were to have a calm passage.

"I hope so," replied she with the complete naturalness with which it is now fortunately customary for a woman to receive a civility from a stranger of the other sex. Her travelling hat hid a part of her face, and her soft, dark hair hid more; but he received an immediate impression of beauty and of charm. A few months earlier he would have been interested; even to-night, struggling as he was against a profound depression, he was, nevertheless, conscious of a desire to see the face of his fellow-traveller fully.

"I'm thankful it looks calm," she volunteered. "I'm a wretched sailor."

"The dreadful part," he said, "is being awakened by the stopping of the boat, and then realizing that the happy band who are

bound for Guernsey are disembarking, and that you have a horrible bit still to cross in order to reach Jersey."

"Oh, well," she replied, "I'm thankful to say I am disembarking at Peter Port."

"Indeed? So am I." He was not aware that a sudden leaden weight seemed to descend upon his voice. His inflexion implied that he would rather his destination were anywhere else in the world.

They were leaning side by side over the gunwale, gazing down upon the water. All was quiet, for those who had reached Weymouth by the earlier train had already dined and come on board; and those who would come down by the boat train would not arrive until just before the time of sailing, at 2 a.m.

"Don't you like Guernsey?" asked the girl, half listless, half curious. "You sound as if you didn't."

"I hate the place," he muttered sulkily. "I wish I need never see it again as long as I live."

"We-ell!" she laughed uncertainly, evidently doubtful as to whether to take him seriously. "I'm sorry for that. I have been here once before, and I like it ever so much. People were very kind to me."

"I should think people are apt to be kind to you, wherever you go."

"And not to you?"

He hunched his shoulders and sneered. "I'm a man and must take hard knocks."

"I have always believed that men have a much better time in the world than girls do."

"Well," he owned, "certainly men have the fun of meeting girls, which I suppose none of your sex can experience. But I speak as one disillusioned. I had all kinds of belief in a good world in which right came out top, before the war. Now I've

\* Copyright in U.S.A., 1925, by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

## THE QUIVER

changed my mind; and that's that. Where are you staying?"

"At the Duke of Normandy," she answered, laughing a little, as if the fact held a concealed joke. "Are you going there?"

"Yes, for a few days," he answered. "I'm told it's good."

"Oh, it's great fun," she answered eagerly; adding in a breath: "Do you dance?"

"Sometimes."

"Then I shall ask you to dance with me."

"Ah! I forgot it was leap year."

That also appeared to amuse her. He could see her better, now that his sight had focused itself to the light. She had a "Gibson girl" chin, and her eyes were soft and melting.

"Is Guernsey your home?" was her next question.

"No," he replied sharply, almost resentfully; adding after a pause: "It ought to be, but it has not been for years now; and I don't suppose it ever will be."

The girl, upon that, turned up her eyes fully to survey the face of this misanthropist. She saw a real Guernsey type—well-shaped head, aquiline nose, sharply cut—and those sea-coloured eyes which in the island are often seen with dark hair. It was not quite a pleasing face, for it wore that expression of querulousness or irritability which was the war's legacy to many; but it was certainly a face to look at twice.

The conversation was interrupted. An elderly woman, muffled in costly furs, passed, paused, and said as if in surprise:

"There you are, Yvonne! I have been looking for you everywhere. Come downstairs and get to bed and to sleep before we start, like a sensible girl. It's eleven o'clock."

Yvonne moved away, with a backward glance and nod of "good night," and disappeared in the direction of the ladies' cabin, leaving young Vauxlaurens to the solitary indulgence of a good deal of bitter fancy.

He flung himself into a deck chair, and there fell asleep until the sound of further passengers coming aboard warned him to go below and take possession of the berth he had reserved. The sea remained calm all night, and he did not awaken even when they reached the ever-restless waters that surge about the Cas-quettes.

The voice of the steward, crying that they would be in in ten minutes, brought him to

his feet in a hurry, and he immediately went on deck.

It was half-past seven, and in the glimmering radiance of a May dawn the islets of Herm and Jethou had just slid past them. The eastern sun gilded Castle Cornet with rose-coloured light; and on the jetty were various figures, waving eager hands to those whom they had come to welcome.

No hand was raised to greet Vauxlaurens. No one was glad that he had come to Guernsey. He frowned as his eyes travelled over the misty view of Peter Port piled upon its hill, over the sturdy tower of the town church and the tall mass of Castle Carey. This isle of Normans—of the blood that made England great—was the source of his own blood and the scene of his family life for centuries; but he came to it disinherited, a stranger—almost an outcast.

In the dining-room of the Duke of Normandy the early eastern sun streamed joyously in through eight long windows, and the scents of breakfast came appetizingly to his nostrils when, having been assigned a room, he came downstairs with freshly tubbed vigour and appetite.

He had a twinge of memory when they brought him yellow milk and butter and Guernsey biscuit. He had forgotten the queer strength with which such trifles lay hold upon the heart and twist it; had forgotten that the milk which nourished his boyhood had a colour and a quality of its own.

Down the room advanced an elderly woman, with an ugly face but a slim, well-carried figure and an elastic walk. She was turned out in the latest mode, and was followed by the girl with whom he had exchanged a few words the previous night on deck.

In the full sunshine he could see how pretty Yvonne was. Her dark hair clustered about a face which was perhaps a shade too pale, but which seemed to him very appealing. As she passed she gave him the sketch of a smile, and went on to take her seat with the individual who was, he hoped, not her mother, but only her chaperon for the time being. Then he noted, with an altogether uncalled-for annoyance, that they were followed by a young man, decidedly personable, who took the third place at their table.

As Vauxlaurens ate his breakfast his thoughts, instead of dwelling upon the business which had called him to Guernsey, were running upon the group at the table close by, and wondering whether they were

## THE SPELL OF SARNIA

mother, son and daughter, or mother, daughter and fiancé, or what other relationship could exist between them. There seemed to him to be no trace of family likeness; yet the elder woman was evidently in authority, for he heard her, when they rose from table, peremptorily order the two young people to meet her in a certain place at a certain time—an order which they both accepted quite as a matter of course.

When Yvonne had left the room, drifting between the little tables as lightly as a thistle-down, his own breakfast ceased to interest him, and he rose, sauntering leisurely into the smoking-room, where he sat down, drew a bulky pocket-book from his coat and began to study its contents, which evidently did not please him at all.

A young man was sitting in the room at the writing-table, his back bent and his shoulders hunched, as if in a desperate effort at penmanship. He was attired in flannels, his curly head was bare, and what could be seen of him was distinctly pleasing.

The door opened and another man peered into the room. This last comer looked to be about fifty or rather more. He was very dark—even swarthy in complexion—so much so as to suggest a mixed race. His hair, which evidently had been black, was now sprinkled with grey; and a short beard, carefully trimmed to a point, gave him an American appearance. He was attired in the most dandified and spotless white from head to shoes.

"There you are," said he impatiently to the labouring scribe. "I've been looking everywhere for you. Don't you know we're waiting to play?"

The young man turned a pleasant face, with good teeth and merry eyes, towards him.

"Keep your hair on," said he easily. "I'm bound to send off this scrawl by to-day's boat. On this little isle one forgets that the only way to communicate with the world is that blessed old tin kettle."

"Thanks to the thing we call the British Government," was the reply, with an acid sneer, "which refuses to charter the flying boat for the postal service."

"Never mind," was the gay response. "That little old fly-boat skipper is one of the best, and he doesn't refuse to post letters in Southampton. Run along, Quigley; I'll be on the court almost as soon as you are."

"By the way," said the man called Quigley, who had come into the room, struck

a match and lighted a cigarette, "seen our new dancing girl? Bit of a peach, I may tell you."

"What—Yvonne Langlois, as advertised, with partner?" asked the letter-writer, busily licking and sticking down the envelope of his missive. "Has she arrived?"

"She has. I've been cultivating Madame Blatt, her dragon. Wary old bird. Expect she keeps the little girl in proper order."

"Good thing, too, when there are Quigleys about," was the reply. It was lightly said, but something in the tone suggested to the listener that the young man resented the tone of the elder. The belief caused Vauxlaurens instantly to feel in sympathy with the big gay boy, who sprang from his chair, ran from the room and could be heard shouting for Relton, the hotel porter, who is, as everybody knows, one of the chief features of Peter Port.

Quigley remained, standing before the window, puffing at his cigarette. Everything about him was costly, cultivated, dandified. Vauxlaurens, having caught his name, was watching him covertly but very keenly. A young girl, also attired for tennis, ran into the room.

"Come along, Mr. Quigley; we've found all the balls!" cried she eagerly.

"Coming at once, Miss Grant," replied the gentleman silkily. "I assure you it isn't I who have kept you waiting, but the young kangaroo—Gilray." The girl vanished, laughing, and at the same moment one of the hotel pages came in to ask if he should set light to the fire. Quigley's manner instantly changed, and became that of the surly bully.

"I don't want the fire—I'm going out," he said in insolent disregard of the other occupant of the room; "better go and make yourself useful hunting for lost balls. The fool management of this hotel should know better than to lay down a gravel court with long grass on either side of it—people never seem to have the faintest glimmer of common-sense. . . ." He went out of the room, muttering; and Vauxlaurens stared after him.

So that was the man who now owned the Vauxlaurens lands! That the man who was master of *Clos des Mûriers*! A whole-hearted and violent dislike had arisen full-fledged in his heart at first sight of the dark face. Now that he knew who he was . . .

He hesitated no longer, but sprang to his feet and hastened from the hotel, out upon the sea front.

## THE QUIVER

### CHAPTER II

#### Grange des Fées

FOR the first time since his boyhood he gazed out upon the lovely archipelago, and greeted the familiar outlines of Herm and Jethou. There beyond them lay purple Sark; the hyphen, as Victor Hugo has it, between Guernsey and Jersey. The latter was invisible in the haze. It was going to be a hot day.

To his surprise, and somewhat to his annoyance, he felt a lump rising in his throat. He saw himself, a brown, keen-eyed lad, setting out from Rocquaine Bay in the old sailing-boat *La Monette*, his uncle Dulac at the helm; rounding the dangerous rocks off Grand Havre and Fort le Marchant, and dropping down past St. Sampson's to Peter Port with a cargo of *langoustes*.

He longed to feel himself once more aboard that tarry, weather-beaten little craft, which in those days he had hated and despised. Now Uncle Jacques was dead, lost at sea in the war, and old Great-uncle Pierre was dead also—he who used to keep the chemist's shop in Smith Street. Of all his grandmother's people only one was left—Great-aunt Michelle—and of his father's family, just himself, standing there lonely and unrecognized upon the busy sea-front.

Setting his teeth, he marched up the Pollet; and at the corner of Smith Street was brought up short by the sight of the war memorial with its long list of names, among which he recognized many of his old classmates at Elizabeth College. Sighing, he went on up the hill, scanning the shop fronts, till he reached a tiny, dirty house, close-shuttered and decaying, which seemed to be trying to hide among the smart new ones. The name of Pierre Dulac, *parfumeur et pharmacien*, was barely legible.

In deepening depression he went on to the Square, where stands the Greffe, and turning, he scanned the tall houses facing it, upon the wire blinds of whose windows were inscribed the names of the Guernsey advocates. He found and dwelt upon the name of André Nicolle, and slowly drew near the house, as if to enter; but after a long hesitation turned away, as one who has made up his mind, and set himself steadily to climb the hill that leads towards Bailiff's Cross.

The loud hooting of a motor-horn caused him to turn. When he left the island there had been in it no such thing as a motor-bus. Now they were everywhere. Seeing that St. Saviours was the destination of this one, he

mounted it, but descended at a point beyond Les Vauxbelets, west of the hill they call the Haut Nez. Everywhere he saw change. There were more houses, more people, and acres more glasshouses than he remembered.

When he had left the main road, however, and plunged in a south-westerly direction, as one treading familiar ground, into a series of steep and twisting lanes, he found himself among meadows deep in pasture, tiny valleys of parklike land over-swept with the tender young green of majestic beeches. There was a luxuriance of chestnut and hawthorn bloom, and the sun lay warm upon the dun backs of cows, each tethered to her bit of pasture in the quaint fashion he remembered.

At a twisting corner where three lanes met was a notice, new and smart, with a pointing arrow directing to the Clos-Mûriers Sports Club. Reading it, he ground his teeth; but he held on his way until he reached a pair of fine eighteenth-century iron gates, newly painted and brightly gilt, from which a long, straight avenue, bordered with a double row of fine old Guernsey elms, ran to a house which dated evidently from the seventeenth century.

The gravel was newly laid, and on either side was smooth turf enclosing beds of brilliant bloom. The trees immediately behind the avenue had all been left standing, in order to conceal what lay beyond—a labyrinth of massed glass-houses and whirling water-wheels, set in wide fields of narcissus, iris and anemone, now in process of being stripped for the English market. The place was being exploited to its utmost capacity—the mansion for the sports club, the park for a market garden.

A notice was affixed to the great iron gates:

#### MEMBERS ONLY.

On one side of the gateway stood a board for the affixing of bills. Upon its upper part in gilt letters was painted:

#### CLOS MÛRIERS SPORTS CLUB.

SIX HARD COURTS. SIX GRASS COURTS. FOUR CROQUET LAWNS. SWIMMING BATH. ALL KINDS OF MEDICAL BATHS. MASSAGE. BILLIARDS. BRIDGE TABLES.

SOLE PROPRIETOR, HORVE QUIGLEY.

FOR ALL PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE SECRETARY, MR. EDGAR MANBY, DUKE OF NORMANDY HOTEL, PETER PORT.

Early in the sea on though it was, several players could be seen, racquet in hand.



## THE SPELL OF SARNIA

strolling across the terrace which lay before the château. Just outside the gates the lane had been much widened for the turning of cars, of which a couple were now in waiting, parked in the shade.

De Vauxlaurens stood motionless. All this should have been his. He was the hereditary seigneur. Feelings indescribable, almost murderous, welled up within him. He recalled Quigley as he had that morning seen him—the graceful, elderly fop in spotless white—and pictured him moving through the galleries of the dignified mansion, the presiding genius of the luxurious club.

A mist swam before his eyes, and he turned stumbling away from the prosperous picture, hurrying southward down the lane, and presently leaving it for a grassy track which nobody would call a road. It led him across a bit of moorland, flaming with gorse, from which the hot sun after rain was drawing its strong, almond-scented perfume.

Making his way like one who has many times trodden the same path, he came at length to an old wall, crumbling to decay, twelve feet high in some places, not more than five in others. Set in the wall was a tall arched entrance, with a small gateway for foot-passengers beside it. As he pushed open the crazy gate and passed through, he told himself with a sudden spasm of the throat that was almost a sob that nothing here was changed.

The house within was old and grey, and much of it dated from the thirteenth century. Until they built their château at Clos des Mûriers it had sheltered generations of the Vauxlaurens. From its turret one could watch the western coast and see the sweep of



"'Aymon,' she murmured tremulously,  
'Aymon—Aymon Rose!'"—p. 520

Drawn by  
Norman Sutcliffe

the tides in Rocquaine Bay. It had once been enclosed in a quadrangular court, but two sides of this had long ago been demolished. Some folks said that the Vauxlaurens had abandoned their ancient home because it was *visionnée*. From time immemorial it had been known as the *Grange des Fées*.

The Dulacs, hereditary seneschals of the Seigneurs de Vauxlaurens, had lived there ever since the family vacated it. Therein behind those small, deeply-played windows with their granite lintels, under those iron-hard oaken beams, had this young man grown from babyhood to boyhood. It had been his home.

As he crossed the untidy, grass-grown courtyard there came into it from another entrance a very old woman, carrying a hand-



## THE QUIVER

ful of onions and lettuce. She was small and spare, with face so wrinkled and sunburnt that it was not easy to guess that she had been a very pretty girl in her youth. Her eyes were now nearly white; once they had been blue as the seas that surged about her birthplace. But her sight had not failed. She saw the tall young man with broad shoulders and swinging gait come striding into the yard, and for a moment she stood still, while a shudder of intense feeling shook her. She was standing beside a bench, and she let fall her vegetables, so that they fell upon the seat; and stood with her little, empty, earth-stained hands outstretched.

"Aymon," she murmured, tremulously, "Aymon—Aymon Rose!"

Aymon uncovered as he went up to her, stooped and kissed her on the forehead. "*La p'tite tante!*" he said, in tones a little broken with feeling for which he was not prepared. "You sent for me, and I have come."

For a few moments she could say no more. She laid her shrivelled old hands, worn with the best part of a century's toil, on his sleeve and clung there. At last:

"*Te voilà!*" she muttered, and repeated it more than once; adding then: "*Toi et moi, et voilà tout! Tu es maintenant non seulement le dernier Vauxlaurens. Tu es aussi le dernier Dulac.*"\*

He answered in the old French which she best understood:

"A pity there is no one better, my little aunt."

She quavered as her old eyes peered up at his great height. "*Je n' demande pas mieux, moi!*"†

He smiled then. There was at least one living soul to whom he counted for something; but how frail and aged she was. How soon even this last remaining kinswoman would leave him, and flit out upon her shadowy way to the unknown.

They had a few minutes' talk, out there in the sunshine. She asked him of his journey, his health and so on, always in the tongue of her youth. Then suddenly using English, and speaking it with the ease of long habit, even if not with the love of the patriot, she said: "Come in, my son. Come in to your own home; it has been empty since you left it."

\* "There you are . . . you and I, and that is all. You are now not only the last Vauxlaurens, you are also the last Dulac."

† "I ask no better."

She stepped within—into the dark coolness of a wide passage, almost a hall, panelled in black oak. Facing them was the open door of the newel stair, up which as a small boy he had been terrified to mount in the dark. He remembered now the comfort of the grip of Tante Michelle's hard little fingers.

They entered the old kitchen, to the right of the doorway.

There it all was, just as he remembered it. There was the high rack upon which the salt pork—at least, half a pig—had always companionably sprawled; he was still to be found in his old place. There, too, was the time-honoured *jonquière*—the "green bed"—a species of sofa, formerly stuffed with rushes, and still green in colour, to commemorate its old nature; the place where neighbours who looked in for a chat habitually sat with their knitting, and where of an evening the mistress of the farm in olden days plied her wheel, and still mended her man's clothing.

Upon this seat of honour, near the sunny window, sat a very old woman, munching a bit of *gâche* (Guernsey plum cake) with toothless gums, and watching with deep interest the flying fingers of a young girl seated beside her, who was apparently correcting some fault in a bit of knitting, the ball of wool lying in the old crony's lap.

Aymon uttered a cry of astonishment. "Colette! Colette Quèripel! I little thought to see you again!"

He spoke in French, and the old head was raised; the dim eyes almost flashed for a moment.

"It is the young seigneur," she muttered, "the Seigneur de Vauxlaurens. He has come back to claim that which is his own."

"Won't take him long to do that," muttered Aymon in English, as he took up and patted the dirty little claw which lay in old Colette's lap. "Well, my grandmère, and do you still carry on the good work? Do you still *désorcèler* those afflicted by the black witches?"

Colette nodded, smiling and mumbling vivaciously. What with her patois and her toothless gums it was not easy to hear what she said; but he understood her to be explaining that the girl seated beside her was learning all her spells, and would carry on the good work when she was no more—that is, if she came safely through some terrible danger or trouble which threatened her, and which she, old Colette, was labouring to avert.

## THE SPELL OF SARNIA

Upon this the girl seated on the green bed raised her head and smiled into Aymon's eyes. He was conscious of a sharp sensation, which afterwards, when he was more collected, he described to himself as resembling an electric shock; not that he was overcome by her beauty, but that she was so entirely unexpected. He had never seen anybody like her.

Her hair was dead, lustreless black, with a heave in it which was hardly a ripple, but like the slow movement of a calm sea at midnight. Her long eyes slanted slightly downward at the outer corners, and were unusually heavily lashed. They were of that speckled hue which a modern writer has described as mignonette-coloured; green, with orange flecks. She was pale and rather thin, and her mouth was wonderful, unusually small and unusually red, but delicate—cut with a curve which seemed to express all kinds of things which cannot be said.

Just one long look she gave him, as if offering to share his amusement concerning Colette; then she bent once more to her task of turning the heel for the old woman. Aymon was so absorbed in the curious impression she had made upon him that he said nothing at all; and after a pause she rose and laid the knitting in Colette's lap.

"There," said she; and Aymon thought her voice was like water murmuring in a sea-cave. He did not, consciously, think it beautiful, only Undine-like and a little inhuman. "There, my dear, don't get it into such a tangle again, or I may not be able to set it straight. Come along! I'll take you home now."

"You might introduce me, *ma tante*," murmured Aymon hurriedly.

He thought that his aunt hesitated, and her voice had a reluctant sound as she said, "It is Mademoiselle Vidal. Her father manages the Clos-Mûriers estate."

To Aymon's horror, old Colette piped up, shrill and distinct: "Make thy curtsy, fillette, for it is the Vauxlaurens himself. It is his right, as thy seigneur, to ask what he will of thee, and thou shouldst be proud to give it. It is a great honour for a young girl, if she pleases him—"

"Don't be a fool, Colette," said Tante Michelle sharply. "Mademoiselle Oriane is a *jeune fille bien élevée*,\* and not a peasant. You forget."

"Times change, times change," muttered

the old creature, "but that his tenant's daughter should shake hands with the young seigneur, that does not seem to me *convenable*."

Aymon and Oriane both laughed. That handshake tingled all the way up the young man's arm.

"Oh, come away, *la vieille*," murmured Oriane mirthfully; "you make me feel quite uncomfortable." Stooping, she passed her arm about the frail old woman and raised her to her feet. "I'll say 'good-bye' for the present, Miss Dulac," she went on pleasantly, "for my father will be waiting lunch for me; and on my way home I'll drop *la Sorcière Blanche* at Les Aspillès."

Turning from the old woman she once more bent over the green bed, her long, swift hands feeling over its green baize surface until she touched a crystal ball, about the size of a large apple, which lay tucked in a corner. This she slipped into the pocket of the long rose-coloured overall which she wore, and forthwith marched Colette from the room, explaining that Tante Michelle had only just met her nephew and had much to say to him. The aged crone yielded evidently only to *force majeure*, and could be seen crossing the yard, hanging upon Miss Vidal's arm and still feebly expostulating.

Aymon watched the two pass out under the gateway. Questions concerning the girl were on the tip of his tongue; but as he turned he caught his aunt keenly watching him out of the corner of her observant eye, and determined to make no comment, except that it was a wonder to see old Colette still alive.

The Guernsey woman assented as she went to the stove and lifted the lid of a big earthen pot, from which proceeded a savoury odour. "You must feed before we talk business," said she. "I'll call Marthe and bid her dish up."

She gave her assistant a few directions in unintelligible patois, and returned to Aymon's side, seating herself by him upon the "green bed."

"When we have eaten," said she ceremoniously, "we will go upstairs to the parlour; but now tell me something of thyself and of the death of thy father."

Aymon's brow clouded. "Poor old dad, life was hard on him, wasn't it? You know how he cherished hopes always to buy back the old patrimony. He had a hard struggle at first, but when he sent for me to join him in England he was really doing well in

\* A well-brought-up girl; that is to say, not of the peasant class.

## THE QUIVER

his business, and looked like doing much better. So he sent me to Charterhouse and Oxford. Then came the war. It shattered his business and it ruined his health. He had overworked so much in his youth, with no woman to care for him, that he had undermined his constitution, so they said; and he went down with pneumonia following influenza. There was nothing for me either by inheritance or from the Government; nor for any other man who had been through the war and come out whole. We might fare as we could. I am just a clerk in an insurance office, with a stipend that a dustman would turn up his nose at."

The old woman gave a little groan. "Thy poor father! My sister's child! His wife was French, but she had true Guernsey blood—the blood of the Lethierrys *Dieu*, but it was a tragedy, her dying so suddenly! I remember to this day the despair in the face of my poor Gérard when he brought thee to me from London, a babe of three months. I did not think thou wouldst live; but I put aside the artificial food with which they were feeding thee, and tried the milk of Pâquerette, our lovely cow who won two prizes. She saved thee."

"You have been good to me," he muttered, "but it might have been better had I followed my mother. Our family is played out."

### CHAPTER III

#### Family History

TANTE MICHELLE'S eyes, so old yet so intelligent, surveyed him proudly.

"It is not so, Aymon. Your grandfather saved his race, by marrying out of his rank. He took the daughter of his senechal. Our Marie was not of the Vauxlaurens' blood. No. *But she was healthy and strong*. Our father married an Alderney girl, and his own mother came from Sark. Your father was a fine man, and you, too, are such as the seigneur of Clos des Mûriers ought to be. When your grandfather loved and married my sister Marie he did well."

Aymon laughed bitterly. "His own father did not think so."

"He had not enough sense to think so," was the calm rejoinder. "He had but just enough sense to think his will was law. He was a fool—God forgive me for saying so. An old man, blind and ignorant, but with the power to do mischief. . . there are many who can do mischief. It is not difficult to do; but to undo——" She paused.

Aymon's eyes questioned her. "I have never quite understood what it was that he did. Sold all his property, didn't he, to prevent his son inheriting? But I thought it was island law that a man could not leave real estate away from his lawful heir?"

"He cannot so *bequeath* it, but he may *sell* it during his lifetime; and that is what the old seigneur did. He sold the whole estate to Jean Torode, of the Mill, one of his own vavassours. Jean told my father several times that he thought himself a fool for buying it, for he always believed the old man would repent and buy it back before the year was out; for that also is island law. He who sells land, or any of his family, have the right to buy back within a year; and the new owner must let it go at the price he gave—no more, no less. Torode thought the young lord would be reconciled with his father before that year was out. When your own father was born, about six weeks before the year expired, Torode gave himself up for lost, and with good reason; for, as you have often been told, your grandfather went up to the great house——"

"Wait a bit—my great-grandfather, then, was still living in the Clos des Mûriers, although he had sold it?"

"Yes, I forgot to tell you that. As long as he lived he was to pay Torode rent for the house; that was the agreement. About thirty years earlier—long before all this happened—the seigneur had given my father a ninety-nine years' lease of this farm. That was fortunate for us. Torode could not turn us out, even if he had wanted to; but he did not. When he sold again, to Mr. Quigley, it was another story."

"And when does that lease expire?"

She looked gravely at him. "It expires next year."

"And when that happens Quigley takes the whole thing?"

"I suppose so."

"And you will be let in for a small fortune to set the entire place in order?" He glanced round and shrugged his shoulders expressively. "But continue, my aunt. You were telling me how my grandfather, soon after my father's birth, made an effort at reconciliation?"

"Yes. He took thy father in his arms—a lovely babe—and went to the Clos and forced his way into his father's presence. I do not know what was said, but the old man broke down and wept, promising to make restitution. Gérard came back to his wife, rejoicing. The beautiful babe, said he,



"The girl raised her head. . . . He was conscious  
of a sharp sensation resembling an electric shock"—p. 521

*Drawn by  
Norman Sutcliffe*

## THE QUIVER

had bought back their inheritance for them. But they rejoiced too soon. Next morning the old seigneur was found dead in bed. The shock of his son's visit had been too great. He left a will, which he had intended to revoke that very day, leaving all his money—which he could dispose of as he pleased—for the building of the new harbour in Guernsey. There was one week left of the time during which we could have bought back the estate, but there was no money with which to pay the price."

In the pause which succeeded these heavy tidings old Marthe announced that the dinner was ready, and they went to table.

With the glimmer of a smile, but nothing said, Michelle watched Aymon as he sat down in his place. She had brought out his old china mug with the Guernsey arms upon it, the little plate which matched it, and his silver christening spoon and fork—things which he as a child had been permitted to use upon his birthday and other special fêtes. When he saw them he bowed his head, as he had been taught by her, and recited his old Norman French grace. He could see the delight creep into her patient old face as she listened.

The dinner seemed to him delicious, but the whole scene was haunted with a vast, hopeless melancholy, as though he were living for a moment in the shadow of a past which had no real existence. When they had finished they left old Marthe to *desservir*, and themselves mounted the turret stair to the first floor, and entered the fine, oaken-panelled room which had been the banqueting hall of the old Manoir. There was a fireplace of massive granite, said to date from the fourteenth century, rudely moulded and still bearing the incised outline of a gull with extended wings—the Vauxlaurens' crest.

The old woman went to a Jacobean bureau of carved oak, unlocked it and from a pigeon-hole drew forth a bundle of documents. "And now," said she, as she seated herself at the table and adjusted her old silver spectacles, "let us talk business."

"Yes," said Aymon, leaning his elbows on the black oak and scanning the wise old face that confronted him. "I have put my own cards on the table, my aunt. I have told you that I am just a clerk in an office, and see no prospect before me but to sit upon the same stool, with a salary rising at ten pounds per annum until I am superannuated. If you can offer me any alternative, be sure I will consider it seriously."

She nodded gravely. "Your father left you—a little something, I think you told me?"

"A few hundreds." She seemed to wait, and he named the figure. He thought she looked relieved. "Your great-uncle's business is for sale," she said eagerly.

He stared, a deadly, creeping disappointment invading him. "What! The little shop in Smith Street? I thought you sold it, after his death, two years ago?"

"I did. I sold it last year to a man called Briggs. I could not sell it before because, my brother having left no will, it was so long before the Court would declare an intestacy. Now Briggs says I cheated him, and wants me to buy it back. He threatens to take the case into court. I have not the money to buy it back, or I would. I have had to spend most of the price to keep my barns from falling on the heads of my stock."

"But what in the world could I—" began Aymon blankly, and checked himself. "Why does this man say you cheated him?"

"That is what I want to tell you. Listen carefully. My brother Pierre—he who died almost a beggar—was a clever man. He made a great invention." Unconsciously she lowered her voice, like one confiding a secret of importance. "He invented a perfume. Like most such discoveries, it came to him partly by accident. He was, as you may have heard, a fully trained chemist. My father sent him to London to learn his profession, and he was clever—it was no trouble to him to pass examinations. He was a very odd man, and had the most extraordinary sense of smell. He was always putting together this and that, and trying the effect. He grew flowers of all kinds on the farm, and extracted the essential oil. . . . I dare say you know that many perfumes are not made of the real thing, but are what is called—something beginning with sin—?"

"Synthetic?"

"Yes. That is it. Some flower scents are too evanescent to make satisfactory perfume. Violets, for example. You steep the blooms in lard, and the lard absorbs the perfume. It is exquisite, but it does not last. Almost all violet perfumes are, therefore, synthetic. Well, Pierre used to have little phials filled with the essential oil of all kinds of flowers. He would carry a dozen in his pocket, and take a sniff at one and another, pondering all the time how to blend them so as to get exactly what he wanted; and one day he had been experimenting and

## THE SPELL OF SARNIA

testing, and he had a number of phials on his bench and a little bowl in which he had the essential oil of some flower, but I cannot remember what. Anyhow, he had opened one of his phials to take a whiff, when his favourite cat bounded up on his shoulder—he never knew how it got into the room, for he always shut it out of his laboratory—and the contents of the phial he held—a blend of synthetic ingredients—fell into the mixture already in the bowl. Immediately there arose to his nostrils a wonderful and exquisite perfume far surpassing anything he had been able to produce before. I tell you it was marvellous; and one of the ingredients—there are sixteen in all—grows profusely on this island. It took him some time to get it perfect, but when he sent it to London, connoisseurs went wild over it."

"You are speaking of many years ago?"

"Of the time when your father was a boy. Pierre made his formula as perfect as he could and patented it. Then he said, '*Vois-tu, Michelle—I am going to make a fortune with this, and I shall buy back my sister's property for her son.*'"

She ceased, gazing out before her with quivering mouth, thinking perchance of the difference between those hopes and the present.

"Yes?" Aymon prompted her gently.

"Then," slowly, "then Alichette Letissier married Jacques Vidal. After that Pierre went to the bad. I never knew the rights of it—whether he had cause to complain, or whether the girl was cruelly intimidated by her father. . . . But something died in my brother when she married the other man. He said the smells up here were too bad; he could not go on living at Grange des Fées. He went down and lived by himself in the tiny quarters behind his tiny shop in Smith Street; and he began to drink. He was all alone."

"Then he ceased to be ambitious for his family?"

"The drink destroyed all his ambitions. He neglected his business. *Dieu!* I have been into his office and seen letters—orders—from big London firms, begging for supplies of the Sarnian Bouquet, at his own price; and he would not so much as answer the letters, let alone filling the orders. As he grew old he was in great fear of having his secret stolen from him. He told me that if he was suddenly taken ill I was to let nobody near him, as he would have the formula on him. It happened as he feared—he was taken ill very suddenly, as he sat

behind his counter; he had a stroke. They moved him to a nursing home before I could come on the scene. I searched all his pockets, all his papers; but I found nothing. Of course, they had undressed him before I got there, and I felt sure that somebody had found a belt or something next his skin; but it is two years ago, and if it was stolen, surely the thief would have made use of it before now."

"Did he never speak?"

"No. There was something he wanted to say—to tell me—but he never succeeded. He died quite suddenly, just as they thought he was coming round. The business was worth nothing; it had all dwindled away. When Briggs made his offer I thought he must have got hold of the formula. But evidently he had not. He spent hours, days, after purchasing, ransacking the little shop. I had been through everything carefully myself, but I didn't say a word to anyone about the formula having gone, because I didn't want all Peter Port poking its nose in."

"I sold Briggs the stock as it stood, the book of recipes and so on; and it was not until six months later that he turned round on me and said I had kept back the one important thing. He said he would never have given sixpence for the place if he had not felt certain that he could make a fortune out of Sarnian Bouquet. He thinks I ought to take it back."

Aymon asked how much Briggs had paid, and remarked that he should have thought the house itself, standing as it did in Smith Street, was worth the money.

Tante Michelle agreed. "Briggs was in here a week ago," said she. "He came to tell me that young Manby, who calls himself Quigley's secretary, had been to him to know how much he wanted for the house. They thought it might do for their town office. But it is my belief that they mean to pull it down, and think they will find the formula somewhere, cunningly hidden. Anyway, I want you to buy it. Briggs must let you have it at the price he paid if you buy it before the first of next month; and then if Quigley wants it he must buy from you. But before we part with it again we will search very thoroughly, you and I."

Aymon knit his brows. He had not much belief in, and less hope of, the formula. But it seemed to him that he might do worse than buy back the little house in Smith Street. By the island law Briggs might not put up the price against a relative of the





"'Be quick and change,' she said as she passed his table, 'there is a dance to-night'"—p. 529

seller, repurchasing within the year . . . and he would be the owner of a bit of real estate in an island in which every foot of land was of increasing value.

There was another thing. If he could put a spoke in Quigley's wheel, he was inclined to commit any madness in order to do so, though he could hardly have said why; for when Quigley bought the fief of Clos des Mûriers he bought it from Jean Torode and not from the Vauxlaurens family.

"There's a way of evading that law about repurchase, is there not?" he asked after some thought.

"Yes. You may pay someone to make a false claim in the Court House. The case comes up for trial; the pretender is called, but does not appear. After that the land is your own, and you need not sell it to anyone unless you like. But Briggs is not likely to have taken any such step, because he is

anxious to get rid of his purchase. However, if Quigley wants it and if he got wind of your being after it, he would certainly put on his lawyer at once. If you really mean to secure it, go to-day and pay down your money. Briggs must accept your offer; he cannot help himself."

It took the young man some while to make up his mind. The repurchase of the tiny derelict shop would more than halve his capital. If Quigley was after the property, however, he would have a chance to turn over his money. He suspected that the price paid to the unfriendly old woman was considerably under the real value of a site in Smith Street. Moreover, there was something in the earnestness of *la tante* which influenced him more than he knew. As a child he had obeyed her implicitly. Now he felt that she was all he had; that soon he would be bereft even of her, and that any transaction which drew the bond closer between them was what he desired in his heart.

## CHAPTER IV Counsel's Opinion

IN a rather dingy office, lined with tin cases and musty tomes, Aymon Rose Vauxlaurens faced André Nicolle, a hatchet-featured man with a superficial appearance of youth in his keen, clean-shaven face, who swung round in his swivel chair, and after greeting his visitor contemplated him with a meditative smile.

"Judging by the portrait of your great-grandfather which hangs in the Guilles Library, you are a very typical Vauxlaurens," he said.

"Am I?" cried Aymon eagerly; then, wrinkling his forehead in sudden vexed remembrance, "I wonder what became of all the family portraits?"

"You will find most of them," said Nicolle with a dry laugh, "hanging round the ball-



## THE SPELL OF SARNIA

room in Quigley's delightful club. They tell me that they deteriorated somewhat under Torode's rule; but the man who now owns them understands very clearly just how many beans make five, and he has had them marvellously well restored."

"The dickens he has! I don't believe they were ever his by any legal right!"

"I am quite sure they were not," was the prompt reply, "but I doubt if you get them back now. Your grandfather, when he cleared off to France with his wife and their young child, had no place in which to bestow them, and he left them in Torode's care, hanging on the walls just as they were, intending to have them sent to him later, an intention which never matured. Your Dulac relatives didn't think much about them, I fancy; and they, too, grew gradually so poor that no idea of being able to house a dozen life-size oil paintings would enter their heads. Anyway, when Quigley bought the place he bought it out and out. Nobody raised any objection, and he took the lot."

"You were not acting for Torode?"

"No; and Renouf, the man who did, is not on good terms with me. I did go to your Uncle Pierre, and asked him if he wished to raise the point; but he had no money to fight with, and Quigley had any amount. I put in a plea, but it was not sustained."

"If my father had known—"

"Old Pierre Dulac promised to write to him. I suppose he never did. Meanwhile I searched everywhere for some bit of writing which might show what actually passed between Torode and your grandfather; but I could find nothing. Do sit down."

Aymon flung himself into a chair. "Well," said he, "I'm not in a position to take any steps myself. Conceive how an old man's insensate rage has brought his own family to naught!"

Nicollé smiled and raised his shoulders. "The old boy had some excuse," said he. "Consider his feelings. He was an elderly man and childless when he married a second time, and your grandfather's birth almost sent him out of his mind with joy and triumph—ox roasted whole—birth of an heir—that kind of thing. The mother died, but the child lived and thrived. The old man was celebrated over the whole island for his dinner parties. He determined to break all records on the occasion of his only son's coming of age. The feast is still talked about as something epic—colossal; and the very next day, as soon as the old reprobate was sober enough to listen, he was told that

his heir was married to Marie Dulac, his foster-sister."

"One can fancy that it was a blow," sighed Aymon.

"Yes. For centuries the line had come down intact. The Vauxlaurens could be proud of all their ancestry. As you know, one of your forbears married the heiress of that Aymon Rose who held Castle Cornet against Ivan de Galles in the fifteenth century, and after whom you are named. It was a bitter blow. But the old man should have been more careful. His son and Marie Dulac had been almost brought up together; and then the Dulacs were so extraordinarily handsome. Instead of cock-fighting and betting and drinking, the seigneur should have kept an eye on his boy."

"My aunt has been telling me of his sudden death, which left us all beggared. A bit tragic, isn't it?"

"Well, perhaps it's better for you as it is—you have to exert yourself to make your own living; and in all probability you'd have yielded to temptation and sold most of the land, now that the growing has made it so valuable. Torode's family have gone to live in England, where they have bought an historic mansion somewhere with the price he got for a place he bought at about a fiftieth part of its present value."

"In another two or three generations we shall be extinct—the seigneurs of Guernsey will no longer exist," said Aymon heavily. "I seem conspicuously unfortunate, however, inasmuch as the bourgeois side of my family has failed as utterly as the aristocrats. Look at my great-uncle Pierre!"

The lawyer grinned. "Yes, indeed. There was a case of wasted opportunity. You had the chance of money there, I tell you in all seriousness. If he could but have kept off the drink! He, too, I have heard my father say, was so handsome that people turned round to look at him as he went past. In his youth the *chevauchée* of Saint Michel\* was not yet abolished, and he was, of course, one of the Seigneur de Vauxlaurens' *fiétons*, with free leave to kiss any lady he met when on the march, whatever her rank. The tale goes that the bailiff's wife and the daughter of the military governor—both of them very handsome—went walking together to meet the procession; and that upon Dulac's catching the bailiff's wife in his

\* The Chevauchée de Saint Michel was a riding on horseback in procession all round the island. The *fiétons* were young men who followed on foot, and they had licence to kiss any woman they met, but no woman might be kissed by more than one *fiéton*.

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arms and kissing her in preference to herself, the governor's daughter burst into tears! Clever, too, he was; no doubt he made a genuine chemical discovery, and yet he died in poverty and squalor."

"That," said Aymon, "brings me to my errand here to-day."

He proceeded to recount all that Tante Michelle had told him of the transaction between herself and Briggs, who was an English tradesman lately settled in the island.

Nicolle heard him out, his eyes fixed upon him with considerable earnestness; then, lowering his gaze to his blotting-paper, upon which he traced figures idly, he said:

"Are you certain, Mr. Vauxlaurens, that Miss Dulac has not got the formula?"

Aymon looked startled. "You think she has it?"

"I can't be positive. Certainly she did not give it to Briggs. I know she made search in the premises for some while after her brother's death. In fact, she did not offer the place for sale until nearly a year after he died. When she came to me and told me to sell it, I concluded that she had not found what she was looking for; but her desire to repurchase makes me wonder."

Aymon cast back his mind to what his aunt had really said. "No," he said at last, "she has not got it. She spoke of getting me to help her in a final search when we had bought back the place. If she had it she would have told me."

"Not necessarily; because she might have feared lest you thought she had really cheated Briggs. However, she gave you the impression of not having found it, didn't she?"

"Most decidedly she did. I should be greatly surprised to hear that she knows where it is."

"Did she tell you that Quigley has his eye upon the site?"

"Yes." Vauxlaurens uttered but the monosyllable, yet the advocate looked up quickly.

"You know the man?"

"Who—Quigley? Well, I've seen him—came across him at the Duke of Normandy, where I am putting up for a night or two."

"And you dislike him?"

"I don't know him. I can only judge by what he has done up at the Clos des Mûriers."

"He's a very able man—very astute. It wouldn't be wise to make an enemy of him."

"I gather that he's in process of owning the island."

"His idea of a club here on the lines of Ranelagh was a good one. We have, as you know, a big residential population, and it is just what we want. The golf course is small, but then, of course, the golfers have L'Ancrese besides. The croquet and tennis courts can't be beaten; and now he's making it residential."

"Doesn't that bring him up against the hotel authorities?"

"Not so as you'd notice. To begin with, he charges twice what they do."

"And gets it?"

"And gets it," replied Nicolle in a peculiar tone.

"*Petits chevaux?*"

"If so, the police have no idea of it. He's extremely popular in the island."

"Are you warning me to keep my hands off the little old shop that he covets?"

"No; but I advise you strongly to make use of your legal advantage, and buy back at once—to-day or not at all." He glanced at a letter in his hand which he had taken out of a tin box with Dulac upon its lid. "Here I have Briggs's letter, telling your aunt that he considers himself defrauded and offering to resell. He cannot go back on that. Neither, I should think, could Quigley complain. You are Miss Dulac's sole relative. It is your privilege to buy back if you so desire. And I'll add my private advice, to sell again to Quigley if he wants to buy. You could make a good turnover on your capital."

"I should dislike very much to sell to Quigley; but, all the same, I may be driven to it. I must live, and my aunt is confronted with the prospect of turning out of her farm in her old age. I earn a pittance in England—bare bread-and-butter. I am here for a fortnight—the term of my annual holiday. I don't even know whether Quigley would let me buy the Grange des Fées, supposing that I had the money; but I am very certain that I have it not."

"H'm! I am by no means certain that Quigley would let it go. When first he bought the estate I don't think he wanted it; but now that his scheme is developing so fast and so successfully, I am doubtful..."

"Then all that remains to me is to pray that Tante Michelle may not live until the lease falls in," said Aymon, rising abruptly. "Meanwhile I am inclined to do as you suggest, and repurchase the Dulac property this very day, with the hope of reselling to

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Quigley advantageously. Even if he won't buy, I gather that the site is worth what Briggs paid?"

"It should be. Our land values here are increasing every day."

### CHAPTER V

#### Quigley is Surprised

WHEN Aymon got back to the hotel that evening it was dinner time.

He went to the dining-room in his morning clothes, and was somewhat discomfited to find that nearly all the men present wore dinner-jackets, and that the tables were decked with pretty girls in dancing frocks.

His eyes went straight to the table whereat sat Miss Yvonne Langlois with her duenna and her dancing partner. They formed a dazzling group, the elder woman in a marvellous ball-gown of black, glittering with jet, and Yvonne in a sleeveless frock of golden tissue, with one huge velvet rose at her waist, half flame half pink in tone. The young man, at whom Aymon looked with more tolerance since overhearing that he was Yvonne's professional dancing partner, was clad in a well-cut dress-suit, his hair so carefully arranged that each curl was in place.

They were half through the menu when Aymon came in, and when they rose to go Yvonne sent him a smile and a bow. "Be quick and change," said she as she passed his table. "There is a dance to-night, and I feel sure you dance well."

"*Pas je*," laughed he in return; but the kindly recognition pleased him, and he rapidly finished his meal, hurried upstairs and donned his dinner-jacket.

The ballroom at the Duke of Normandy

is really charming, and Aymon was quite impressed at the *coup d'œil* which he received as he stood in the doorway.

The parquet floor was faintly lustrous in the shaded glow of electric light. Half-way up the room in an alcove sat an excellent band, hidden among hydrangeas and ferns grouped by an artist's hand.

Folks assemble from all over the island to dance at the Duke of Normandy, and it so happened that on this night the officers of the garrison had come down in force from Fort George, and there was a gay scene. Guernsey is rich in pretty girls, but amongst them Miss Langlois held her own. Under her dark hair her eyes were liquid and appealing, and she was dancing conscientiously, evidently more because she was there to dance with whomever wished it than as a matter of her own selection.

The room has a row of pillars down one side, leaving recesses, wherein onlookers may sit in the greatest comfort on easy-chairs and watch the dancing. Gilray, the young Australian whom Quigley had referred to as the kangaroo, was prancing with (as Aymon had to admit) some resemblance to that national emblem, his partner being Miss Grant, the girl who had called Quigley to the tennis court that morning. A keen glance around revealed Quigley himself, seated in one of the recesses, chatting to an old-young man in a very stiff collar, with a face to which Aymon was so foolish as to take an instant unreasoning dislike.

For a few minutes the stranger stood there solitary, gazing at the scene of colour, light, motion and music, knowing nobody, trying to fit in this glimpse of the new Guernsey with his memories of the old. The music stopped, and suddenly he saw Yvonne in her golden raiment, sailing down the floor, solitary, smiling, her hands extended.

(To be continued)



Castle Cornet, Guernsey

A great stronghold in the past. The island visible to the left is Jethou, and that showing above the breakwater is Sark. (All mentioned in "The Spell of Sarnia.") (See next page.)



The Harbour, St. Peter Port

This view of St. Peter Port shows the harbour, Castle Cornet, Sark—all of which Mrs. Baillie Reynolds refers to in her story—and, incidentally, the hotel which comes so prominently into the story as the Duke of Normandy

## *In the Sunny Isle of "Sarnia"*

*Quaint Law, Lore and Lure of the Channel Islands*

*By A. Stanley Blicq*

*"Sarnia" is the old Roman name for Guernsey, and this article, by a native, will throw further light on the quaint and mysterious island which is the scene of our new serial story*

VICTOR HUGO was a gentleman who carved for himself an enviable niche in the history of French literature; but although his residence during his many years of exile is to be viewed in the Hauteville district, Guernsey, Channel Islands, the average Guernsey native does not wax eulogistic over the masterpieces of this author. In fact, not one Guernseyman in a hundred has ever troubled to examine the interior of the historic house. The Channel Islander is a hard-headed fellow, with a fiery pride in his race that is nowhere surpassed on this earth—and Victor Hugo once or twice suggested in his stories that a Guernsey boy could be "afraid." The same gentleman also once stated that "... the Channel Islands . . . bits of France fallen into the sea and snatched up by England . . ." That is not correct. England did

not snatch up the Channel Islands. Ask a native. He will tell you that the Channel Islands snatched up England.

Britain benefited greatly by the infusion of fighting Norman blood. This blood was assimilated and broadcasted across the country: in time it merged into what is now accepted as English. In the Channel Islands it remained Norman, and here will be found the only pure, unadulterated blood that has survived the effects of wars, conquests and immigration over the long stretch of years. The laws of the islands have undergone little change. They have held aloof with characteristic obstinacy. To this day they are fiercely jealous of their autonomy. If it were ever suggested that the islands should be handed to France, for example, they would resist the change to the very last man, and the isles would not

## IN THE SUNNY ISLE OF "SARNIA"

be handed over to the new realm until the blood of its manhood had flown thick on its shores. For the islanders love the Mother Country with an affection that has to be experienced to be realized.

Ten hundred years ago these Normans were fighters pure and simple, and even today, under the veneer of civilization, they are fighters still. Guernsey is still one of the best recruiting stations for the Navy. Little more than a hundred years ago Burke confessed that the privateers of Guernsey, in their great onslaughts on the French "... were entitled to be regarded as a Navy in themselves ..." or words to that effect. During the late war 14,000 men went out from Jersey and Guernsey into the Great Undertaking, and Guernsey actually offered and sent overseas a battalion of its very own, the 1st (Service) Bn. Royal Guernsey Light Infantry, and great service did this battalion (the *only* new regiment to be created during the war) render the Mother Country.

### The Fourpence Income Tax

The average Englishman considers the Channel Islands famous for cows and income tax—or, rather, the lack of it. Jersey has no income tax at all. Guernsey pays fourpence in the pound! But there are other heavy taxes of which the smug immigrant, dodging taxes at home, is ignorant. The cost of living is very much higher than in England. Britain recently made a demand upon the Governments of Guernsey and Jersey for a contribution towards the Imperial Exchequer. Both islands "got their backs up" at the "demand." Jersey said: "If England is hard up and cannot look after its own finances it is not coming over here to buckle up ours." Guernsey said: "We are not going to pay *anything* in the nature of a *demand*; but, after all, poor old England is hard up. It is our Mother Country, so we will make a gift in the form of a sum of money." And this has been offered. In these respects Guernsey is more "English" than Jersey, although it receives only a quarter of the total of summer visitors.

### Why the King Laughed

The excellent financial stability of these islands is due in no small measure to their keen instincts in "saving money." There is an amusing story screened behind the statue erected in St. Heliers, Jersey, to George II. The Jerseymen at that period decided that they would like to fall in line with the popular craze of erecting a statue. At the same time they didn't intend to pay a penny to provide for the erecting of it. The years sped on—and then the gods smiled on the thrifty natives. A ship was driven ashore in a gale. Part of its cargo consisted of a ready-to-wear statue of a Roman emperor or something of that form. It was that of a thin, dissolute youth, wearing half a toga, a wreath of laurel and portions of a suit of armour. The features were those of a gentleman who spends the greater portion of his waking hours with a glass of something in one hand and countless contents of glasses elsewhere in his anatomy. That statue has not the faintest scrap of resemblance to George II, but the Jerseymen had achieved his ideal—he had got something for nothing! He does not claim that the statue represents George II, but merely that it was erected in his honour. It is told that, when King George V visited the



The Reindeer leaving  
St. Peter Port

Phot.  
A. Blicca

islands a few years ago and saw the statue, his laughter was uncontrollable.

### Those Ancient, Tremulous Laws

The Channel Islanders do not approve of quite a number of the ancient, tremulous laws that are enforced in their law courts to this day, often in the face of emphatic

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popular disapproval. The Royal Court of Guernsey represents the oldest form of island government. It consists of the Bailiff (who is also President of the States or Parliament) and twelve jurats (sworn judges). There is no trial by jury. A proportion of the jurats and the Bailiff act in the capacity of judge and jury. And it will be found that the justice of the Channel Islands is quite as equitable as that to be found anywhere. There is no divorce law in the Channel Islands. A marriage there is permanent, and the only way out is to obtain a separation order from the Royal Court. This, however, does not permit the persons involved to marry again. The Franchise is liberal, and every man has his vote once he has ceased to be a junior; but like the Mother Country the States of Guernsey apparently rank the fairer sex as the less competent, for a woman is not eligible for a vote until she is over thirty.



Harvesting Vraise

The ancient custom of harvesting the sweet-smelling vraise on the shores of the Channel Isles. (Mentioned in "The Spell of Sarnia".)

The many honorary offices in parochial matters have assisted in producing very successful budgeting in the islands. Guernsey has ten parishes (tiny counties) and Jersey twelve. Each parish elects two Constables (e.g., this is an office analogous to the chairmanship of an English parish council and is in *no way* connected with the office

of "policeman"). In every parish twelve douzeniers are elected from the *chefs de famille* (ratepayers) to carry out the works of the parish: to control the country hospital, to look after the poor, to efficiently maintain the education at a high standard, and to generally supervise all the financial dealings of the parish. These men all perform their work diligently and well. It is sometimes very arduous work, demanding many hours of their time, but they do it all for the good of the parish without any form of payment whatever. The devotion to duty of these Channel Islanders is remarkable. They have nothing to gain by it, no plaudits from the crowds, and they pass away after twenty or thirty years of conscientious service with no one to sing their praises. It is this fundamental basis of public-spiritedness that has made the Channel Islands so prosperous, so well educated, so healthy, active and well-to-do. It is a system that could with advantage be embodied in many counties of Old England. The twelve douzeniers form the douzaine, and every douzaine sends one People's Deputy (Member of Parliament) to the Island States.

### The Clameur de Haro

Perhaps the most intriguing of all the ancient customs is that of raising the *clameur de haro*. This may be used on such an occasion as a trespass upon property or during the destruction of property. In front of witnesses the aggrieved owner falls on his knees and cries, "*Haro! Haro! a l'aide mon prince, on me fait tort*" ("Help, help, my prince, they are wronging me").

When this cry is raised the law commands that every person who is concerned in this "crime" shall desist until the court has given judgment thereon. Now, it will be recalled that at the burial of William the Conqueror in St.

Stephens Abbey, Caen, the funeral was stopped by the raising of the *clameur* by one Anselm, whose house had been demolished by William to provide a site for the abbey. The burial was not resumed until the grievance had been investigated. That happened in 1087. As recently as 1917 a citizen of St. Peter Port, Guernsey,



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raised the cry because of an objection to the removal of elms from Cambridge Park. The work was stopped. A year later the telephone department desired to erect a telephone pole. A grievance resulted and again the cry was raised. In the end the telephone department had to arrange terms with the claimant. The *clameur* was raised in Alderney in January of this year.

Many of the old charters that the islanders cherish were awarded them by King John, because of their faithfulness to him after town upon town in Normandy had surrendered to the French.

### Fighting with the French

Because of the geographical position the islands were oft-times engaged in fierce fighting with the French. In 1338 in particular both islands were assaulted. Castle Cornet, Guernsey, was captured, but Mount Orgueil, Jersey, held out. The French failed again in 1374, but in 1460 they captured Orgueil through the treachery of the Governor. On January 1, 1781, the Battle of Jersey was fought. A painting (by J. S. Copley) of this ancient encounter is in the National Gallery, and a replica can be seen in the Jersey Court House. A traitor pilot assisted an adventurer, with authority from the French King, to gain the Royal Square, St. Heliers, with 1,200 soldiers. In a brief while the island was agog with news of the invasion, and Major Peirson (95th Regiment) collected a few companies of Jersey Militia. The regulars and the militia fought a stubborn battle. Both Peirson and Rullecour, the French leader, were killed. The militia turned what looked like an overwhelming defeat into a brilliant victory. Peirson's grave was dug within the Parish Church. To this day service in the militia is compulsory in the three larger islands. Invariably, however, there are sufficient volunteers.

Elizabeth Castle, Jersey, was the scene of many stirring fights during the unsettled centuries. In 1651 the garrison held out against the Parliamentary forces from October 23 to December 15. Charles II was ex-

iled there for a period. Near the castle is the Hermitage Rock, in which the hermit Helerius, from whom the town of St. Heliers has derived its name, had his cell in the middle of the sixth century. A pious man, he was attacked and killed by the captain



The Harbour, Sark, the smallest commercial harbour in the world

of a band of pirates whom he was addressing. A Norman nobleman built an abbey on the spot in 1126.

Near the village of Samares is the Witches' Rock, a huge slab of granite some forty feet high. Here, tradition relates, Jersey witches held their moonlight dances at the full moon. Away, tucked in an extreme corner of the island, is Mount Orgueil, an interesting example of a Norman castle evolved into one of the Tudor period. It survived many a stormy fight, and even the famous Constable of France, Bertrand du Guesclin, could only capture the outer fortresses. William Prynne, the Puritan, was imprisoned here from 1637 to 1640. The French held the castle for six years from 1643, but the natives retook it after the starving garrison had held out for five and a half months. In acknowledgment of their spirit they were allowed to walk out with the honours of war and were transported back to France. It will be noted that right down the troublesome ages the Channel Islander has been a sporting fighter.

The oldest place of worship in Jersey is generally supposed to be the quaint little Fisherman's Chapel at St. Brelades. Erected in 1100, it is 43 feet long, 18 feet wide and

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9 feet high. The walls are 3 feet thick. The roof is constructed of little stones, and on the inner side are many faint frescoes. The best of these represent the Annunciation.

### The Legend of Prince's Tower

Near the village of five oaks, Jersey, is the Prince's Tower. Once upon a time the Baron of Hambye (Normandy) heard that a great monster was ravaging that part of Jersey. He went with his servant to slay the dragon. The baron was victorious, much to the aggravation of the servant. This servant killed the baron, and, returning to the Lady of Hambye, told her that the dragon had killed her lord, but that he (the servant) had valiantly fought on until the beast was killed in turn. He added that the baron's dying request was that his lady should bestow her hand on the valiant servant. This was granted, but because the servant talked in his sleep his treachery was found out and he was hanged. The lady went to Jersey and built a mound of stones over the grave of her husband. History later relates that a Jersey youth, Philip D'Auvergne, serving in the British Navy, was captured by the French. He was later adopted by the Duke D'Auvergne, whose only heir was an idiot. The Jersey youth became a rear-admiral in the French Navy, and after a life of romance and adventure he returned to Jersey and built the Prince's Tower over the mound of stones that had been raised by the Lady of Hambye.

### In the Sunny Isle of Sarnia

In the sunshine isle of Guernsey, called Sarnia by the Romans, the lore of the ages is to be found on every hand. On the outskirts of St. Peter Port is the Bailiff's Cross. There is to be found here a flat slab of granite upon which Gautier de la Salle, Bailiff of Guernsey, halted on his way to execution to partake of the sacrament. He was Bailiff (e.g. Prime Minister) in 1264. There was a well next to his house, the rights of use of which he shared with one Massey. Massey refused to sell his rights. The Bailiff hid two massive silver cups in a rick and then accused Massey of theft. Massey was found guilty, but just as the Bailiff was pronouncing sentence of death his servant ran in and shouted that he had found the cups. The Bailiff lost his temper and cried, "Idiot, I told you *not to touch* those ricks." The court suspected the Bailiff at once and he was

sentenced to death after a trial, paying the extreme penalty at the Bailiff's Cross.

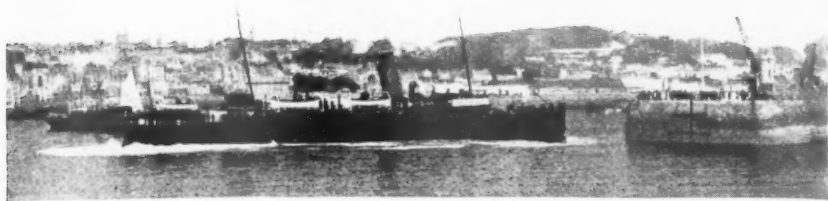
Near the eastern coast of the isle are the ivy-clad remnants of Marais Castle. It owes its foundation to Robert the Devil, Duke of Normandy and father of William the Conqueror. In 1031 he sailed from France with a vast array of ships. A storm drove them to Guernsey, and a Sarnian fisherman safely guided them into the quiet waters of Lancresse Bay. The Normans landed and were entertained at St. Michael's Priory for some days. As a reward the duke left two engineers on the island to assist the natives in erecting the fortress that was later to be known as the Marais Castle (Castle in the Marshes).

Guernsey was the birthplace of two great men in particular, each of whom played an important part in the building of the British Empire. The first is Major-General Sir Issac Brock, an islander and a national hero, who saved Canada and fell in the hour of victory at Queenston Heights, Oct. 13, 1812. The other is Admiral de Saus-marez. He came of a famous line of naval men. He entered the British Navy at the age of thirteen and fought at the Nile and St. Vincent. In 1801 he achieved fame when a rear admiral. He fought and defeated a Franco-Spanish fleet of more than double the size of his own. He became a vice-admiral of Great Britain in 1821 and was raised to the peerage in 1831. He died in Guernsey in 1836.

Away on the west coast of the isle is the chapel of St. Appoline. Many maintain that it was erected somewhere about 800, but the actual date was nearer 1300. The stone walls are of great width. It is not much more than a room, but there are traces of frescoes inside. There is only one small window and the roof is composed of small stones.

A mile or so from this spot, on a wild and rugged portion of coast, is the Creux des Fées, an historic mound within which were found a crude pot and the remains of burnt human bones. North of this is the tiny cromlech Le Trepied, around which the ancient Sarnian sorcerers held their sabbath on each Friday night. There is a bigger and better preserved cromlech at the north end of the island. It is popularly known as the Druid's Altar. The roof is formed of six gigantic capstones of varying sizes, the largest weighing several tons. Legendry has it that here maidens were offered up as a sacrifice.

## IN THE SUNNY ISLE OF "SARNIA"



Another view of St. Peter Port, Guernsey

### **The Patron Saint of Guernsey**

The smaller of Guernsey's two towns is called St. Sampson after Guernsey's patron saint. St. Sampson was Bishop of Dol and the Channel Islands. He had fled from St. David's, Wales, to escape death from the Saxons. Near his landing-place in Guernsey in 554 he built a chapel on the site where now stands the ancient St. Sampson's Church (1111). He converted the inhabitants of the island, and is also noted for having banished all moles, toads and serpents. (The island is still free of them.) He died in the year 550.

The haunted house at Pleinmont is famous chiefly through the fertile imagination of Victor Hugo, who loved the Pleinmont cliffs, and passed many hours there in solitary cogitation. It is now a pro-saic and commonplace semaphore station.

Forming one of the posts of the gates of the Church of La Dame de St. Martin, is the crudely shaped figure of a woman in stone. It is sometimes regarded as the goddess Venus and as the Virgin Mary.

The cathedral of the Channel Isles, the old Town Church, is the finest ecclesiastical building to be found in the archipelago. To the south and above a breakwater is the war-scarred Castle Cornet. It teems with historical incidents, with sieges, raids and battles. Three times captured by the French it was founded by Henry II in 1150. It was a stronghold of real importance even to 1672. It was blown up in that year, and a day later the Governor's infant daughter was found asleep in the ruins. She lived to be Countess of Winchelsea and the mother of 30 children. In 1643 three Guernsese, Peter Carey, James de Havilland

and Peter de Beauvoir were invested with power by Parliament to capture the Royalist Governor, Sir Peter Osborne. The three were tricked into the castle and were imprisoned within it. They cut a way through the floor of their cell, alighted in a room stored with cotton, and having made a rope from it they succeeded in escaping.

### **And the Lure ?**

It is impossible within the confines of a short article to enlarge adequately upon the laws and the lore of these islands. Each one, Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney and Sark, has its salient attractions. There is the same subtle spell about them all. The lure that grips the stranger remains for ever. He may never return, but always will his mind be permeated by the soft murmuring of tiny brooks falling and tumbling through thick grasses; of the song of the sea as it tosses to and fro on the beaches; of the roar and rumble of harassed stones rolled up and down the shore when the seas are angry. His eye will for all time create visions of the great red sun sinking into the western sea; of the harmony of merging colours along the stout edges of the sentinel cliffs. To his nostrils will come the healthy, life-giving odour of the sweet, fresh *vraic*; the tonic of the wind-swept ozone of the tossing oceans. In his dreams he will catch the exotic odours from the luxuriant flowers . . . he will faintly hear the lowing of the creamy cattle . . . the whisper of the wind in the grasses . . . the sigh of the sea. He will toss restlessly when the impelling lure of the isles whispers to him to return to the sunshine, the flowers, the fragrance, the romance . . .



# The Broken Sword

By  
NORMA PATTERSON

DR. WADE SUMNER, coming from the storm into the glow of his shabby little study, got out of his heavy coat slowly and eased himself down into a chair before the fire. Lizzie had put his house slippers handy, and as he stooped to unlace his wet shoes the old doctor decided that he was more tired than he realized, and that he wasn't getting any younger, and it was time he had a little order and method in his life. For years now he had been deciding this, and yet he went on spending himself day after day, month after month.

He stretched his slippered feet to the blaze, and leaning his head back, closed his eyes, already half-dozing. A hard day. Started at six this morning. He tried to remember where he had had lunch, but it was too far back. He was hungry now and worn out—completely worn out.

"I've got to stop this pace," he warned himself.

The odour of baked ham and hot rolls came up from the kitchen, with the cheerful clatter of old Lizzie's dishes. Of late years this had grown to constitute his happiness—the resting of his tired body at the end of a hard-ridden day. After dinner he'd go through those magazines he brought home a week ago and hadn't had a chance to touch.

The door behind him opened and then closed. He became aware of someone in the room, not the thunder-footed Lizzie. He waited, dreading the effort of opening his eyes when the person should speak; and when they did not—

"Well?" he called impatiently, his eyes still closed.

"I rang," said a man's apologetical voice, "but no one answered." (That was Lizzie's way when he was tired.) The voice leaped out into the drowsy stillness of the room: "Doctor—the baby's having spasms again."

That fetched the doctor upright. "Barton, what has Jenny let that baby eat?"

The man, a seedy fellow with a boyish down on his unshaven chin, twisted his hat in hands that shook. "It was just a little

bit of banana, doctor, no bigger than the end of your thumb. The baby saw it and cried for it. She's been doing so well lately."

Anger had brought the doctor to his feet. "If Jenny's killed that baby—" He broke off, dropped back, and began getting into his wet shoes. "You know what my orders were. You won't follow directions, and you get into trouble and rout me out on a night like this. Go down to the kitchen and tell Lizzie to bring me a cup of black coffee—strong. Here's the key to the garage. Get the car around to the door. You'd better ride back with me."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Before the doctor had finished with his shoes there was a scuffling noise in the hall, and a young hooligan plunged through the door, as if he had managed by a master effort to pull away from someone.

"What's the trouble here?" demanded Dr. Sumner irritably.

The young fellow explained shamefacedly that Steve Smith and Brandy Grimes were in a bad way after a fight, and needed his services.

"Look here, man, I'm just starting on an urgent call out in the edge of town, and it's a bad night. I can't come every time you fellows indulge in a carving fray. If they need attention they'll have to get Dr. Floyd."

Rastus scratched his head. "Dr. Floyd won't come unless they've got the money waitin', an' the boys are skinned—not a penny on them."

His words had the effect of galvanizing Dr. Sumner into sudden, vehement determination. "I'll be over when I get back from Barton's." And to himself: "If *that's* what we're coming to . . . commercializing a noble profession . . . disgracing his calling—" He lifted his voice and roared: "Lizzie, *where's that coffee?*"

The storm that had been brewing in the hall moved forwards into view. Arms akimbo, eyes flashing, Lizzie planted her

## THE BROKEN SWORD

enormous feet squarely in the doorway and explained.

"You ain't a-goin' one step out of this house till you've had your supper. It was waitin' at six o'clock, an' I heated it up agin at seven, an' heated it at eight, an' I reckon you ain't had a mouthful to-day."

"Unless I get that coffee in ten seconds I'll have to go without."

She fled at that, scolding violently. And when he had dashed down his scalding coffee and made for the door, her voice followed him out into the freezing night.

The wind cut like sheets of ice across the old doctor's face, but the fire that raged within him would have kept him warm without the fur-lined coat.

"A disgrace to his profession," he kept muttering. "The young upstart." Why, he had brought Harry Floyd into the world. A few years later he had turned him upside down and shaken a button out. To-night the doctor wished he had let that button stay! Harry had gone to medical college and then abroad. During the war he had served as a doctor at the front. Later he had been with the Army of Occupation.

With this stupendous accumulation of knowledge Harry had come home knowing it all. He opened an elaborate surgery, drove an expensive car. He was young and attractive, and very sure of himself. And the people liked that kind of a doctor. They had had Dr. Sumner always. They knew him as well as he knew them. Dr. Floyd was a thrill, a sensation. It flattered them to have his shiny coupé at the door; to have Harry's immaculate, good-looking self concerned with their ills.

Dr. Sumner had welcomed Harry gladly. It was a relief to have someone to share his enormous practice; take the night calls and country cases off his hands. But Harry had been openly antagonistic from the first. He hadn't scrupled to show his impatience of what he called Dr. Sumner's "old foggy methods." Before the year was over he had got most of the doctor's best-paying patients. Instead of being relieved of the country and night practice, Dr. Sumner found himself left with just that on his hands, because Harry's services were "too valuable to give away."

The old doctor was proud. He wouldn't admit that he was getting the worst of it. But Harry hadn't played fair. No mistake of that.

So deep had he been in his thoughts that the ride was at an end before he knew it.

At the sound of the car the door of a little shack opened, and a woman's voice breathed:

"Thank God you've come."

Three wind-shaken rooms, bare and desolate. Jenny had the baby in the kitchen, the one room with a fire. The Bartons were young and pauper poor. About all they had accumulated was the baby, and they were having a hard time holding on to her. Without a word the doctor went to work over the spent little form. When the baby was at last out of danger and sleeping peacefully he turned to them.

"You can't expect me to do the whole thing. You've got to help, and you've got to help hard." He gave explicit instructions, and made Jenny repeat them after him. "The next time this happens," he said, "you needn't send for me. I can't do anything for her. Understand?"

Jenny answered meekly. "Yes, doctor."

He picked up his hat and medicine case and stalked out. In the front room he paused, and reaching in his pocket drew out an old purse. He drew out a pound note and laid it on the shelf, where Jenny would see it when she went to wind the clock for the night.

It was one o'clock when Dr. Sumner had sewed up the last of the fighters and turned his car homeward. The little town lay sleeping, its head tucked under a wing. No one else knew it by night as he did—the profound slumber of one o'clock, the waiting stillness of two, the grey breath of four.

High and imposing on its terraced grounds stood the home of Martin Lawrence, the doctor's crony. A dim light burned in the lower hall. "Wednesday night," he nodded, "and Irene at the club dance."

As he neared the club the gay crowd was just pouring out, crowding into cars that slipped off into the darkness, leaving streamers of laughter floating after them. He saw Harry Floyd handing Irene—swathed to the eyes in furs—into the shiny coupé. Was Irene going to fall in love with that young fellow? The Lawrences were the best friends he had on earth—Irene like his own child. He wanted her to do well. He had to admit that marrying Harry would be "doing well."

"Too well—bother it," he muttered grimly, thinking of his own deflated pocket-book.

Lights from the club windows were just beginning to wink out. He and Mart Law-

## THE QUIVER

rence had taken Catherine and Molly to the Wednesday night dances. Not so long ago. And now . . . Mart and Molly's daughter dancing with young Floyd. He wondered how Mart was getting on. Must be better; hadn't sent for him lately. He'd look in to-morrow.

But it was nearly a week later before he found a spare half-hour and dropped by the Lawrences'. He didn't notice Harry's car at the side entrance, but he met Molly and Irene and Harry in the lower hall. Harry was taking his departure.

"Hump," reflected the old doctor "not so busy, after all. Time to call on the ladies in the morning." The thought did him good. His old eyes chuckled.

"Good morning, Molly and Irene! Hare you, doctor?"

His easy cordiality covered up a barely perceptible awkwardness on the part of the other three which had verged a moment on consternation. Then Molly and Irene were greeting him affectionately. Dr. Floyd bowed. He did this by bending in the middle and making a sort of flourish with his hat.

No greater contrast could be imagined than the two men presented; the one with his easy, good-natured brusqueness, his shabby, mud-splattered clothes and shapeless old hat; the other faultlessly groomed, polished, and—the older man had to concede this—something in his manner wonderfully compelling and refreshing.

"Young lady"—this to Irene—"I caught you dancing after one o'clock the other night. You won't keep those cheeks long."

She laughed him to scorn. "It seems to me I've heard of others who used to keep late hours." Her beauty sparkled on her face like little, winking, happy stars. The old doctor caught Harry Floyd watching it with eyes that could not hide their secret.

"Never a minute after four," denied Dr. Sumner. He looked across at Molly, and they smiled wisely over the heads of the younger generation. "You girls led us a pretty chase, Molly." He turned to Harry Floyd. "Are they still pulling the men around by the noses . . . keeping 'em out till all hours . . . got you eternally guessing?"

"Worse!" declared Harry. "Absolutely impossible to tell where you stand." He looked at Irene as he spoke. Her long lashes fluttered up to him, and for just a moment their gaze held.

There comes a time in the process of

courtship, before things have been settled definitely, when every glance is a step forward or a step back; when every word is wrung dry of its last drop of meaning, and the whole world hangs on the batting of an eyelid—a happy time of exquisite uncertainty when the next meeting may prove anything.

The old doctor perceived that Irene and Harry stood here. It hurt him vaguely; not for them, but for his own lost youth, and that brief hour of sweetness which comes but once in a man's life—and is gone.

He turned sharply. "I'll go up," waving a hand towards the stairs.

Martin Lawrence had that expression on his face so often seen in middle-aged prospering men, who, having burnt up the years in their rush forward to success, are confronted abruptly with the possibility of death. At first he had scoffed loudly when the old doctor warned him that his occasional dizziness and an abnormal thirst were the forerunners of a disease that would sap his life unless he "walked a chalk." Now he knew this only too well. His eyes were the eyes of a beggar holding a cup to the crowd.

To-day, however, he was in high spirits, and his room—a sunny one to the east—radiated an optimistic buoyancy (the old doctor became aware of this) identical with the suavity of that boy Harry.

Martin greeted his old friend as if he had something up his sleeve, the divulging of which would afford untold satisfaction.

"Well, old saddle-bags, come in and warm a chair. Haven't seen you for weeks."

The doctor eyed his patient suspiciously. "What did I tell you about leaving everything to drink alone?"

Martin's enjoyment burst bounds at this. He rocked with hilarity. A sort of rivalry existed between these two, consisting of repeated skirmishes and consequent victories and defeats. Lately Martin had had to stand the other's bull-dozing, but now he had put one over his friend.

"Look here," trying to sober down, "there are things in this world, Horatio, that you never dreamed of. I've got a new lease of life."

The doctor rewarded him with a pitying gaze.

Martin leaned forward and tapped his friend's knee. "Harry got to telling me the other day about a new treatment."

Dr. Sumner sat up instantly, and he spoke with genuine concern





"Doctor Sumner turned his back and strolled over to the window"—p. 542

Drawn by  
H. Colier

## THE QUIVER

"Mart, I hope to goodness you've got more gumption than to be taken in by some newfangled, tried-on-a-few-guinea-pigs dope of Harry's."

"You're all wrong, and you know it; but you won't admit that science is outstepping you. Man—look at me! What further proof do you want? I've taken your stuff for years, and where's it got me?"

"At least," the other pointed out dryly, "it has kept you here."

Martin went on enthusing. "As I was saying, Harry came across this while he was with the Army of Occupation. Hydrogen. It's as great a discovery as anti-toxins. They don't sell it in this country yet. He brought this over with him."

"Mart Lawrence, you always were a fool. Do you mean to tell me that you are letting that inexperienced boy experiment on you with some sort of German poison? A—a man in your fix—"

"Surely you don't expect me to refuse to be cured because you didn't know of this."

Dr. Sumner rose. His dignity—before this friend of his boyhood—was a little comical and a little pathetic. Martin did not dream of the circumstances of his friend's practice. To him this was only another friendly skirmish, in which he was doubtless coming off victor.

"All right," snorted the doctor, "go to the dickens. I'll turn the case over to Floyd, but I guess you've saved me the trouble."

And he slammed out.

He blustered from case to case, filling the day with noise, but alone before his fire that night he sat for hours without moving. The last of his old friends—deserting. He had saved Molly's life once; been with them through thick and thin. He and Mart had courted Catherine and Molly at the same time; used to go riding Sunday afternoons in that old buckboard. Catherine and Molly had made their first baby clothes together. Molly's baby had lived, Catherine's—hadn't.

Above his hurt he felt a real anxiety. Harry might know science, but did he know Mart? There was something tricky about Mart's heart. Of course, being a doctor, Harry *did* know it. "Guess I'm a fool to worry," he concluded. "Quite evidently Harry knows more than I do about everything."

He saw himself as a broken sword, thrown into the waste heap, all his gleaming, fighting steel forgotten. Thirty-five years of practice, of battling against death; thirty-

five hard-driven years of giving himself. And at the end—loneliness.



The winter was a hard one. The worst diphtheria epidemic in history swept the town. Dr. Floyd, taking care of those cases that could afford trained nurses, was so brilliantly successful that his fame spread to surrounding towns. Dr. Sumner, working against every possible drawback—poor nourishment, bad sanitation, abject poverty—fought a losing battle. And his successes went without comment.

"I'm just a failure," he said; "an out-and-out failure."

When the mayor's only child was desperately stricken and Dr. Floyd saved her, all the town knew and thanked him. But when six children crowded together in one room fell ill, and there was not enough food and no fuel and nothing clean; and when Dr. Sumner had had wood brought from his own diminishing pile, and had set the grumbling Lizzie to clean the place and bring food; and when he had stuck day and night and night and day, and managed—somehow—to *pull those six children through*, nobody knew of it. And he got no pay but the look of gratitude in the eyes of a worn-out mother.

The old doctor changed that winter. He grew silent, and when he spoke, less sharp. That was a bad sign. The merchants began complaining that he wasn't paying his bills. If it hadn't been for Lizzie he would have gone hungry. She began selling off her choicest possessions—her rocking-chair, a little brooch Miss Cath had given her one Christmas, and at last . . . her warm coat.

Former winter evenings had found the doctor at Mart's, engrossed in a game of pinocle, with Molly close by knitting something woolly and cheerful, and Irene dancing in from a party about midnight, to drop a kiss on their heads and warn them of the hour. He wondered if Irene was dressing warmly; if Molly had had a return of her lumbago. And it seemed a strange thing that anyone who knew intimately the insides of so many homes could be, in their old age, so completely forgotten.

He was thinking of this one night when the tinkling of the telephone roused him. He sat looking at it ringing its wild little head off. He had been out all day, and it seemed now a physical impossibility to shake out of his chair and cross the room. It would mean a long ride, and he was tired—

## THE BROKEN SWORD

tired. Every muscle in his body cried out for rest. Let the thing go on ringing. And he did.

But presently—for it had kept incessantly at it like a hand joggling his elbow—he remembered that the little Wilkins boy was not yet out of the woods, and there was Mrs. Hardy. He sighed and rose heavily. He was thinking as he crossed the floor about the lock on the garage door, and how hard it was to fit the key in without a light. His electric torch had burnt out. He'd have to strike matches, and the wind was high.

When he lifted the receiver he recognized Harry Floyd's voice.

"Doctor, can you come at once to Mr. Lawrence? He's very bad." It was not the sure, evenly-modulated voice of the urbane Dr. Floyd, but the frightened voice of a boy needing help—needing it desperately.

Dr. Sumner did not answer at once. It may have been astonishment or the inability of his mind to make the leap so swiftly. At any rate, he hesitated, and Molly's voice came in agonized pleading.

"Oh, Wade, he's dying. Get here as quick as you can."

He answered now, crisply, authoritatively. "I'll come right away."

He never knew how he got through the garage door. At the corner his light car hung perilously on two wheels—righted itself—plunged on. The vigour of youth came back to him in that wild ride to save his old friend. A power slipped along his arm, steadying and fortifying him—a supernatural strength born of the terrible necessity.

One look from Molly told him that he was not too late. He sent the women from the room, snatched off his coat, and rapped out a few curt orders to Harry.

For the next hour they fought a desperate battle, Dr. Sumner giving instructions, Harry obeying them like a child. Again and again grey death settled on the features of the stricken man. Again and again Harry saw the uselessness of it all—gave up—turned to Dr. Sumner. But the grim determination on that old face never changed. And the younger man, watching with a dumb wonder, saw the skilled old veteran keeping death at bay through the miracle of faith and an indomitable will.

At one o'clock the two faced each other. Their foreheads were beaded. They shook a little.

Dr. Sumner said, "You had better tell the women."

Harry Floyd looked at him, started to speak, went out.

Wade Sumner pulled a chair to the bedside and sat down. Mart was breathing easily. He had not crossed into the Great Beyond. After a little he opened his eyes and met the other's gaze. From under the doctor's unblinking lashes a tear appeared and rolled slowly down his cheek.

What he said was, "You always were a fool, Mart."

The sick man managed a feeble whisper. "Don't give yourself—airs. Remember—time I—fished you out—of—creek—" They chuckled.

Molly and Irene were waiting for him in the lower hall. Harry Floyd had told them the good news, and the look of unmistakable worship and devotion on their faces, lifted to Dr. Sumner's as he descended the stairs, was a little dazzling. So that he came down in a sort of glory. He put his arms about them, and held them close and let them cry it out on his shoulder. In the sweetness of reunion it seemed to him that Catherine's eyes, shining with happiness, smiled at him across the empty years.



The fire in his study had not yet died out when the doctor reached home. He threw on a fresh log and sat down. Back in the corner of his mind something kept disturbing him. While he had stood with Molly and Irene in the hall he had seen Harry standing alone before the mantel in the library. Harry's back was to them, his hands clasped behind him, his head bowed slightly, and something in the droop of his shoulders irretrievably crushed.

If Harry had been less in earnest about his profession he would not have been so emphatic in his criticism of the old doctor's methods. Harry was going to take this hard. Shouldn't wonder if it didn't make a difference about Irene.

Well, what of it? A cock-sure young fellow like that had to learn on hard experiences. Only way to knock any sense into him. Do him good. "He took every last patient I had. Let him get what's coming to him."

And then—he was seeing himself one year out of medical college, with no one to advise him. Fighting it out with himself, with his books, with his God—the awful responsibility of human life on his hands. He remembered the night he had lost the Davenport's baby; how, with every chance

## THE QUIVER

of recovery, the little life had slipped through his fingers. He had gone out at two o'clock and taken down his sign, and packed all his medical books away. . . . It hadn't been Harry's fault so much. Mart's heart was tricky.

The clock struck three. Dr. Sumner rose, got into his heavy coat, and went out again into the night.



Harry Floyd sat with his head in his hands. The knowledge of what he had done was like an iron weight pressing him to the earth. The new drug had been too strong for Lawrence. He saw that now—now that he had almost murdered the father of the woman he loved. Harry groaned aloud when he thought of Irene. This was the end of things between them—the end of his professional career as well. Others might trust him, but he could never again trust himself.

Thus the old doctor found him. Harry raised his eyes when Dr. Sumner entered, then put his face back in his hands without speaking. He was not even surprised at the strange visit.

The old doctor began talking, pacing the floor as he did, explaining, going over the case step by step. Presently, without realizing it, Harry was listening, fascinated, his professional self aroused. "Your treatment was all right. I investigated that some while back. The trouble was with Mart's heart—an unusual condition there." He went into details.

Harry burst out. "But, doctor, I could do nothing. Why, *the man was dead*. And you—" He looked at the other with stark wonder. "Where did you get it? *If here must I?*"

Dr. Sumner spoke quietly. "It comes with experience. Never give up while a breath of life lingers. Learn to take desperate chances, and to believe they aren't chances at all."

Standing there with the firelight at the back of him, accentuating his shabbiness, the sad lines in his face, the iron grey of his hair, he was an heroic old figure. There was no antagonism in him now. He was passing on to the world through this younger man, who should take up the torch, the richness of his experience, as other doctors before him have.

"There's a power beyond the limits of all science. A doctor must suffer his way to it.

Something never put into books—a hand that guides and directs."

Harry, impressed and moved, sat silent. He had dared to scoff at the old doctor, believing that he had nothing but experience. And it came to him now that upon the experience of men like this the scientific knowledge of to-day was built. The other was speaking.

"Don't take this too hard. Every physician faces the same. It brings out the mettle in a man. The practice of medicine, Harry, is not the handing out of acquired knowledge. It's a long, hard battle to fit that knowledge to the intricate mechanism of the human body and its emotions. The Lord made you a doctor; you've got it in you to do wonders. And—there are others besides myself who think so."

He moved across the room as he spoke and threw open the door. Irene stood on the threshold.

Harry leaped to his feet. He looked like a man about to receive sentence.

Irene had started to say something gay and light-hearted, but she saw that look. Her smile softened, grew beautiful and tender, as the face of a mother when a child brings his hurt heart to be healed. Without a word she flew straight to him.

Dr. Sumner turned his back and strolled over to the window. He never knew what took place between them, but he got the impression, through little sobbing sounds and half-spoken words and smothered-up sentences, that things were being settled satisfactorily.

Day was beginning to break over the little town. One enormous star hung like a lantern in the East. He fixed his eyes on this, and saw it blur and swim in his gaze.

By and by he began to give warning that he was about to turn round. "We'd better travel, Irene. You've had a pretty still night, and it's time I tucked you in."

They came and stood beside him. Harry put out a hand, and his iron clasp told what one man cannot say to another.

But he had something else on his mind. He got it out haltingly, diffidently.

"I—I wonder, sir, if you'd consider a partnership?"

The old doctor buttoned the collar of his coat deliberately. He tucked Irene under his arm.

"Don't know but what it would be a good thing, Harry. It's time I got some of the night calls and country cases off my hands."



*Photo: American Colony, Jerusalem*

The Garden Tomb near Jerusalem

# The Garden Tomb

*Has the Site of the Holy Sepulchre Been Located?*

*By Harold J. Shepstone  
F.R.G.S.*

**H**AS the sepulchre of our Lord and the scene of His Resurrection been definitely located? It is a momentous question, but the discovery of an ancient shrine stone near the entrance to the Garden Tomb, just outside the Damascus Gate, in Jerusalem, would appear to considerably strengthen the belief of many scholars that this old-world garden is the actual spot where the body of our Lord was laid, and here also is the tomb from which He rose on the third day. If so, it is certainly the most sacred spot on earth.

But in Jerusalem itself we have that remarkable pile of buildings, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which for generations has been claimed as the spot of the crucifixion and burial of our Lord. It means, then, that we have two distinct places, some distance apart, which is now pointed out as the place of our Saviour's Resurrection. Evidently they cannot both be correct, but the pilgrim to the Holy City

can at least be guided in his decision by historical facts.

## **The Testimony of History**

Some forty years after the death of Christ, Jerusalem was destroyed by the Roman general Titus. He laid the city in waste, and it became a desolate spot with but few inhabitants and these mostly poor. Then to stamp out Christianity and Judaism alike, the Roman Emperor Hadrian built a new city on the ruins of Jerusalem, and desecrated the holy places by pagan temples, and for a hundred years all Jews and Christians were forbidden to enter Aelia Capitolina, as the city was then called. In that interval of three generations the sites of the holy places passed from memory.

But Christianity spread and in time the faith was accepted by the Roman Empire, and Constantine became the first Christian Emperor. His mother, Queen Helena, evidently a very devout woman, came to

## THE QUIVER

Jerusalem in the year 325, her mission being to find the spot of the Crucifixion and mark the site with a church. But no one could tell her where it was. According to the story, she is said to have had a dream that if she persevered she would discover the sacred place and it would be indicated by three crosses. Her attendants on hearing this, and presumably anxious to curry favour with their royal mistress, led her to a place where they found three broken crosses. The legend runs that to make sure which was the true cross, the one on which our Saviour hung, a sick man was brought to the scene, and on touching one of the crosses, the true one, he was instantly cured.

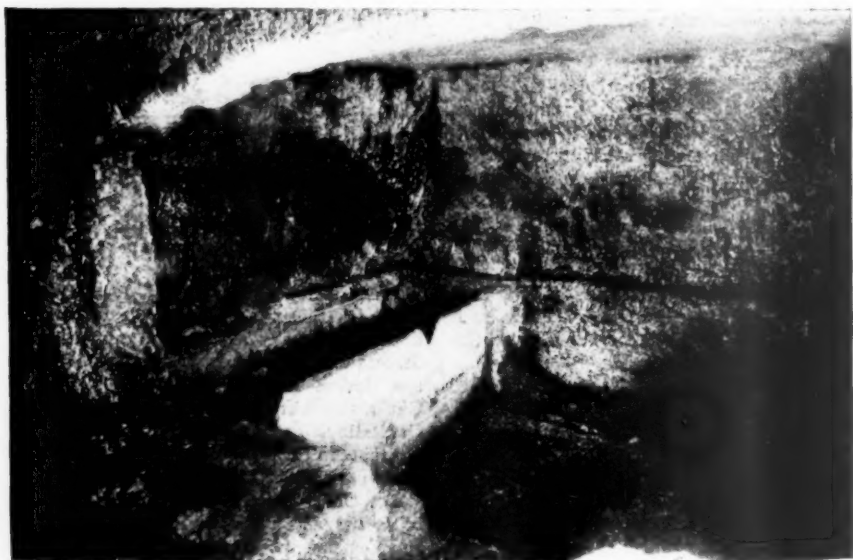
### A Gorgeous Church

On this site arose a sacred building, and it is marked to-day by a wonderful and gorgeous church known as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Now, according to the Bible narrative, Christ was crucified "without the city walls." The church lies within the present walls. It is known that these walls, erected in 1524, follow the course of the previous ones for at least a considerable distance, but whether the Holy Sepulchre actually stood outside the walls of the Jerusalem of Christ's day it is impossible to say. Only extensive excavations could settle this question. Be that as it may,

millions of Christians, particularly those living in Russia and Eastern Europe, accept the statement that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre does actually mark the site of the crucifixion and burial of our Lord, and make pilgrimages to it.

### Extraordinary Ceremonies

A reference to this remarkable edifice and the extraordinary Easter ceremonies that take place within it is certainly not out of place. It is really an agglomeration of churches under one roof, in which worship six different Christian sects—Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Syrians and Abyssinians. Its great attraction is the Holy Sepulchre, a gorgeous marble creation, 26 feet long, 17½ feet wide, containing two small chambers, which is pointed out, of course, as the tomb of our Lord. Its exterior is gorgeously bedecked with silver and gold lamps, candlesticks, paintings, etc. The first chamber, known as the Angels' Chamber, contains what is said to be a portion of the stone which the angel rolled away from the tomb. In this little chapel burn continuously fifteen lamps belonging to the various sects. In the chamber beyond is the actual Tomb, a cracked marble slab, 5 feet long, 2 feet wide and 3 feet high, which is used as an altar and where Mass is said daily. The

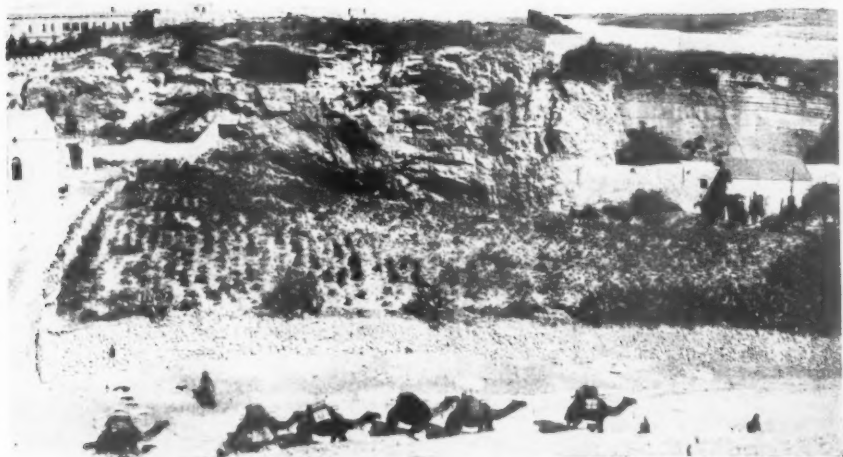


Interior of the  
Garden Tomb

Photo:  
American Colony, Jerusalem



## THE GARDEN TOMB



Skull Hill, or Gordon's Calvary, outside the Damascus Gate

chamber is so small that only eight or nine persons can be accommodated in it at one time.

### **Impossible "Relics"**

One is shown the column to which Christ was bound when scourged, the place where He was crowned with thorns, where He was placed in the stocks till the Cross was ready, where He was nailed to the Cross, the identical hole in which the Cross was planted (now lined with silver), the place where His raiment was parted, the stone on which His Body was laid for anointing, and the places where He appeared to Mary Magdalene and His mother. All told, there are some thirty-seven so-called holy places in this single building. Indeed, it would seem that the object has been to include as many of the sacred sites as possible, irrespective of their veracity.

At Easter-time pilgrims make their way to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre along the Via Dolorosa, making a short stay and saying a prayer at the various stations of the Cross, which are indicated by tablets let into the walls. This is the route our Saviour is said to have followed when he went out to suffer an ignominious death. But here we have to remember that the present roadway lies from 20 to 40 feet above the level of the city that Christ knew.

### **Palm Sunday**

On Palm Sunday the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is crowded with pilgrims waving palm branches, and then on Thursday comes the Greek ceremony of the Washing of the Feet. This takes place in the courtyard, when the Greek Patriarch, on a raised dais, bathes the right foot of twelve of his priests, representing Christ bathing the Apostles' feet. When St. Peter's turn comes he, rightly, objects, but in the end gives way. The water used is considered holy, and is sprinkled on the crowd from a nosegay. The most weird of the Easter ceremonies is that of the Holy Fire, which takes place on the Saturday after Good Friday. The church is always packed, and the presence of soldiers is necessary to preserve order. After encircling the Sepulchre several times the Greek and Latin Patriarchs enter it, and presently a flame is thrust out of the two holes on either side of the apartment and from this the pilgrims light their candles. There is always a crush to reach the flame, and people are liable to get injured by being trampled upon. Soon the building is a mass of little lights and the pilgrims are happy. The flame is regarded as sacred. In the past extraordinary tricks have been played in connexion with this ceremony. A wire soaked with resinous oil was connected from the dome, where a

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Olive Harvest in Gethsemane

priest was secreted, to the Tomb, and at the appointed time a light was sent down the wire, which caused the flame to appear.

### Looking Elsewhere

When you remember the history of this remarkable pile of buildings and their extraordinary array of holy places, one is not surprised to learn that for years past scholars have looked elsewhere for the site of the crucifixion and burial of our Lord, and they believe they have found them. Three years before his death in Khartoum, General Gordon came to Jerusalem and carried out certain exploration work on behalf of the Palestine Exploration Fund. As a result, he came to the conclusion that a certain rough eminence resembling in appearance a human skull, which fits in with the New Testament narrative, was the site of the Crucifixion. Believing this to be so, he began seeking for the tomb and found one, evidently a new one and which had only been used once, in a near-by plot, and which is known to-day as the Garden Tomb.

Owing to the publicity thus given to it at the time, the Tomb and surrounding ground were secured by a German as a matter of

speculation, and he offered it for sale at £2,000. A strong committee was formed in this country to purchase it, and an appeal, supported by the then Archbishop of Canterbury and many other eminent men, was made in the columns of *The Times* on the grounds that the Tomb might be that of the Resurrection, but in any case was an excellent example of the kind of Jewish tomb used at the time. The purchase was eventually completed, and ever since the Tomb has been preserved, together with the garden around it, as possibly the most hallowed spot of Christendom, although the trustees have never dogmatized about it.

### Fits in with the Narrative

The Tomb and its surroundings certainly fits in with the narrative. It is outside the city walls. It is at the base of a little hill, called the Skull Hill. It is so called because in certain lights the steep face of rock which constitutes one side of the hill resembles a skull. That ridge of rock was the traditional Jewish place of execution, and it was to the "place of a skull" that Jesus was brought for His crucifixion.



Palm Sunday in Jerusalem

*Photo. American Colony*

## **THE QUIVER**

Here beside the Skull Hill is a garden, and in the garden a tomb wherein only one body was ever laid. Here three roads meet, on which "the multitude passed mocking and wagging their heads."

From time to time interesting discoveries have been made which strengthen the claim of the Tomb to be regarded as the site of the Resurrection. The ground adjoining proved to be an early Christian burial-ground, as one would expect to find near the Tomb of our Lord, and contained the ruins of an early church. In a vault adjoining the Tomb two tombstones were unearched, bearing inscriptions to "Nonnus and Onesimus, deacons of the Church of the Resurrection," and "buried near my Lord," although the latter inscription, less legible than the other, has been questioned. More recently there have been discovered springs of arches cut in the rock, evidently the remains of what was once an imposing building. From the ruins so far exposed it was evidently a Roman temple of some kind.

Now we know from historical records that the Roman Emperor Hadrian caused a temple of Venus to be built over the Tomb of the Resurrection that he might pour contempt on the superstition of the Christians and so make them forget their deserted shrine.

### **A New Discovery**

And now another discovery has been made which adds additional weight to the evidence that goes to prove the claim of

the Garden Tomb to be the Holy Sepulchre. Some loose stones were being removed from the ground in front of the entrance of the Tomb in the process of tidying up the garden, when one of them attracted the attention of Miss Hussey, who is in charge of the Tomb, owing to the fact that it had markings upon it. She had it removed, partially cleaned it, and reported the find to the Government Department of Antiquities. A few days after its discovery it was viewed by Professor Brandenburg, who was commissioned by the Berlin Society of Palestinian Research to investigate the rock tombs of Palestine a year ago, and whose reputation as an authority on rock architecture in the Mediterranean is admittedly high. He immediately, and without hesitation, identified it as "a shrine of the goddess Cybele or Aphrodite (Venus), with the column and tree of Adonis or Attys beside it," declaring that such shrines were found in temples of Venus. A more careful cleansing of the stone further endorsed his first impression, for it clearly revealed the fruit on the tree. Further researches are to be made and they will be awaited with interest.

Meanwhile it does look as if this discovery of a shrine belonging to a pagan temple, which was built by an old Roman Emperor with the sole intention of stamping out Christianity, may prove the means of identifying the holy place. Truly the Psalmist was right when he declared that "God maketh the wrath of man to praise Him."

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# The Panel Doctor

*His Hopes and Despairs  
As Told to  
Harry Cooper*

*This article, which embodies in the form of a conversation the experience of a young panel doctor in London, is of timely interest in view of the Royal Commission on National Insurance now sitting. The Commission is likely to recommend sweeping changes, which will, it is hoped, bring about an improvement in the standard of health of the working-classes, and will certainly profoundly affect the medical profession.*

THE evening surgery—see the notice on the brass plate outside—is from seven to nine, but our panel doctor is not a stickler for hours, and it was half-past nine before he finished with his last patient. This case interested him, and he brought out his sphygmomanometer and took the blood pressure. This was followed by some straight advice as to diet and habits, but he also wrote a prescription.

"That is a case in point," the doctor said to me, picking up the thread of a former conversation. "I gave that man advice which is worth a thousand times more to him than any preparation in the *Pharmacopæia*. But if I had not given him a prescription as well he would not have taken the advice. He is like a baby—he wants the bottle. The bottle is the outward and visible sign that he has been to me. Mere advice is cheap. He can get it, of a sort, anywhere—his mates, his newspaper, anywhere. But it is the bottle of medicine that clinches the business. That bottle of medicine is a superstition with some of these people. It is a sort of libation poured out by them in penance for their transgressions against the laws of health."

## The Day's Work

The day's work of this panel doctor, which began with a morning surgery, followed by a four-hours' round of visits, together with a consultation at the hospital and one or two emergency calls, was not yet done. He had a number of documents—certificates and so forth—to fill in and post. In five minutes, he said, he would be ready to come out with me to the pillar-box to blow away the staphylococci.

You must know that this panel doctor of ours is a young man, only a few years qualified, with a professional training, however,

rather exceptional among the doctors of this neighbourhood. He has studied at two Continental universities, he has found time, in the midst of his general practice, to specialize in various directions, and he has taken part already in discussions at the Royal Society of Medicine. Some day he will take first a room and then a house in Harley Street.

Some ladies who had been attended by his predecessor in the practice—an old family doctor with a bland manner and a black bag—were immensely interested in this new arrival, and began forthwith to develop quite new diseases, or at least, what comes to the same thing, diseases with quite new names. But they were repelled by the rather cavalier manner in which he dealt with their cherished ailments. One lady, for instance, who informed him that she had a "helmet headache," was told that she must stop looking up classical terms in medical books to fit her symptoms, and that, so far as he could judge, her headache was due to a decayed molar, for which she had better see a dentist. Now, headache and neuralgia are quite noble afflictions, but a mere toothache, though equally painful, is much less interesting and less spiritual, and the lady was a little affronted.

## Plain Speaking

That is a refreshing characteristic of this panel doctor—refreshing, at least, to those who are not his hypochondriacal patients—though whether it will work out for good or ill in his practice I am not sure. He is impatient to tear away the polite disguises by which most of us like to dignify and obscure our aches and pains. The ruder the truth, in this doctor's opinion, the better it is in application. If a cold has been brought on, not by some elegant indiscretion like ex-

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posture to night air, but by over-indulgence at table, he says so quite plainly. He does, of course, admit the element of mystery in many of our infirmities, but he thinks that quite a number of complaints are given an unnecessary camouflage, designed to elicit sympathy, when what the patient needs is not sympathy, but rebuke.

This, in a sense, makes him a good panel doctor. To the doctor in private practice the introspective patient, who toys with his indigestion or his catarrh as a maiden toys with her trinkets, is a valuable source of income, and must be humoured; but in contract or panel practice, where there is one capitation rate of nine shillings per annum for all persons on your list, well or ill, such a patient is a nuisance, and must be pulled up sharply, for the sake of the doctor's time and the waiting queue of other patients.

Practice under the Insurance Act, together with some other things, has brought about a change in the modern doctor. You are conscious of it if you see—as you may do once or twice a year in London—the panel doctors assembling in conference. Hardly one among them preserves the old style of dress and manner which suggested the possession of a wisdom almost occult. Even the silk hat and the frock coat are unknown. They have gone the way of the one-time wig and gold-headed cane. These “panel men,” as they call themselves, working for the most part in industrial communities, dress little differently from any respectable artisan; their manners are brisk and energetic, they are intolerant of fuss or “side,” they are out to do their job.

In that walk to the pillar-box this panel doctor unburdened some of his hopes and despairs. He told me that his private practice, which amounted to about half his total practice, gave some satisfaction to his professional ambitions, but his panel practice disappointed him. I rather expected to hear, as I had heard from other panel doctors, a good deal of complaint about petty and irksome restrictions, irritating rules, the necessity for taking twelve different forms of certificate with you on your rounds, the requirement to keep records and statistics, the liability to heavy penalties for dereliction. But of all this he made no complaint at all. His eyes were fixed on a wider horizon.

“In the first place,” he said, “can one doctor really be responsible for the health of a couple of thousand insured persons? That is not at all an unusual number for a doctor to have on his list. He is permitted

to go up to two thousand five hundred, and the average is over one thousand. ‘Oh,’ you say, ‘but those are persons, not patients. Many of them don’t come to you from year’s end to year’s end.’ That is true enough, but, to judge from my experience, half of them do come to me in the course of a year, and those who do come, come on an average seven or eight times in the twelve months. I reckon that with my list, which is not nearly as large as the list of Dr. A. or of Dr. B., I give to insured patients five thousand attendances a year, roughly two-thirds of them at my surgery, and the other third in their own homes. That means, if you work it out, five or six visits every day to the bedside for panel patients alone. And then they sneer at the panel doctor’s motor-car. Well, a footsore doctor at his tenth or twelfth bedside in a day—for, remember, I have my private patients to visit as well—would not be quite as ready in diagnosis or as resourceful in treatment as a doctor ought to be.

### Patients Who Fancy So

“Now, here is the perplexing point. Just about half my panel patients consult me because they have got something the matter with them, and the other half consult me because they think they have. Mind, I do not say these latter are malingersers. The malingeringer is a rarer bird than you would think. But these people are like Lady Macbeth:

Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick coming fancies.

What are you to do when one person after another comes in of an evening with nothing really the matter with them, or nothing for which they would have dreamt of consulting a doctor if they were called upon to pay three-and-six a time? If you tell them plainly that there is nothing wrong, or that they will be all right in the morning if they have a hot bottle and go to bed, they go away saying that that is the way with panel doctors—grudging attention, a rapid look you-up-and-down, a curt dismissal. They may take their names off your list—they can do that at any time in the year now, instead of only on two fixed dates—and while that can be borne, it has to be remembered that some of these people have relatives who are prospective private patients. If, deservedly or not, you get a reputation for brusqueness on the panel side of your practice, it tells against you on the private side.



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"On the other hand, if you give these people a prescription—involving insurance funds in a cost of sixpence or eightpence—you will retain their goodwill, and they may even come back and tell you what miracles the stuff has wrought on their imaginary ills. You retain their goodwill, but do you retain your own self-respect?"

I made bold to hint to this panel doctor here that even though patients with the most trivial ills crowded out his surgery, this gave him all the better opportunity to study—what every good clinician wants to study—the beginnings of disease. Most diseases begin as trivial ailments. Every tuberculosis was once a cough. Every Bright's disease was once a backache.

But that switched him on to the other 50 per cent. of his panel patients—those who really have something the matter with them.

"The panel system started before I entered practice," he said, "but I know a good deal about the conditions which prevailed before I came in. It was supposed to be a great means of enabling the doctor to see people as often as he wanted without having to worry about charges, and of enabling people to come to the doctor as often as *they* wanted without having to run up bills. But, notice, the sole idea behind the Act was to bring these people into contact with the doctor. It is the doctor, the doctor, the doctor all the time. The doctor is looked upon as the spell-binder. Get the people to go to the doctor, get them to go often enough, get as many contacts as possible between the doctor and the people who need him, and the thing is done.

### What the Doctor Cannot Do

"Now, there is no man who holds his profession in higher esteem than I do. But I have been forced to believe that the doctors are by no means the only sentinels guarding the health of the community. The doctor, as a rule—I am not talking of medical officers of health, of course—is called in only to repair, not to construct, not even to prevent. His surgery is an office of works, which has to do only with build-ings partially tumbled down.

"Take those fifty per cent. of my panel patients who come to me because they have something the matter with them. In the case of these people I am not up against a disease; I am up against a social problem of the first magnitude. It was all very well for that dear old doctor who sold me this practice to go about all the time, upstairs,

downstairs, in my lady's chamber, with his pills and his plasters. Probably it never occurred to him that health is a positive thing at all, or that if there were no such things as illnesses the physician would still have a function. But these cases of mine are not diagnostic problems calling for medical skill so much as they are the direct and obvious effects of a pernicious environment. They come to my surgery from their overcrowded dwellings and their unhealthy occupational conditions; they come with the marks upon them of debilitating habits, of long neglect, of insufficient nourishment, of impairing poverty, and they expect me—*me*—to set up these Humpty Dumptys on the wall again. I may get some satisfaction now and again from incising a carbuncle or removing a great toe-nail for subungual abscess, but no lancet of mine can get to the root of the trouble in most of these cases. What I should like to do is to pull down the greater number of their houses, many of their work-places, and the whole job lot of their drinking saloons."

"But," I said, "does not much the same thing apply to your private patients?"

"In a measure, yes," said the doctor. "Of course, it applies to the dependants of many of these insured persons, but these people very generally do not come to me. They go to charities or public clinics, or they go without medical attention altogether. My ordinary private patients are those whose incomes leave them with a margin for comforts, and they have the means and the knowledge to live the sort of existence which does give Nature a sporting chance; and, of course, it is Nature that works the cure; we physicians only assist her. When I am faced with an illness in one of my private patients—I am not drawing any class distinctions, still less am I suggesting that there should be any difference in treatment as between private and panel patients, even in the colour of a lozenge or the texture of a bandage—when I am faced with an illness in one of my private patients the case attracts me. It calls for all the skill and courage I possess. It challenges all that I have ever learned in my profession. It is what the sound of the horn is to the huntsman.

### Patching Up the Constitution

"But these chronic panel cases—I had four or five of them to-night—are incurable. Not incurable in the hospital sense of the word, but in the social sense, in the sense

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of chronic incapacity, a chronic deterioration of physique, chronic lowness of vitality. They are people who will go through life alternately tattered and patched. If I had the combined resources of the Royal College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons I could do little for them. I am defeated and overwhelmed every time by their social misfortunes. I can only tinker with their condition. I feel, after an evening with my panel patients, as though I were a cobbler who had soled and heeled a lot of old boots for about the last time that the uppers will stand it. I am not sure that the colloquial meaning of the verb 'to doctor' is not nearest the mark—'to mend; to patch up.' What these people need is better housing, employment under more hygienic conditions, more nutritious food, and the cultivation of chastity and temperance.

"What can the doctor do? Give them medicines and ointments and such? That is all they expect him to do. That is pretty well the sum of what the State expects him to do. It is for him to dole out, through the chemist, the extracts and balsams and syrups and infusions which these people imagine to be the elixir of life. The pill, as Douglas Jerrold said, is daily bread to thousands. That is my despair. Fancy having to give—as I have to give or else do nothing—*nux vomica* or something for dyspepsia when what the woman really wants is more wholesome food and the opportunity for less hurried meals; or quinine for headache, when she goes straight back to a stuffy room! To build up the British constitution on pharmacy is like building a house with bread and butter—worse, indeed, because medicines are nauseating, and bread and butter is not."

We had got back to the surgery by this time, and the doctor asked me in because, to pursue his theme, he wanted to consult some statistics.

"Talking about prescriptions," he began again, "the Insurance Act, in spite of its good results in many respects, which I freely acknowledge, has put the clock back in medicine in one way. It has revived or confirmed the faith in the bottle, which was really beginning to wane. I believe the giving of the bottle of medicine to be, in many cases, a gesture of despair on the part of the doctor, but under the Insurance Act it has come to have an extraordinary vogue. Insurance Committees even employ staffs, equipped with calculating machines, to

check and scrutinize prescriptions as though they were billets from the gods. The giving of drugs is looked upon as the chief end of medical benefit, not by the patient only, but by those who administer the Act.

### A Mountain of Prescriptions

"Look at these figures from the London Insurance Committee. They relate to London only. Here, since the Act came into operation, twelve years ago, sixty million prescriptions have been priced and checked, their value amounting to two million pounds. The figures are a melancholy example of what people will swallow—not only by way of the throat!—but they are set out officially as though they should be a matter for congratulation.

"These figures mean that on the average every insured person in London has been prescribed for forty times since 1913. What is more, the giving of prescriptions is growing in popularity; the number issued per insured person has greatly increased during the last five years. So here we have in London seventeen hundred panel doctors like myself writing out, each of them, ten prescriptions a day for their insured patients alone, and for the seventeen thousand prescriptions so issued the sum of over six hundred pounds passes daily into the tills of eight hundred insurance chemists.

You tell your doctor that y'are ill,  
And what does he, but write a bill,  
Of which you need not read one letter,  
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better.

And people fondly imagine that these torrents of drugs must be rivers of healing to the nation.

"Let there be no mistake. The National Insurance system has done some great things, even in this matter of drugs. Here is insulin, for example; no system except a National Insurance system could have brought the benefits of the insulin treatment of diabetes so quickly to the working-man's door. Fancy the old club doctor prescribing insulin for his club patient at something like—what is it?—fourteen shillings a day! In other directions, too, the system is working out to positive results. Quite recently a number of panel doctors, under the guidance of the Ministry of Health, have agreed to make observations and keep records of rheumatic diseases in insured persons, and this inquiry may help us to understand rheumatism, still an enigma.

"But my contention holds good. National health insurance was welcomed because it

promised to deliver the medical profession from the thralldom and indignity of the old club system, in which a penny a week was paid for medical attendance without visits. It was this club practice which National Insurance superseded, and the gain to administrative medicine has been great, and the opportunities open to the general practitioner have increased. But, after all, the barriers to the treatment of what I must call poverty diseases have not been broken down; they have only been pushed a little way further back. The panel doctor is able to do more than the former club doctor, but he comes up against his limitations soon enough. And he will go on beating his hands upon the walls so long as the great social problems—some of them only indirectly of a medical nature—remain unsolved. I mean problems like housing, town planning, smoke abatement, pure milk supply, public-house reform, still better education, down—yes, down even to such a thing as the destruction of vermin."

### Bigger State Insurance

At this point the telephone bell broke in on our conversation, and while the panel doctor was answering the call I found myself wishing that his point of view could be brought before the Royal Commission which is now sitting, behind closed doors, to reshape the system of national insurance. We may expect many changes to follow as a result of the report of that Commission. One of them is pretty sure to be an extension of the kind of medical services available under the Act. The insured population will presently be able to have the advantage of specialist advice and treatment, of institutional and ambulance provision, their teeth and their eyes will be attended to, and so on. Many insured people already have these benefits, owing to the fact that their approved societies have accumulated sufficient surpluses to afford them; but it is very likely that the Commission will make them available as a matter of right to all.

Then we may see a vast increase in the number of people entitled to be in national insurance. What about the dependants of those now insured? If State insurance is a good thing for a man, it can hardly be contended that it is not a good thing for his wife and family. The number of insured

persons at present is some fifteen millions; it will rise to not far short of forty millions if all dependants are brought in, and in many parts of the country doctors will look in vain for private patients, for the whole population will be insured.

The cost will be enormous. Not that cost should weigh in the balance against health. But we have need to be sure that the money is wisely spent. Already we spend on sickness, disablement and maternity benefit under the Insurance Act something like £13,000,000 a year, and in payments to panel doctors another £7,000,000 a year, and on insurance administration another £4,000,000—altogether a sum equal to half of what is spent on public education in this country. The more elaborate the system and the more extended the benefits the more steep will be the rise in cost.

But still it will be all doctoring—more specialized doctoring, no doubt, doctoring assisted by nursing in many cases, and by a closer surveillance of the patient's minor ills—but all doctoring, and again doctoring, and more doctoring, and still more doctoring after that. All the doctoring only remedies the consequence—if, indeed, it can do so much—and the cause remains still untouched. Unless there be vision the people will still perish, though there be two physicians at every bed. They will perish unless it is realized that to make an individual better when he is sick is only part of an immense social problem. It is a matter for consideration whether additional money proposed to be spent on national insurance might not be better spent in getting rid of city rookeries where disease is bred, in providing open spaces in crowded towns, in ensuring a purer food supply, in regulating the liquor trade, in educating the people in the great unshifting principles of physical and mental health. If the only result of the present inquiry and the Act of Parliament that will follow it is to swell out the figure of the apothecary until he bestrides our narrow world like Colossus—

But here comes the doctor back from the telephone. He has been called out to a maternity case.

"A good thing it is," he says, in his philosophic way, "that these cases fit in usually at night. How we should fit them in in the daytime I cannot think."



"All that she could get from him before she went to the station was, 'God forgive you'"—p. 556

*Drawn by  
Harold Copping*

# Esther

by  
MICHAEL KENT

**R**EBUBEN TAYLOR lived at Chilling, up Wych Valley, five miles out of Bishopstone, in a hop and apple land.

The old toll-gate house in Georgian brick, which is his cottage, still bears his mark on a board that used to set out the road toll.

"Reuben Taylor mends shoes, clogs and pattens, saddlery and harness, watches and clocks and broken crocks."

Under that you may read, if you give the pains, for the paint is blistered: "No man knoweth when The Bridegroom cometh."

Clogs, harness and crocks are a strange fellowship, but it is stranger to find the bridegroom of that company. As Geoffrey Moon, the sexton, says: "There's never any telling what these chapellers will be up to."

Reuben was a chapeller. Taylors, indeed, had been chapellers long before Whitfield came to preach in the field by Upwell Oak. They were of the blood and bone that had stood behind the pikes at Marston Moor in the sure faith that the Lord would arise and His enemies be scattered.

If the general run of Brantshire folk are dour, judge Reuben.

You may find some measure of him in the shop where he wagged a shaggy beard over his brad hammer. Fixed to the wall where he must see it whatever time he raised his eyes was a scroll ill writ in red, "Unstable as water he shall not excel," a *memento mori*.

Let Reuben explain it. "I've read in the great and noble Tennyson," says he, "how a drunkard waking to his sin set a whole bottle of brandy by his working bench. 'Let me look my enemy straight i' the face,' was what he said, and he were a cobbler, too. I reckon Providence and my parents gave me the name of Reuben for a warning, for a sign and a portent and a light in my path. There's Jacob's curse on Reuben on the wall."

That was the effect of a super-sensitive conscience, put up, one may imagine, when Reuben, fleeing from Tophet with youth hot

within him, would castigate himself for a very rakehell if a milkmaid did but smile on him. Yet, all said and done, there's a deal of right philosophy in the Puritan habit, though it may lack sympathy.

The discipline bred a quiet mind. If "kindness in another's trouble" was a little apt to become perfunctory, "courage in one's own" was not lacking. The two, as far as deeds go, embrace the whole duty of man. So Reuben clouted and cobbled his way not unhappily, preaching sometimes at the local chapel, respected, if not loved—a notable example. He had wife and child and a nice penny in the Stone upon Stone Provident Society. In all Chilling no soul could cast a word at him. Perhaps he hugged that reputation overnight.

But by the rigorous code of Reuben, Apollyon lies ambushed in every shadow. From the Scylla of licence put the helm hard over and, lo! the Charybdis of sinful pride. Before ever he knew, Reuben suffered wreck in sinful pride of his daughter Naomi.

"The flower of the flock, mother, our Naomi!" It was a sight to see the gaunt man bending at the door with the flower of the flock upon his shoulder or gathered like a garden posy in his leather apron, a picture for an April smile.

Mother was frail though air and sun had burnt her. You would wonder how she compassed the hundred needs of her busy day unless you had an eye to see in her that indwelling spirit which soft-handed town-folk seek as something mystic and never find at all. In Esther it clothed itself in common proverb; "every cloud has a silver lining," says she when skies are grim, and sets herself a-seeking silver. Witness that black Sunday when Naomi, skipping into the front room with the tea-tray, tripped on the mat and dropped the best teathings—sacred, long hoarded, intact from her mother's wedding day—a litter of gay shards upon the floor. Esther dashed into the passage-way. There were ten seconds of tremulous lips—who can

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say what lightning flash of vindictiveness—and then most bravely out of shattering dismay: "Well, you haven't chipped the teapot lid and the plates are safe; that's something."

But life's a day that's not all cloudy. It has its diamond patches, as when Naomi, running home from school full tilt with the news, came on Reuben setting dahlias by the garden path and told him, what he passed on to Esther in the house in tones uplifted: "Mother, our little maid's won the scholarship to Simon's School in Bishopstone. Thank we the Lord."

"There's glory," cried Esther, wiping hands on apron. "See what comes of having a clever father. Kiss me, child, and fetch the cheese for dinner."

That was but a first step. Gradually, outside of Sunday, Reuben became a man of one idea. "And she's a good maid, mind you, Enoch Shrubsole. Up 'ome she'll wash up for 'er mother 'fore ever she opens 'er books. They give 'er a scholarship to Saint Mary's in London now. She'll get to Oxford and Cambridge with 'er cap and gown before she's done."

Yet it was his nature never to show the girl his pride in her. It might set her above herself.

Now Apollyon is a subtle archer waiting long for the chosen time to set dart to string. Naomi was in her second year at Cambridge before he let fly.

The trouble came on the last day of her short Easter vac., a cloud no larger than a man's hand, not so large in fact, for the thing lay in a man's hand—her father's. It was a fossil urchin such as one finds often enough in the chalk. Reuben had turned it up in his digging and came to show his daughter at her books.

"Strange to think, father," said she, "that hundreds of thousands of years ago that had life and movement."

"Hundreds of thousands of years, child?" he queried. "Why, this earth is but five thousand years created."

"Oh, no, father," she said, having no thought that this was a serious matter of faith. "The earth existed long before the evolution of man."

"Five days before," said Reuben, a little troubled. "Man He made in His own image on the sixth and on the seventh day He rested."

But Naomi had a memory full of Lewes sculls and Neanderthal men, and, out of eagerness in new-found knowledge and that

sacred cause of truth wherein youth is so very pressing and pitiless, said: "But, father. . . ."

There ensued argument which embraced all earth's history and ended with "anti-Christ."

Remember that Reuben stood for not the literal accuracy of the Bible, but the literal accuracy of the Bible as he understood it. That is a different matter, for it takes two minds to be accurate—one to write and one to read.

They were stiff-necked people those two Taylors and Naomi was a good girl, mind, a keen, live scholar, a knight of learning in the dear old Saxon phrase, with lance in rest against error. It wasn't a mere piece of self-conscious priggishness or of envious obduracy, but a battle of ideals essentially the same.

"Your book-learning shall not undermine the sure rock of my faith."

"God has given me a reason I must use."

And Naomi's box was packed.

All that she could get from him before she went to the station was, "God forgive you," as he sat white and haggard-eyed over his bootjack, forbearing even to rise.

## II

THE mockery of it tortured him: his child, Atheist, Freethinker, Antichrist.

The words, as a matter of fact, carried no very definite connotation to him, but they were abominable. He had nourished a viper. For days he dwelt grimly on the injunction, "If thine eye offend thee pluck it out."

But he was not called to do that. Naomi's first letter from Cambridge asserted that she would not pass her father's threshold again till he asked 'her to. The Taylors are a stiff-necked race.

Esther, you may gather, had little initiative. To her this was as a burying of her only child, but she suffered it in silence. Reuben might be hard, but he was always just, according to his lights. At first, as they sat at meat, they did not look at one another. They did not speak of their sorrow, of a child ill-destined through no omission of theirs to flame eternal.

Then once she looked in at the shop, for his hammer had been still that half-hour. He was sitting grim-faced, a boot, sole up, between his knees, his awl deep-bedded in the hide, his eyes fixed upon the text, "Unstable as water," that was in his mind. "Shall Reuben be unstable?"



She put a hand upon his shoulder timidly. "Now, now," said she. "Yesterday won't never come again. There's still to-morrer."

"Esther," he said, "you're a good woman. The hand of the Lord is heavy on me for my sinful pride in her. She may repent. There's still to-morrer."

And they abode as they might, those two, gathering a little comfort from Esther's glint of silver.

Twice during the term Esther wrote pleadingly. It did no good. Naomi, confident in youth and the clean-cut issues youth can only see, could only believe what her intelligence taught her to believe. She must be intellectually honest. Would mother have her come home again at the cost of lies? Mother need not worry for her. She had the prospect of a tutorship in the vac. She could carve a name for herself, never fear.

And down at Chilling Esther went about her slow and uninspiring chores still seeking for the gleam.

But with the quiet march of the years it grew bitter hard still to seek the silver lining, still to be denied. Reuben had petrified in self-abasement. He looked men no more in the face. He spoke no more of Naomi. All his effort was to stay uncomplaining under the lash. The girl had made her bed and must herself lie upon it.

He spoke no more at chapel, but at home he worked harder than before. In the short days he would sit late at the bench by lamp-light; later he took two lamps.

Then came a year when the ivy that fringed his window kept out too much light by day. He hacked it away with a bill-hook one October afternoon in a gust of impatience.

Esther came from her work to wonder. "Why, Reuben," said she, "it's like doing a hurt to your own . . . it's like doing a hurt to a neighbour."

"Makes the workshop dark," said he harshly, and cast his face up to the wintry sky.

Then for the first time Esther saw a milky opalescent film drop and slide across a pupil.

"Why," said she, "whatever's come to your eye?"

"The Lord has sent it," said Reuben, and turned his bill upon the ivy like one who found a joy in pulling down.

"Oh, Reuben," she cried, "you must go to the doctor. Go to-night."

"Can a doctor make the face of the Lord

to shine on me?" he asked bitterly, and Esther, having no reply, went into the house.

For the moment he had a queer sort of pride in his own chastening, but in a little while his effort slackened and he followed her. He found himself nowadays seeking her presence at times of trial, and did not know why, he who had been so self-reliant and upstanding.

It was the gleam she followed that he fain would see.

And Esther now saw no gleam but that in her own steadfast soul. "We'll fare to meet it, Reuben," she said bravely, "you an' me. There's no one else as counts." Oh, that was a plucky lie of hers. "Reckon the Lord loves mercy afore sacrifice."

At that he smote his head with his palm. "Mercy afore sacrifice! What put those words on your lips, mother?" he asked. "Have I had mercy? Have I forgiven trespasses. . . . Our poor girl—?"

That was Reuben's first reference to Naomi in six years.

"No, no. You judged according to your lights," said she.

"I were 'ard," said Reuben. "Mortal 'ard."

And to that even Esther in that hour could make no reply.

"I judge blind," said he. "And blind the Lord has made me. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

He strode through to his workshop, though now for many weeks the familiar steps to bench and chair had asked his hand to guide. His whole attitude of mind had suddenly changed. He had never before considered his conduct towards Naomi, but only Naomi's conduct towards himself. Now with the ready Puritan proud, obstinate humility he found himself brutal. A crowd of memories of his early happy fatherhood flocked to his mind. If Naomi had strayed, whose duty had it been to guide? Who was he that he should have cast her out?

Esther coming timidly into the shop to call him to tea found the webbed eyes searching the infinite. "Wherever you be, Naomi, my girl," he was saying, "I'm mortal sorry I done it, and I wish you knew."

But there had been no word from Naomi for years.

Curiously this new aspect, which left him contrite, raised him up, for he was now a man who had only been a judge. Moreover,

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he was once again in communion with his wife. That starved woman, unfailingly loyal as she had been, found it ease the pain she never whimpered over to be able to talk at last of her poor lamb. She had neither reproach for the past nor hope for time to come. To her conviction the silver lining of this cloud lay beyond the sun. "Some day we'll all be 'appy together, father, 'er an' you an' me, an' all of us 'll understand."

A far light to steer by.

But in former days Reuben would have answered, "The Lord is a jealous God." He did not do so now.

As day by day the inevitable twilight fell, the hunger for forgiveness grew in the old man's heart. Esther would come on him sitting idle, for so appallingly the film grew that soon there was little he could do, and the girl's name was always near his lips: "Naomi, my Naomi, what I druv out."

The case was ever at the bar of his memory. "She were a good girl."

It was all very piteous, and most of all to Esther.

There were sudden hopes. "You think she'll come back some day, mother?"

"Surely," says Esther; "she were 'appy 'ere."

It was never in her to ask who closed the door.

Then came Easter again, the sorrowful anniversary. Easter had ever been a grim time since. Now it was tragic. It wrung the man's brain, a-quiver with self-reproach in the encircling dark, to very madness.

Esther would come on him and see with pain the grim face light with sudden expectation. "'Tis Naomi's step. 'Tis Naomi, my girl."

Sometimes he mistook her voice.

To say "No" was beyond Esther's power. She would hedge with "Wait a while, father. 'Twill be Naomi some day."

It was that which set her on her great deceit.

### III

THE time was one for decisions.

In Wimpole Street Naomi herself had come to the crossways. She spoke of it to Sir Spencer Fergusson when he told her it was time she took a holiday.

Much water had flowed under Wych Bridge since Naomi went away. The girl had been self-reliant, not without cause. She was brilliant. A dozen avenues had

been open to her at the university, and, trained specially to natural science, she branched to medicine.

It had been a hard climb then. She had earned her fees at hospital partly by dispensing and partly by exhibitions, living sparsely, working hard, with an unbending will to show that hard old man that she could justify her place in the world without his help and without his affection.

In the end it left her hard herself, but successful, a surgeon famous for her skill in certain work. The pride of a special hospital, rich, indefatigable, sought after and tired.

And here was Fergusson, a doctor who had come to her in consultation, telling her she must take a holiday. He walked to the window and looked out, speaking with his face turned sideways to her. "It's not my business to tell you, but you're running down hill. Too much work and—I'll wager there's something else. You'll know what it is—buried complex, as these psycho-thingummies call it—something you want, want badly—and can't get. Oh, you women! You're" he flicked a hand through the half-open door of the theatre towards the sparkling steel of Naomi's operating-table—"all steel and plating, but not unbreakable. Keep on as you are, you'll crack. Find out what it is you want and get it if you can. You're no fool."

"I know what I want," said Naomi, her thin efficient surgeon's hand supporting the round chin below lips just too tight drawn for beauty. "I've not long been in a position to attempt it."

"Well, get it," Fergusson replied.

Her triumph was at hand.

She looked back over the hard road of her faring, the drudgery of her early years when fresh from calamity she had set out to prove that whatever her father thought her, however he contemned, she could justify her place in the world by good deeds done, so that in time she might go back to him and say: "Put our work in the world together, you who felt ashamed to hold me as a daughter, whose weighs heavier? Which is the greater, yours or mine?"

She pictured her return, her car, her furs. She saw herself looking down at him over the half door of the workshop. "I've come back, Reuben Taylor, whom you've cast out. Six years I've spent in healing suffering. Have you done as much? Great folk and little folk owe their lives to me. Who owes that to you?"



"Then she lifted the latch. He was fumbling at the table edge. 'Father!' she said"—p. 560

*Drawn by  
Harold Copping*

## THE QUIVER

Oh, a thousand ways she pictured how to shame him.

So at Eastertide she came to Chilling.

### IV

ESTHER nursed her great deception for a week. It took that long to become so much of a Jesuit. But when for all your searching you can find no gleam of silver in a dull grey sky, what can you do but pretend you see it to comfort those you love. Yet, Esther, quaint soul, had never told a conscious lie.

It was plain enough that Reuben would soon be out of his wits without a balm to salve the pangs of his remorse.

"I reckon," thought Esther, "in six years she might be getting on nicely in a school—a boarding-school, maybe. Then she'll need to be going back early because her mistress can't spare her. She'll not be able to wait till I come 'ome."

She felt almost a pang of regret at that.

"Yes, she'll be doing nicely, and often she'll 'ave longed to come 'ome and see 'er ole father being as she never bore no malice all those years, but, being foreign to learn the language, she's 'ad no chance, let alone the money. But still she'll bring 'im a pair o' socks wot she done 'erself to show she never 'arbours no ill-will."

As Esther's first essay in fiction it was not too bad.

She'd come back from her afternoon's shopping and hear it all.

"And God forgive me for a wicked woman," quavered Esther to the kitchen pump, making herself word perfect in her lie.

So with all ready, every chance foreseen, she went out to her marketing, and left him in the dark beside the kitchen fire.

She went up street and though the day was still a high wind seemed to blow through her, shaking her like a leaf. Her dull eyes grew fixed and glassy as she wavered along shamed but obstinate. Her lips moved silently. "Dear God, it isn't true, but make 'im believe it. Make 'im believe it, dear God."

The little roll of bought socks in her hand grew crumpled and wrung with the fever of her need.

At last she turned.

Her brain became clear and cold. It was time for action. She walked swiftly back and knocked boldly at the kitchen door. There was no answer. Reuben would be

getting out of his chair to come. She knocked again, impatiently, a cunning move!

Then she lifted the latch. He was fumbling at the table edge.

"Father!" she said.

He started. The fixed unseeing eyes lit, then he sank back in the chair. "Naomi!"

"Yes, Naomi!" said the old grey Esther. "Won't you come to meet me, father?" Great love had made a playwright of her.

"May I come in?"

"That you should have to ask," he cried. "I'm blind, but never think of that, my little girl." She knelt beside him, her face at his knees, his eager questing fingers about her thin grey hair. "Indeed," she said, "indeed I'm Naomi. Come to ask you to forgive."

And behind the woman, full in the face of the sightless man, Naomi, her proud and cruel self, stood smiling coldly.

"I'm to go away directly," went on the old woman. "I can hardly stay. Where's mother?"

The woman in the doorway smiled no more.

"Up town," said Reuben. "But, child, you must not go. You've never said as you forgive——"

Then Naomi came softly in with all her gibes forgot.

She parted the old wife's wondering hands and, drawing her aside, set her own brown head where the grey one had been, and set her strong young hands to the man's bowed shoulders where Esther's gnarled hands had clung.

"My father," she said, "there's nothing for forgiveness 'twixt us two. Only I'm fain to forget the years, and be, for mother and you—your little Naomi again."

"Mother," he said, and his fingers wavered over the girl with benediction. "She—you haven't seen her."

"I saw her before I came in," said Naomi. "If it hadn't been for her I'd not have come."



And Naomi's knife cleared Reuben's darkness all away.

And Naomi, when next she saw Sir Spencer, startled him. "You knew what you wanted and you got it. Wise woman!"

"No," said Naomi; "I didn't know what I wanted, but kind fate gave it me."

And Esther humbly wonders how it came about. She is, she knows, unavailing and dense. She follows the gleam and gets on with her washing.

# What Every Woman Should Know

When the Bread-winner  
is Ill

By a Barrister-at-Law

NOT long ago there was a play entitled *What Every Woman Knows*. My article to-day deals with a yet more important topic, namely, "What every woman should know." We are apt to drift along the quiet tides of life, imagining that the weather will always be fair. We see storm and shipwreck come to others, but somehow we are tempted into an easy belief that we are the favourites of fortune and that it is foolish to worry about things that may never happen.

In the ordinary homes there is a recognized division of labour. The husband is the bread-winner, he attends to all the matters connected with the house which are comprehended in the one word "business," while the wife is the domestic autocrat managing with marked efficiency everything that makes for fireside peace and plenty.

## A Water-tight Arrangement

Husband and wife rather pride themselves on this "water-tight compartment" arrangement. The husband with a somewhat lordly air, which flatters his self-importance, regards "business" as outside the scope of woman, though his wife, ere he married her, may have been the competent assistant of a financial genius, and she in her turn hates any suspicion of interference in her department of the house, and oft-times congratulates herself that she has married a man who knows how to let well alone.

It would be far more sensible if married couples courageously faced the possibility of sickness or accident and made their preparations accordingly. It is quite wrong of a husband to leave his wife in blind ignorance of "the financial machinery" of the home, and it is mistaken sensitiveness on her part not to ask for the necessary information if he fails to offer it.

It is futile to suggest that the knowledge can be obtained when the emergency occurs. No one can be sure that accident or sudden illness may not lie hidden in the future, and a wife ought to be properly equipped to "carry on" with the minimum of anxiety if such a contingency should occur. She will have quite enough to worry her with-

out adding the handicap of a stultifying lack of information, which could easily have been supplied in the course of an hour.

## Money and a Crisis

The most immediate need in the face of a sudden disaster is money. Very often the husband has a banking account and gives his wife a settled sum every week or month for housekeeping expenses. Beyond that allowance the wife has nothing. Husband and wife should face the following question without delay: "From what source is she to draw money for doctors, nurses, medical necessities, household expenses and so forth if he is so sick or injured that he cannot sign his name to a cheque for a month?"

The best plan is to take her to the bank and arrange that she may draw cheques on his account. Of course, it will be an understood thing between him and her that she does not do so except in an emergency, but still the power will be there. Otherwise she may be left in the unhappy position of a wife of whom I heard the other day. Two days before the end of the month, when her allowance was exhausted, she received in London a wire from Carlisle saying that her husband had met with a serious accident and could not be moved. She had not the money to buy a ticket, and had to go and borrow from a friend to enable her to reach her husband's bedside.

## The Mysteries of Drawing Cheques

The husband should also explain to his wife, if she does not already know it, the mysteries of drawing cheques, write down for her the name and address of his bank, tell her where he keeps his pass book, and how to get it made up in order that she may ascertain what funds are there to draw on. She should also be able to find his cheque book, to see from the counterfoils whether there are any outstanding cheques for which allowance must be made.

Then comes the house—for which, of course, periodical payments have to be made—rent, rates and taxes. The former is fairly simple—the only thing she need grasp is how often the rent has to be paid, to

## THE QUIVER

whom and how much. It is not a bad plan to show her the lease or tenancy agreement in order that she may have chapter and verse for her payments if any question should arise.

Rates and taxes will need more detailed explanation. They are full of obscurity for anyone who is unaccustomed to deal with them. The demand for them is usually couched in somewhat peremptory terms, and she should have a clear and lucid explanation, first verbally and then in writing, as to how, when and to whom she must make her payments.

### Insurances

Insurance policies should be her next study. Let me deal first with household insurances. There are two which are vital—insurance against fire and insurance against possible accidents to domestic servants. Everyone recognizes the risk of fire, but many householders are still sadly ignorant about servants' "accidents." To put it quite shortly, if a servant while in the employ of her master suffers injury by accident the master has to pay her compensation until she has completely recovered, and should she die he may be called upon to pay a lump sum down to any members of her own family she was helping to support. It is possible to insure against this liability for a very small sum. No one should fail to do so. The weekly stamp put on a servant's card has nothing to do with this matter.

There are other insurances which some people go in for covering risks of burglary, theft, riots, and so forth, and it is possible in the present day to have what is known as an "all-in" policy, whereby one policy and one annual premium covers all the ordinary risks—fire, theft, burglary, riot, accidents to servants, etc.—to which a householder can be exposed. It matters not for my purpose whether the husband has taken out one policy or half a dozen—the wife should know the full details, viz. the number of each policy, the office and the address, the date when the premium should be paid and the amount. It may also help her in a moment of emergency to know the

exact number of days of grace allowed for the unpunctual payment of premiums.

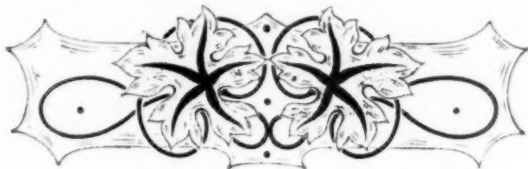
Then come the husband's personal policies, insurances against his own sickness and accidents and on his life. It is most important that these premiums should be paid regularly, though as a rule fourteen days' grace are allowed for the payment of sickness and accident premiums and thirty days' grace for life policies. The wife should add full knowledge about these payments to her store of wisdom.

Now, information such as I have suggested ought to tide her over a crisis of sudden illness—provided the knowledge she has acquired is made easily "effective." She should have her own list written out and kept always in the same place—giving her all the necessary details of bank, house, and policies. The husband, on the other hand, should have his cheque book, pass book, particulars of lease, and policies all in one drawer—known to her—so that in the hour of need she will not have to spend priceless moments in a nerve-racking hunt.

### Leave Nothing to Chance

There is one further possibility that must be faced, namely, that the illness or accident may end in death. I have written in a previous article on the vital necessity of every husband making a will. It is not less important that the wife should know where the will is. There is no reason why she should be informed of the contents of it—unless the husband so desires—but the fact of its existence and its whereabouts should be revealed. Some men allow their solicitor to keep their will in his safe, other men keep it at home in a sealed envelope, or at the bank. It is a matter of choice.

It is not a bad plan to have in another envelope—sealed, if desired, and labelled "Not to be opened till after my death"—a list of all the shares in which the husband's money is invested, together with the actual certificates. Many men prefer to keep their financial position a secret during their lifetime, but it is just as well to leave nothing to chance should death supervene.





# Great Moments in My Life

by  
*Rev. Charles Brown, D.D.*

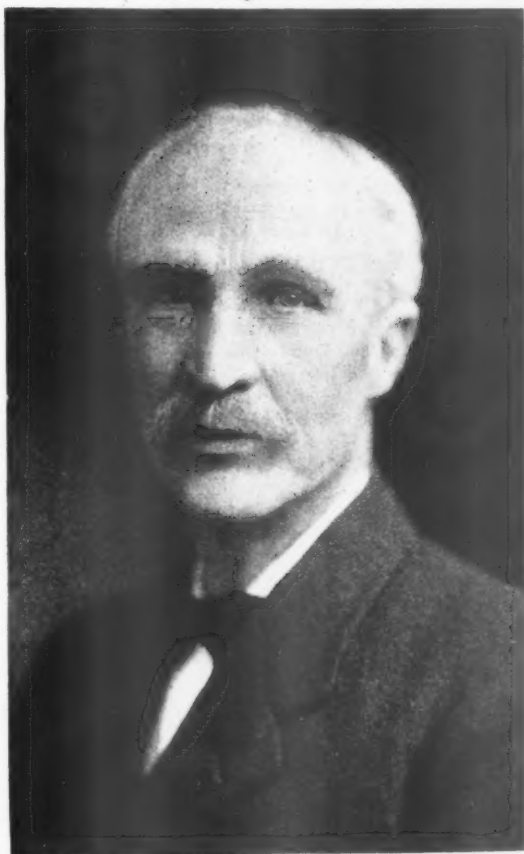
*Dr. Charles Brown is, this coming month, retiring from the pastorate of Ferme Park Baptist Church, Hornsey, where he has long been one of the most distinguished figures of the London pulpit. As a preacher he has few equals to-day.*

IT may be supposed that every man has such moments—sometimes watersheds in his life, when he makes a great and fateful decision, determining career, place of service, or character; sometimes moments of vision, when “a spark disturbs his clod,” his horizon is lifted and there gleams before him some promised land; some Celestial City, with jewelled gates and golden streets; some lofty ideal, which beckons him to venture forth in quest of it. Such moments surely come to all of us, when life for the time is transfigured and the most amazing possibilities open up to us, who before had thought meanly of our lives. Every thought of such moments in my own life confirms my faith in the reality of the spiritual world and the interest of God in the lowliest individual; in the fact that the Spirit of God visits and illumines the soul of man and seeks to shape his ends and direct his way.

## **In Birmingham**

It happens that the greatest and most determining moments of my own life are connected with the city of Birmingham. There I went, apparently by accident, when a lad of scarcely fifteen. There the great world opened to me. There I knew sin and sorrow and the joy of forgiveness; there I was led to the great decision; there I began Christian work; there I was compelled to the decision to enter college on the way to the Christian ministry. All that followed

flowed from these things as streams from the springs in the hills. These things I recall to-day with wonder and gratitude and praise.



**Dr. Charles Brown**  
(Specially taken for THE QUIVER.)

Photo:  
Reginald Haines

## **THE QUIVER**

It is very easy for me to believe in the crucial moments of St. Paul outside Damascus, Augustine in the garden, and John Bunyan. I was riding one day in the course of my lowly calling through the Black Country, contemplating my unworthy life and going over the experiences of boyhood. Probably I had had a letter that morning from my Sunday school teacher, who wrote to me regularly for two years after I left home. I was suddenly seized with a passionate longing and desire to live a pure and noble life, such as had been set before me from my earliest years. The longing grew upon me and strengthened, until it entirely possessed me to the exclusion of every other thought and desire. All the glory of goodness passed before me and profoundly moved me. I remember precisely where the experience came, and I have no shadow of doubt that it was as truly a heavenly vision as that of St. Paul. But it faded into the light of common day. I was disobedient to it, to my own immeasurable loss. It came, however, and I knew, as perhaps never before, the reality of God.

### **The Influence of Moody**

The next greatest moment came to me in a vast crowd. Moody had come to Birmingham, and the great Bingley Hall was crowded. Night after night 15,000 to 18,000 people assembled, and I went, as everybody did, for Birmingham was moved from its centre to its circumference. My vision had departed, and had left me a little sceptical and scornful. For four or five evenings I went, curious to find out where the power of this plain and brusque man lay, and I came away unmoved. His preaching seemed poor by the side of that of Dale and Vince and George Dawson. Then came the evening when I was laid hold of by the straight and simple message of the great evangelist. Up to that time I had taken a professional and elocutionary or homiletical interest in preaching. Now the form mattered nothing. My heart was laid bare to me, and I found myself, almost before I was aware of it, one of a company of people who went into a part of the hall where those gathered who had thrown away their excuses and wanted to confess their desire and resolve henceforth to follow Christ.

That was the great moment of life for me, and for days thereafter I was as one who walked on air. I remember always especially my radiant gladness, and one of Sankey's hymns expressed exactly my state

of heart and mind, "I feel like singing all the time."

I swung back into questioning and doubt after that, and a period of gloom and distrust supervened. And then one day, in the city street this time, the words leapt into my mind as though they were spoken with a living voice, "My grace is sufficient for thee." I believed that, and the gloom vanished.

The moment of my baptism stands out for me like a mountain peak. It was my public confession of faith. It meant to old friends, from some of whom my conversion had severed me, that I had definitely crossed the Rubicon. It was to me so wonderful to belong to Christ and His church, that I remember I came out of the water singing, and went back to my place of business, where I was regarded as a curious religious phenomenon, rejoicing to bear some amount of ridicule and resolved to live the life of love and service.

### **Tackling Slum Youths**

It was a great moment when a Sunday school class was given me for my very own. With fear and trembling I went to tackle some of the roughest boys from the slums of Birmingham. But they were mine, a sacred charge, and there grew up a strong bond of affection between me and them; and I lived to see two of them, at any rate, led into the Christian faith and bravely confessing it.

There are two great moments connected with my entrance into the ministry. There are a few people at least in Birmingham who remember the Rev. Henry Platten, who succeeded the Rev. Charles Vince at Graham Street Chapel. He was a richly gifted man, with the temperament of a poet and artist. A wonderful preacher when at his best, and more wonderful than his sermons were his prayers. The humdrum work of the pastorate, visitation, deacons' meetings and all the business side of church life were very distasteful to him. But he loved preaching, and he loved to teach others the way. He gave of his best without fee or reward to a little company of young men who had begun to preach and wanted to preach better. One evening a week we met in the big vestry at Graham Street. One memorable evening to me, after I had read an expository paper on our Lord's interview with the Samaritan woman, he kept me back, and looking into my face with his keen and kindly eyes, with his hand on my

## THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING

shoulder, he said, "Young man, you must go into the ministry." I was exceedingly startled and was quite incredulous. I believe I laughed at the idea, quoting my educational disadvantages. He replied that he knew all about that, but he had been watching me, and he had no doubt about the matter. I must go into the ministry, and in order that I might go into the ministry I must go to college. I must lose no time about it. I must consult my own minister (the Rev. George Jarman), and together they would help me in guiding preliminary studies and with advice and counsel and influence. My own minister backed up the suggestion, and I commenced at once preparing for the entrance examination to Bristol College. But that was a great night for me. I said not a word to anybody. I slept but little. It was a night of vision, of heart searching and of prayer, and the morning found me decided to make the venture.

### An Unforgettable Moment

I scarcely dared to hope that I should pass the preliminary test. The subject in English literature was Milton's "Paradise Regained," and I, who had never sat for an examination in my life, proceeded at once

to commit it to memory. So far as it and the scripture subject were concerned I felt fairly secure, but the other subjects scared me.

And after two days of examination, ending with a *viva voce*, Dr. Richard Glover came from the committee-room, and, calling me aside, informed me in his characteristically gracious manner that the candidate committee had unanimously decided to recommend me to the general committee, "who," said he, "always accept our recommendations." That, too, was a great and unforgettable moment for me, a moment of wondering gratitude.

### The Guiding Hand

There have been other great moments in one's life since: Settling in London; being elected President of the Baptist Union; preaching for the first time at the City Temple and the Metropolitan Tabernacle; receiving wonderful tokens of one's people's loyalty and love on great occasions in one's ministry. But there is nothing that can quite compare with the moments that stand out as starting or turning points in life; pivotal moments, in which one can reverently and gratefully trace the guiding hand of God.



## The First Day of Spring

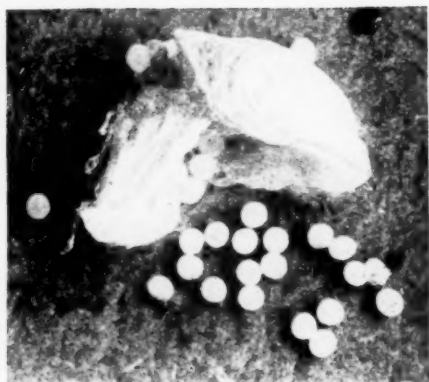
By

Grace Mary Golden

'Tis the first day of Spring! All the elves and the fays  
Of the forest are stirring 'neath Phoebus' warm rays—  
Are rousing and greeting this loveliest of days.

'Tis the first day of Spring! 'Tis the sweet of the year!  
God Pan is awaking—oh, hark! high and clear  
The sound of his piping who listens may hear.

'Tis the first day of Spring! And the lover to greet  
The note of a blackbird comes tender and sweet.  
Oh, Youth! It is Spring! There are flowers at your feet!  
'Tis the first day of Spring! And the world's at your feet!



Eggs of Spider

**W**E collect all sorts of things, in the fields and woods and gardens; we look for berries and nuts, for flowers and seeds, for moths and butterflies and beetles, but we rarely hunt for eggs. Partly because these are often very small and therefore not easy to find, partly because we don't know just when to look for them, the eggs of the various small creatures are passed over and forgotten. But I want to show you how exceedingly interesting these eggs may be.

First of all, we will look for the eggs of the common slug. They are quite big enough to be easily found. Generally they are laid under clods of earth, in parts of the garden that are not often disturbed. They are white and roundish in shape, and nearly always in little groups. The common black slug lays as many as fifty, sometimes in holes in the ground, and often in old heaps of rubbish and leaves, about the month of May. Though you may find slugs' eggs any time from spring to early autumn.

Other eggs that are found in every garden are those of the spider. Nothing is more easily seen than a spider's nest; there is one in every neglected corner, under fence rails, inside plant pots, and in scores of

## EGGS I HAVE FOUND IN MY GARDEN

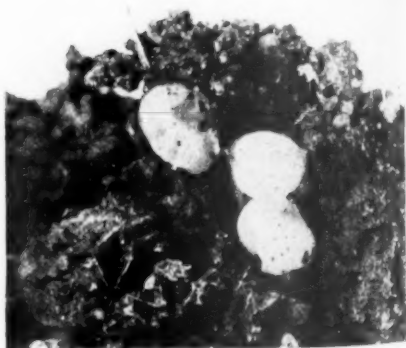
*Marion  
Crawford*

other places. Always outside the nest is a lot of rubbish, bits of leaves and dead insects, just to disguise the place; but behind all the rubbish is the precious white silken bag in which lie the little round white eggs. The spider is often a most careful mother, and as soon as the little ones hop out of the eggs she will look after them.

Then there are the multitudes of eggs belonging to moths and butterflies.

Some of these are exceedingly beautiful, and you should carry in your pocket a little magnifying glass, so that you can see their colours and

Eggs of the  
Kentish Glory  
Moth



Eggs of Common Slug found in my garden

## EGGS I HAVE FOUND IN MY GARDEN

shapes. For instance, the photograph shows the eggs of the Kentish Glory moth, which are laid early in spring, in April or May. The caterpillars feed on hazel and lime trees, so if you have a hazel bush in your garden examine the twigs carefully for these pale green eggs. When first laid they are like little oblong green seeds, but they soon turn a much darker colour. When you are looking for these eggs you will very likely find others, and if you keep them, and feed the caterpillars on the leaves of the tree on which the eggs were laid, you will eventually have the immense pleasure of seeing the moths come out of the cocoons. This is one of the greatest surprises the young naturalist can have, when he first begins to notice the wonders of nature in his own garden, to see the moths, with their beautifully coloured bodies and damp wings, creep out of their cocoons. More moths' eggs are found than those of butterflies, because in many instances the moths' eggs are so much larger. And it is here that the pocket magnifying glass will come in useful. A little experience and knowledge will soon tell you where to look for any eggs you want to find, and if they are very small the glass will be invaluable. The eggs of the little Pearl Skipper butter-



Eggs of Grass-snake

fly are very common, but you will need your glass to find them. They are laid on bits of grass stems in the late autumn, and they remain in this condition till spring, when they hatch out, and the caterpillars wander off to feed on the new grass shoots. They are like little whitish buns, fastened firmly to the grasses. Of course, I suppose everyone has seen the eggs of the large white butterfly on the under side of cabbage leaves; they are so common that they need no description; their yellow colour and the way they are laid on the leaf, quite upright, make them very conspicuous.

Very often birds build in my garden, and I have seen the speckled, bluish-white eggs of the house-sparrow, the tiny white, red-dotted eggs of the blue tit, the pinky-white eggs of the robin, and the beautiful greenish-blue eggs of the song thrush; every spring I look out for these. But once, hunting in a corner, near a thick bramble bush, for a robin's nest, I came upon the eggs of a grass-snake. They were certainly not those of any bird, though at first I was deceived by their whiteness. Right under the bramble bush I found them, in the middle of a heap of grass and rubbish and old straw. If my foot had not slipped and uncovered them I should never have seen them. They felt like leather, very tough, and I counted at least ten.



Eggs of Pearl Skipper Butterfly



# Worldly Goods

by  
SOPHIE KERR

had contemplated leaving Walter for Lewis Ewing, I was not calm at all about his philandering with Mollie Mayer. I should have been glad of it, since it afforded me so good a reason for what I wanted to do. But I wasn't.

When he left me at my door Lewis Ewing held tight to my hand for a moment. "Don't make me wait very long, Effie," he said. "This is not a pleasant road to travel, you know."

"I won't make you wait," I promised, "but I'm not going to do anything precipitate. I want to be sure that it's best for everybody concerned."

"I don't see how you can doubt that," he replied; and left me.

My world was topsy-turvy now, utterly upside down, and I did what my jangled, taut nerves and weary emotions made me do—I went into my bedroom and had a good hard cry. I needed it. After it, I felt a thousand per cent. fitter.

I thought of all Lewis Ewing had said to me about myself. He had said I was

hard, that I was worldly, that I was not feminine—that he had wanted a lavender lady, and yet that he *must* love me, that I belonged to him. Lewis and a lavender lady—he would have been bored with her in a week—I knew it! A feminine, clinging, Alice-sit-by-the-Fire—to be mated to that wild hawk! Never. It couldn't have happened.

As for Mollie Mayer and her lightweight

"She got up and kissed me abruptly with more affection than I had ever seen her show anyone"  
—p. 570

## PART VI

**I**F our drive out to the inn had been scant of speech, the drive back to the city was silence itself. There was this essential difference—I was not thinking of the man by my side, but of Walter. Now his absences from home were explained . . . and the faint reek of perfume . . . Mollie Mayer . . . a giggling nonentity! Calmly as I



## WORLDLY GOODS

sisterhood—Lewis Ewing would have given none of them more than a smile of amused indulgence, recognizing them for what they are—cases of arrested development and of no interest to any man of mature mind.

But Walter liked her—so much was obvious. Did he like her very much, I wondered? What did Holden Mayer have to say to all this, or was Holden still another player at the game of looking-over-your-shoulder-away-from-your-marriage? We were like a set of building blocks, toppling, each one pushing over the next.

For my part, I would get out of it. I had plenty of money saved now—that little bank account started with the two hundred out of my first commission cheque had grown to proportions that would permit me to withdraw from the scene at once and finally, leaving the field clear for the rest of them to change partners just as they liked.

Afterwards—well, there was Lewis waiting. In him I would find a master. He was stronger than I, and if I was hard, he was harder. There would be no more independence, and the semblance of harmony and comradeship which Walter and I had worn as a mask would now be reality.

It was going to be hard . . . giving up my work. Lewis had not said so, but that would be the first of his requirements. After all, work was fun, and, as old Doctor Haberman had told me long ago, it was something sound to build on.

Then it occurred to me that I'd have to tell Zaidee and that I ought not to delay about it. Oddly enough, though we'd never been particularly confidential, I experienced a certain feeling of relief at the prospect of telling her. She was so clear-headed, she'd help me. If Veevee hadn't been in Paris, I might have gone to her, but there were more cogent reasons for telling Zaidee. If I got out of the business she'd have to put in someone else. It was going to be hard on Zaidee; I'd been second in command for so long, and she depended on me. We had worked together so well, and with so little friction. . . . She'd miss me.

Yes, it would be a good thing to talk it over with Zaidee, for she was no sentimentalist. She'd take the facts . . . she'd understand. And she'd had experience. From little things she said now and then I knew she'd been through pretty much this sort of thing herself a good many years ago. Usually I could make my own decisions, and stand or fall by them without a whim-

per, but this was too big, too revolutionary. It meant too much to too many people.

It was three days before I got a chance to talk to Zaidee. Matters fell out so that we were both terribly rushed and busy, and one day of the three we didn't so much as lay eyes on each other. The other two we had brief and hurried conference on the work in hand, but the Buttercup or Emily Tewell were always near, and I had no chance even to tell her that I must talk with her. The interval helped me to compose myself a good deal. I was slowly getting to see things more clearly. . . . And I must confess that I looked at Walter with more intentness than I had done for months. He certainly didn't seem a riotously happy man. Maybe his importunities of Mollie had been unsuccessful, I told myself scornfully. But I knew he had something on his mind from the way he avoided me, avoided even looking at me. I wanted sometimes, quite maternally, to box his ears.

Then at last I got hold of Zaidee and briefly told my story. She manifested no surprise.

"It gets us all, sooner or later, this sex thing," she said. "I've never told you anything about my own case. I was just getting established in this business and terrifically keen on it when I met Lee Athelone. I fell in love with him and he with me, and we married, with the proviso that he'd let me go on with my work. You ought to have heard the howl that rose from my esteemed relations—and his. But we lived that down. The thing we couldn't live down was that I wasn't a wife, I was just as much of a business man as he was, and a little more so. I made more money than he did—and he didn't forgive me. He left me, and I got a divorce and he married again, a sensible, domestic sort of girl who thought he was a demigod. They live in the suburbs. They have four children. I've seen them sometimes. And they're happy. And I'm a successful decorator—I don't discount that. . . ."

I was right—her work was a satisfaction. "But this has nothing to do with Lewis Ewing and me," I objected.

"No, I'm coming to that. You see, Effie, I made my choice and I've stuck to it. Most of the time I'm not at all sure that I'm sorry. I understand perfectly what goes on in the minds of all these girls in business when they marry and decide to keep on with their jobs. It's pretty dull after you've had all

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the contacts and privileges of business life even in a small way, to have nothing to do but manage a little house or flat and plan dinners for your husband. It's a great waste!

"There ought really to be some way to utilize the cleverness and ability of married women outside of their homes so they wouldn't get unhappy and dull, yet leave them time enough to manage their homes. Some women work it out, some make compromises, join footling little clubs, take up fads. And then they have children. The world's all very well for women like you and me, Effie, through youth and middle age, but when you get old . . . without a close tie . . . or anything to link you up with the coming generation . . . you're done, cut off, *fini*, my dear. Now, *you're* just beginning middle age. You'll never be any different if you stay with Walter, for though he's a dear thing in a lot of ways, and I'm very fond of him, he's weak, and he's got the weak man's faults—he hasn't the fortitude in trouble, he loves flattery and believes it, and he cares a lot for the luxury that your combined salaries provide for him. You've got a chance to get rid of him creditably enough, since he's playing around with this fluffy kitten, and get a real man and make your life over. You're still young enough to have children. Children—that's the real thing, my dear, and I, a childless woman, know it. Rupert Brooke was right when he called them 'our immortality.' They're the fulfilment of life's meaning."

"But do you think, Zaidee, it's going to be all right with Walter? Isn't it going to leave him in rather a mess? It'll practically push him right into the arms of that little piece of fluff. Walter, truly—is worth more than that."

"But isn't he there now? And what do you care? No, Effie, don't try to take responsibility for other people's lives. Walter's done this thing on his own, and it's up to him to bear the consequences. I doubt it'll be anything worse than fatty degeneration of character." She smiled at me wistfully. "I wish Lewis Ewing had fallen in love with me. I'm getting old. And I'm lonely. Lee Athelone I wanted, and he's the only man I ever did want. If I hadn't been so pig-headed, so stupid, so drunk with my success in business, and so smugly certain that business success was all a woman needs in the world, I'd have had him yet. Oh, there's no denying our birthright, my dear

—we women are domestic, child-bearing animals unless we're abnormal."

"Then you think the thing for me to do is to go and get my divorce as quietly and quickly as possible, and marry Lewis Ewing, and go back to my birthright—domesticity, child-bearing? That it?"

"Yes, yes, yes—a million times, yes. And the sooner the better. You're none *too* young, you know! Don't let yourself be cheated a second longer than you can help. There, that's the most unselfish advice I ever gave in my life, for how I'll get along with the business and you not here I can't imagine. Maybe I'll sell out and go and live abroad on my income—one of the solitary old eccentricities that hang around the *pensions* and the small hotels, with no interest beyond what madame will serve for dessert to-day." She got up and kissed me abruptly, with more affection than I had ever seen her show to anyone. "Dear Effie," she said, and then briskly, "Now I must get back to work. Has that villain Angelo done *anything* about those two fern stands?"

It did not seem to me, thinking it over, that I'd had much help from Zaidee, or that my mind was any more made up. Everything was still horribly confused. Scores of other people, if the newspapers were to be believed, went through this sort of thing with the utmost blitheness and never a qualm—I envied these supposititious ladies their easy *dégagée* quality. It was not for me. In the reports of one cheery soul, who gave a "divorce reception" to celebrate her loosing of the tie that binds, I could find nothing to attract or to encourage me. It seemed to me hideously, callously vulgar.

Yet I must do something. This couldn't go on. Lewis Ewing let me alone, but I knew he was chafing with impatience, longing to know what I had done. Walter I avoided, as he did me.

Sometimes I looked curiously about my apartment—which of these things would I keep, and which would Walter want, when we finally parted? My belongings have always meant so much to me. But wouldn't Lewis Ewing prefer that we kept nothing that had any association of the past, but start anew with everything bearing the stamp of his approval? There were one or two things . . . a table of white mahogany, painted with a band of fine flowers, whose beauty had protected it through a century and a half at least. . . . I wanted very much



"'Don't make me wait very long,' he said. 'This is not a pleasant road to travel, you know.'"—p. 560

*Drawn by  
Elizabeth Earshaw*

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to keep that table. Oh, the satire of it. Here I was hesitating between two men and wanting to keep—a painted table!

As to the business—there were times when I felt positively funereal when I realized that very soon I wouldn't be coming into the studio in the morning, looking forward to a day of new work, full of complicated, difficult duties that must be untangled, fulfilled. There would be no more rushing up to auction rooms to bid against a score of dealers and win some much desired object, no more smoothing out the workroom wrangles, cajoling Angelo and Mike, evolving new ideas for the most delightful houses . . . I loved it all. Then I would remind myself that at last I was to have the delight of travel, leisurely, luxurious, that Lewis and I were going everywhere, we would see everything. I had travelled so little, and I had a vast appetite for the far countries. Yes, that would be good.

There came a little note from Lewis with a bunch of wild apple blossoms. "You're not being fair, Effie," it said. "How do you suppose I'm getting on all this time? I've stayed away from you because I thought it was best, but I can't stand too much of it."

So I called him up and told him to come and see me. "Shall we go out to that same inn?" he asked when he appeared with joyful promptness.

But I thought not. There was the flavour of Walter and Mollie Mayer about that inn for me, though Lewis didn't know it.

"No," I said. "We'll stay here in the studio awhile and go somewhere for dinner if you like. The two girls have gone and I've driven Zaidee out."

So we faced each other in that jolly, colourful litter of precious things. If anxiety had not worn on him before it had now. He was leaner, his eyes were shadowed.

"What have you done, Effie?" he asked at once.

"Almost nothing. I've talked to Zaidee. Somehow I can't plan it, Lewis. I can't see it."

"I thought not. I'd have felt it if you'd made any move. Haven't you spoken to your husband?"

"No, I haven't. I suppose I'm a coward, but I haven't been able to face that."

He struck his hands together sharply. "Then you must leave your apartment and go to a hotel and write him. That will be easy. . . . He won't know until he gets your letter. You can refuse to see him person-

ally and refer him to your lawyers. Have you even got a lawyer, Effie?"

"Yes, I know one who will do."

"Wind up your affairs here and go to Nevada—that's the quickest. Do you need money?"

"Good heavens, no. Even if I did, I wouldn't take yours."

He smiled, his softening, tender smile that was for me alone.

"How characteristic—but it won't be so very long before you'll have to use my money—do you realize that? You're so absurdly, foolishly independent. But I love it in you. You wouldn't be you if you weren't spunky and thorny like that. Effie—you've never used your husband's money, have you?"

"No, not except the first few months."

"I'm glad of it. Oh, I can't *help* being sore and jealous—he's been with you all these years and he hasn't cherished you nor protected you. It's always been in my thoughts, and you must forgive me if I harp on it."

"It wasn't Walter's fault exactly," I said. "He was very ill, so I had to go to work. It was one of those things that happen. I'd rather, very much rather, we didn't talk about it."

"Very well, we won't. Tell me what you've been doing. I've missed you so."

"Tell me what you've been doing. That's more interesting."

My doubts and difficulties vanished as we talked. Lewis here with me made everything possible, even easy. The same divine content and quietness that I had got from him before wrapped me round and comforted me. The things he said. . . .

"We're not young idiots, you and I. We know what we want. All my life I've longed for just this, a woman like you—"

"You didn't want me at all—you wanted a lavender lady," I reminded him.

He gave me a long, appraising look.

"I'm not sure but there's a lavender lady in you somewhere, Effie—perhaps with a dash of cayenne. Anyway, you're you, and you suit me. Effie, why have you hesitated, why haven't you taken any more decisive action before this? It isn't like you. It isn't because you don't care for me enough, is it?"

"No, it isn't that. But—here's my life, settled in a groove, a groove that's easy for me. I know my groove, every inch of it. Now you've come along and you're urging me out of it, pulling me out, tearing me

## WORLDLY GOODS

out. It's very unsettling to make life over at this late date."

"Darling, you talk as if you were Mrs. Methuselah. Is your groove so satisfactory, so perfect, that you can find nothing better, with me? Are you afraid you won't be happy—are you afraid you may regret?"

I hesitated to reply. "I suppose that's it. A divorce is a confession of failure, no matter how good the reason is behind it."

"Your divorce will not be a confession of your failure, Effie."

"I wonder if that's true. Perhaps, if I'd been different——"

Lewis exploded into sudden anger. "Look here, I can't stand this. That you should think you hadn't done your duty, more than your duty, in standing by all these years and enduring a man who hasn't supported you—hasn't even wanted to support you so far as I can see. You to be worried about him! He's failed you, Effie—you're not to blame. Now, you've been brooding over this thing and you've got it all twisted. Dear, you do as I say, simply leave your apartment and go to an hotel, and let the lawyers do the rest. It won't be half as difficult as you fear, once you're started. Action is always easier than standing still, once you're started."

Yes, it all seemed very easy when I was under the spell of Lewis's presence, and I knew within myself that I must not procrastinate any longer. The plan he suggested seemed feasible. It would spare me a possible scene with Walter, it would simplify everything. Perhaps Walter would not make a scene. Perhaps he would be glad. I would write to him as kindly as I could. Oh, I had no feeling against Walter, not even for running off to little Mollie Mayer. I was sorry for him. With so much of happiness before me I could pity him, regret for him what might have been if he had only had a little more strength, a little more courage. Poor Walter!

Yet through all my thoughts, through all my feelings, ran a thread of unreality. I could have exclaimed with Mother Goose's historic Old Woman, "Lawk-a-mercy on me, this be none of I." I couldn't vision the future, somehow, in such changed circumstances. Even when I looked forward to it most eagerly, argued myself that it was the right thing, the sane thing, the only thing to do, I couldn't quite feel that it was I who was protagonist in this grotesque double triangle of emotions.

We had our quiet dinner, Lewis and I, and again he left me at my door. His last word was, "And you'll really do something to-morrow?" It was more of a command than a question, but I did not resent it. He had the right to use that tone—I had yielded him that.

"Yes, surely to-morrow," I promised.

There was a light in the living-room when I got upstairs, and I glanced within. Walter was there, lying on the sofa, a book in his hands, but palpably not reading. I had to speak to him.

"Aren't you feeling well, Walter?" I asked, stopping at the door. I didn't intend to go in.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said listlessly, but his voice belied him.

"Is anything the matter at the office?" I went on perfunctorily.

"Everything's all right—as right as it ever is. A lot you care whether it's right or not. Not that I blame you."

"Why, Walter——" I began.

He sat up and looked at me with troubled eyes. "I'm a poor stick, Effie, a third-rater. I wonder how you've ever stood me. Remember what I used to think I'd be—and you used to think so, too."

It was just what had been in my mind earlier in the evening.

"There's not much use talking about that now, is there?" I asked and went on to my room. Doubtless Mollie was inaccessible to-night, and that was why he had stayed at home. In a gust of impatience I flung open the closet door, took out a couple of bags and began to put into them my most personal belongings. I'd leave everything else, I decided, even my cherished table. To-morrow, immediately after breakfast, I'd go to the hotel, as I had promised Lewis.

Petty, necessary, ridiculous details rose before me. I must pay the maids for a week in advance—I hadn't enough ready money in my purse to do it. I'd have to go to the bank and come back. Some of my clothes were at the cleaners . . . they'd have to be phoned or written for. And I didn't even know what hotel I'd go to—it must be quiet and respectable—may be the Chatham would be the best. I'd go there, and get settled, then go downtown to see my lawyers—but wait, I'd have to write to Walter.

The absurdity of it, with Walter two rooms away, was patent. Yet if I went in and told him we might have a painful,

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long-drawn interview. No, I'd write. I'd write to-night, while he sat there, two rooms away, and meditated on himself as a failure. I opened my desk, picked up my pen.

"MY DEAR WALTER,—It seems there is not much use going on as we are. Neither of us is happy. We have built up diverse interests, we have made a business partnership of marriage, we have, correctly speaking, no home—"

Of all the stilted, roundabout beginnings! Oh, why couldn't things like this be done in a big, free, overcoming way, a gesture of magnificence, instead of this giggling fashion. I began again.

"DEAR WALTER,—I am going to leave you. You mean no more to me than I to you, and I know that you have found consolation elsewhere—"

The cheap yellow journal phrase! "Consolation elsewhere—no, I couldn't say that. I wasn't going to twit him about Mollie Mayer. Then it occurred to me that perhaps I'd better write nothing until I had consulted by lawyers—that there might be good legal reasons why if I announced my intention of leaving him that it would make my divorce more difficult to get. Having found a good excuse for putting off the writing of that letter I was immensely relieved.

It was at this moment that Walter knocked on my door. "Are you busy?" he asked, opening the door. "Don't you want to come out—and—talk a little—or let me read to you—oh, you're writing letters—"

I pushed the letters I had begun into my blotting book and closed it on them, taking resolution. "Walter," I said swiftly, "do you see any reason why we should go on as we are doing? Does it mean anything to you? Wouldn't you like to be free from me so that you could—provided Holden would let her divorce him—marry Mollie Mayer?"

He showed neither surprise nor resentment, and he did not make the answer I had expected, that I would have sworn he would make. He was silent for a moment, then he said slowly, "I despise Mollie Mayer, and all her kind."

"Then why have you been playing around with her?"

"You're not doing me the honour to be jealous, are you, Effie? That would be queer. What do you care about me now?"

"You didn't answer my question—why

have you been playing around with Mollie Mayer, holding her hand in restaurants and all that sort of thing?"

He smiled a funny little twisted smile. "The man who goes out with Mollie has to hold her hand whether he wants to or not—he expects it. It doesn't mean anything. She's just a simpleton—I think you said so a long time ago, didn't you?"

"Well, then—why—"

"Oh, a hungry man isn't particular about clean food—don't you know that? I had to have something, some sort of distraction, or I'd have gone mad. It's too much, Effie, to have you turn from me, and to feel myself a failure constantly. But don't you forget that you're partly to blame for my being a failure, though I'm a dog to remind you of it."

"What do you mean?"

"You know. It was your work, your business. It got you away from me. I was so bitterly jealous of your work, Effie; I hated it so. Oh, yes, you needn't remind me of how I behaved—there was that first commission cheque of yours. You think I was yellow about that. Yes, and I *knew* I was. But some devil, some perverse, hateful devil seemed to drive me on to belittle it, to take it away from you, to get back my power by robbing you of yours. You never forgave me for the way I acted about that cheque, never really forgave. A million times I've wanted to tell you, to own up what a rotter I was about it, but it stuck in my throat."

"Why do you tell me now? That was years ago."

"I don't know—I don't know. It just seemed that lately—you were farther away from me than ever, that you didn't see me—that you always looked past me instead of at me. What a mess it all is! Effie, you had no right to take my self-respect away from me. You should have stood by your bargain—I'd have made a lot bigger man of myself if you hadn't cramped me, insisted on sharing what ought to have been my responsibility. And we haven't any children—no—I was a coward there, too. I liked our easy living, the freedom, the lack of effort—children would have spoiled that. I'm no good, I'm weak—that's what's the matter with me. And where you might have strengthened me you've pulled me down. You know it."

Yes, I did know it. That was the worst of it. "There's no use going over this and working ourselves all up about what's past



and can't be changed. If you feel this way the only thing to do is to separate, and—and after a while you can find someone else who will be to you what I can't be——”

“Effie—Effie—you don't mean that. There isn't any other woman in the world for me but you—you, no matter what you do, no matter how we live. Oh, I've tried—I'd have liked to find someone else, someone who'd be really interested in me, and loved me, even a little, and there are always plenty of women ready and waiting for men who are neglected and lonely, like me—but there never was one who could hold a candle to you. I love you, I love you. You've cheapened me, you've robbed me of what was my right as your husband, you've grown away from me and forgotten me, but I love you. I couldn't change. I never will try to again, for I see how foolish it is——” He checked himself fearfully. “Perhaps you've found someone else, Effie—perhaps you want to be free—is that it? God knows I wouldn't be surprised, and he's probably a better man than I am. He'd have to be a better man than I am to hold you, Effie. But he'd never love you more than I do.”

He was silent a moment, and then went on in a lowered key. “If you want to be free, Effie, you shall be. Who am I to keep you tied to a nothing, a nobody, a might-have-been? If you'll be happier away from me, you shall be happier. I love you enough for that, or for anything else, my dear. We haven't been married, you and I, only for that little while at first. We've had a business partnership, of a sort, and a home can't be made that way. Do you think so, Effie? Do you believe we did the right thing?”

“But, Walter, we couldn't help it—your sickness and the debts—remember? It forced us into it. And then——”

“After the debts were paid and we were on our feet, that's when we made our big mistake. You went on working, you paid half the bills, and I let you do it. I don't know, maybe I couldn't have stepped you even if I'd tried. But it's my everlasting shame and regret that I didn't try. Effie, did you want me to try?”

“Sometimes. But, of course, I loved the



“‘Walter,’ I said swiftly, ‘do you see any reason why we should go on as we are doing?’”

work—it was just what I felt I was made to do.”

He sighed. “I don't know what made me go into all this to-night. It's been stewing up inside me for a long time. And, Effie, I meant what I said just now. If you want to be free of me you shall be. I won't stand in your way.”

You have seen the bits of coloured glass in a kaleidoscope flung together, without pattern, without meaning. And then, looking in, the surrounding mirrors present them in perfect symmetry, in clear, apportioned design. So with my tangled motives, my half-impulses, my muddled intentions,

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Seen in the mirror of Walter's confession of failure, and the generosity of his love, they crystallized into shape—a shape far different from what I had imagined, but as strange, as beautiful, and as promising. I knew now what I must do.

"Walter," I said, "we can't change what is past, but we can, if you want to, change the future, make it into something very different. We can have a home—we can have children—you can bear the full responsibility of everything, if you want to. What I've taken away from you I'll give back—as much as I can. It won't be the same, but it will be better than to let things go on as they are. If I had known—if you had only told me before."

"You were so far away from me—you held me off so. And you were so complete and so happy as you were—I was afraid I might lose you altogether. I didn't dare to force the issue. Cowardly again. Dear, do you mean this, truly? Won't you have to give up too much?"

"Oh, Walter," I cried, "don't ask questions like that. I've said what I'd do. Grab me, and make me do it, before I change my mind."



No, it was not an easy thing to do. But it was right, and I am satisfied. Walter does not know there ever existed such a person as Lewis Ewing, and probably never will know. To give up Lewis for a while seemed impossible to me, and his unhappiness, and the memory of the things he said to me, will be a reproach to me as long as I live. He was neither generous nor kind, and he had good reason to be neither. I had promised him, and I had broken my promise. This I know—that he is a strong man and he will, as they say, "get over it." Walter is a weak man and he could not spare me. In that illuminating talk with him I realized that, and I realized something more—that it is the right and privilege of the strong to be a strength to the weak as well as to themselves. That is the way things go on in this world, and the longer I live the more I know it.

I said at the beginning of this story that I was on the eve of making over my life into something entirely different from all that it had been. That is so. What have I done? Nothing utterly drastic. Compromise was bound to creep in. But here is the gist of it. We are living in a small city house that costs us less for taxes and interest and payments on the mortgage than the rent of our apartment, and makes a permanent investment beside. We did not move to the suburbs—I am not one to believe that all the virtues flourish merely by the application of fresh air and inconvenient shops, nor have I much faith in what is so freely labelled "God's great outdoors" to interest and content people who have lived an active, engrossed metropolitan life.

And I have not wholly given up my work. For two hours every morning I am at the studio, mostly in an advisory capacity, and this keeps me from too active a discontent, and diminishes by income to an amount at which Walter cannot cavil. I may add in passing that we are living wholly on what he makes, and he works now as he worked in the old days, with renewed faith and confidence in himself.

Before very many more weeks pass there will be another member of our home, the third in the old-fashioned sort of domestic triangle. I may have to give up my work wholly then—I don't know. I will if my baby needs me. He's not going to have one bit less of his mother than he requires. I am not afraid. I am sure he is going to be as lovely and as lusty as Louise's children, and he will have character—the fact that his mother put aside her own gratification and willed him into being will give him that.

Most of my friends and acquaintances are amazed at my domestic revolution. And Veevee asked me curiously, "But how can you *endure* giving up your job, Effie, right when you were in the height of your success?"

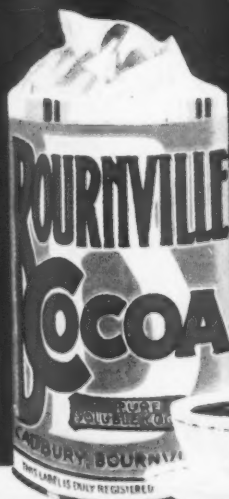
To which I answered amiably, "I'm not giving up my job, Vee. I've merely found a new and better one."



# THE END



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# Before they Go to School

The Mother as Educator

By

Muriel Wrinch

*This is the first of a series of articles which Miss Wrinch (National Froebel Union Higher Certificate, part author "Mothers and Babies," etc.) has promised to contribute to these pages.*

"When a child comes the parents are forced to start over the round of human interests and thought once more. Before they lived it as children; now they live the cycle as grown men and women. No matter how completely a woman has given up music she will one day find herself singing when she holds her baby in her arms. As she recites Mother Goose and the fairy and folk-lore tales, she moves through the path of man's upward progress, led by the child, but with the life and understanding of adult years. As she walks with her child in the garden and in the fields, she is drawn to a new interpretation of the world of nature. Few things can so broaden, quicken and enrich the intellectual life as growing up with one's children."—*Earl Barnes.*

THE mother as educator! But in addition to all her other work, some people will say, how can one expect her to act as teacher to her children? What are the schools for?

## More than Mere Teaching

Every true mother will know, however, that her work as educator involves far more than mere teaching, and runs through all her care of her children. Education, as Herbert Spencer used to say, is preparation for complete living, and as such includes not only mental, but also moral and physical training. Every true mother will know, too, that the school can but supplement the early educational work done at home. The veriest baby who attends kindergarten is already partially educated. His contact with his mother, or with her deputy, during the first few years has caused him to establish habits of thought and action which will persist through life. The mother of the child is largely responsible for his mental outlook. She is almost wholly responsible for the formation of his character. By the age of four he has learned either to be obedient or disobedient, cheerful or sulky, independent or helpless, enthusiastic about the world around him, or lethargic in his acceptance of every-day life. This is directly the result of the work of the woman

who has stood in the mother's relation to the child.

All through past ages the education of the young children of the race was a recognized part of woman's work. To the mother in primitive times was given the responsibility of the upbringing both of the boys and girls until they were nine or ten years of age. In ancient Greece and Rome the mother of the household devoted a great deal of attention to her children until they went to school. In the middle centuries the sons of noble houses were sent to act as pages to the *châtelaines* that the boys might learn from these great ladies the graces and the art of living. Froebel, the educational pioneer of the nineteenth century, proclaimed the importance of the mother's influence in early education.

And there are very good reasons why the mother is the best educator and the home the best environment for the child at least up to the age of six or seven, good reasons why "experts" can never quite take her place.

## What the Child Needs

The greatest need of the child during the early years of his life in the big, new, puzzling world is a sense of security and stability. This, above all things, the mother can supply. The mother is a comfortable, there-all-the-time person, who can always be relied upon in emergencies. The child knows instinctively that she has a personal interest in his welfare, and his trust in her gives him a quiet feeling of serenity, so that he can begin to build his house of life with a mind at peace. There is no doubt that the lives of many modern children are rendered much too complicated by the number of the people in authority over them—nurses, governesses, teachers of different subjects—all with different ideals and different outlook.

It is noteworthy that the child's own interest lies in the home. Froebel showed how

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the child's interests, at first focused in himself, may be led gradually outwards in ever-widening circles. He becomes interested in the house and furniture, in the preparation of meals, in the kitchen utensils, in the work of the inmates of the house. A little later he extends his interest to the garden and the work of the gardener, later still to the fields that surround his home, the village or town in which he lives. The child should be allowed to explore the possibilities of the home, and to understand the principles governing this little community, before being brought into contact with a more complicated environment.

As he grows from helpless babyhood to physical independence the toddler's first wish is "to help mother." In our village there is a white-headed baby, a particularly delightful specimen of the two-year-old. "Where's Hilda?" I asked her ten-year-old sister the other day, as I passed the cottage. "Hilda? Oh, she's upstairs helping mother to make the beds," said the little girl. Thus is Hilda learning to fit into her own place in life—she is beginning to take her tiny share in the work of the house. Her little efforts may hinder rather than help her mother, yet it is through making these efforts that Hilda finds, quite unconsciously, her place in the home community.

### **Incidental Learning**

We must remember, too, before consigning the education of our babies too readily to the school, that the young child learns incidentally rather than formally. The world around him is still new to the toddler, and he learns all the time. It is not natural to him to go to a special room to learn handwriting and Nature study, to dance and run for three hours, and then to spend the rest of the day in mental inactivity. No mother who sends her child to a kindergarten should consider that she has then settled once and for all the question of his early education. She must apply the principles of the kindergarten for the rest of the day. She must remember also that there is some work which the mother can do for her children which no one else can do.

She can help them to build up strong, sturdy bodies. Little mental or moral progress is possible unless good physical habits are established. Most mothers do not fail in this side of their work. They understand the importance of right food and exercise, abundant sleep and fresh air.

### **Sex Education**

One important part of physical education is, however, often overlooked. The mother's work is also to train the child to take a healthy and reverent view of the functions of the body. Let her teach him to take a pride in sturdy muscles; let her teach him as soon as possible to attend to his physical needs himself, and to delight in his independence; let her teach him a few of the eurythmic exercises of Jacques Dalcroze to help him to walk gracefully. Above all, let her encourage him to observe the facts of Nature. The child who has seen the dark, sticky leaves of the horse-chestnut bud unfurl to show the tender leaves within, the child who has seen the little green seeds in the seed box of a flower, grows gradually to an understanding of the beautiful relation which exists between the human mother and baby.

We hear so much nowadays about the sex education of our children, but in reality the little ones need far more a careful tender presentation of the facts of motherhood. Sex as such does not interest the little child, but early he shows a natural curiosity as to whence he came. Education of this type cannot be given by an "expert." Only the educator who is with the child in his every-day life can choose the right moment to help the child to this knowledge.

### **The Habit of Success**

Another very important piece of home education is the training of the child in the habit of success. Too often when even small children come to school they have already formed the habit of sitting down under their difficulties. This is partly because they have found the duties of the grown-up world too complicated for their understanding and too arduous for their strength, partly because they have not been given tasks which help them to develop concentration and will power. By giving little children at home small pieces of work to do which it is well within their powers to attain—the care of some animal, little commissions at one shop while she goes to another—the mother can help them to gain confidence in their own powers. If she knows, too, of the work of Froebel and Dr. Montessori she will be able to provide them with mental occupation suitable to their stage of development, which will help them to develop will power and independence in tackling difficulties. Little children have been known to practise Madame Montessori's exercise with her



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wooden cylinders *forty* times when they were given the material without being formally set to the task. The secret of the training of the child in concentration and persistence in the early years is to provide for him material which interests him so much that he develops the habit of attention almost unconsciously. The old-fashioned disciplinarian spoke of "breaking the child's will." The modern educationist knows that the child's will is waiting to be *formed* during the first few years of life.

### Developing the Child's Imagination

The mother's attitude to mental occupation is of great importance. The small child is naturally intensely interested in and enthusiastic about life. If his parents are keenly interested in Nature study, music, reading, the child's mental outlook will be fresh and keen. When the time comes for "lessons" he will tackle them eagerly, especially if he has a groundwork in the various subjects at home. If the mother develops the child's interest in literature and books—by telling him wonderful myths and weaving for him beautiful stories, for instance—not only is she developing his imagination and helping him to form sources of entertainment within himself, she is also fostering in him the desire to read. He has a real eagerness to discover the meaning of the strange black marks on the page of the book, and consequently when he begins to learn gives all his energy to doing so. Or again, if the mother begins to teach the child to sing little songs in the nursery, teaches him to march and run in tune to music, helps him to interpret it by movements of his body, the child beginning piano or violin lessons later on will be willing to practise scales and exercises because music already means something in his life.

### Mental and Moral

These few examples of the scope of the mother's work in mental training, in developing concentration and will-power and eagerness to learn, show how closely mental and moral training are connected. Moral training is certainly not the least important side of early education.

There are certain qualities which we can expect even in the tiniest child. Cheerfulness, kindness, obedience he can show, and he will be quick to develop these traits if he sees cheerfulness, kindness and obedience practised in the home. "Good home train-

ing," says Dr. Lyttelton, the late headmaster of Eton, "means bringing up children in surroundings which quietly and persistently illustrate the principles taught by word of mouth."

The teaching of obedience, in particular, is important. Many children get the idea that obedience is expected only of children, and they long to be grown up because they imagine they will be free from the shackles of law. But if their parents are humble enough to show their children that they, too, are striving to please God, that they, too, sometimes find it difficult to do the right thing, but that they *do* try to do it, then the child will grow up filled with a reverence for law, which will help him to make a success of life in the deepest sense of the word.

### Providing an Environment

In this short essay it is impossible to write at any length on the big question of moral training and discipline. But there is no doubt that the most fundamental principle is to help the child to understand that his mother and father are working *with* him in order to help him to develop as well as he possibly can. Early moral education is positive in its character. The ideal mother provides an environment in which the child has favourable opportunities to develop his good points; she gives the bad traits no chance to develop. She helps the child to *practise* real religion in his own life even before he is old enough to appreciate definite instruction. Further, her knowledge of her own character and that of her husband places her in a particularly favourable position to create an environment suitable for her own particular child.

The work of the mother is, indeed, skilled work. Not only must her character be such that she can demonstrate in actual practice to the child the great principles of religion, concentration, industry she teaches by word of mouth; she also needs a definite mental equipment if she is to tackle her work intelligently. She needs a knowledge of physiology, child nature and psychology. She needs also an elementary knowledge of educational method and of the principles of Froebel and Montessori if she is to teach the child Nature study, music and handwork in the early years before he goes to school.

Most of these subjects can be obtained from reading. A list of good books will be found at the end of this article. Child psychology is a matter of studying the in-

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dividual child as well as of reading. The mother must watch her child at play, in the bath, doing his handwork, feeding his pets if she is to see the real meaning of what she reads.

There is really no work like motherhood, interpreted in its widest sense, for the intelligent and educated woman. The bringing up of children satisfies her emotionally, spiritually, intellectually. Of course, if a woman looks after her children only from the physical point of view, the work degenerates into drudgery; but if she brings knowledge and skill to her task she finds an outlet for all sides of her nature. Could there be any subject more interesting than the nature of play to the theorist? Or any theme more engrossing than the ethics of punishment to the moralist? Or any occupation more fascinating to the crafts-woman than basketry or weaving or bead-work? All these subjects have a direct bearing on the education of young children. Could there be any stimulus more valuable to the development and strengthening of character than the thought that a child takes you as his guide in all he does? Could there be any greater emotional happiness for a woman than to see her baby taking his first little halting steps or her child reading his first word from a book? There is no interest that cannot be satisfied through your work with your children; no piece of knowledge that cannot be used; no activity or energy that cannot be utilized.

### The Question of "Rights"

The feminists proclaim on all sides to-day that every woman has a right to individuality, to freedom, to self-expression. This is true. Every woman has this right. She must be free. She must be on equality with men.

But what is the basis of these much-vaunted "rights"? Independence is a bigger thing than mere economic independence; it is the power to do work of real value in the world in return for the gift of life and happiness and a certain measure of freedom from care. Equality does not mean mere similarity; Woman can do some things better than Man, just as Man can do some things better than Woman. The husband and wife who truly believe in equality go into a partnership in which each brings different qualifications, each does different work for the firm. The woman who provides real nurture for her children cannot be "lower" or "inferior" to the man who

makes possible the environment in which they can be nurtured. As for self-expression, the individual who does work for which he is specially fitted and supplements his natural gifts by reading and observation and training is expressing himself.

There is an idea abroad to-day that work in the home is of a lower order intellectually than work outside. But that is only true if the woman in the home takes a narrow view of her motherhood, and acts merely as the physical attendant of her children instead of as educator. Education is a skilled job.

Let the woman who has no gift for work with children by all means use her energies in other fields. But let the woman who finds her happiness with her babies realize the dignity of her work as educator. There can be no greater vocation than that of training individuals to become good citizens, strong in body, honest and keen in mind and sturdy of character. The mother who holds these ideals before her in her labours is doing work of national importance—work, moreover, that no one else can do as well as she.

### Books for Mothers

- The Physical Care of the Child.*—"Common Sense in the Nursery." CHARIS BARNETT (Christopher).  
*Child Psychology.*—"Children's Ways." PROF. SULLY (Longmans, Green and Co.).  
"The Biography of a Baby." MILICENT SHINN (Riverside Press). (A book about the development of a child up to a year old.)  
"Five Years Old or Thereabouts." MARGARET DRUMMOND (Dent).  
*Moral Training.*—"The Corner Stone of Education." EDWARD LYTTELTON, D.D. (Putnam's).  
*Principles of Education.*—Froebel's "Education of Man."  
*Religious Teaching.*—"The Little Children's Bible." Edited by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER COUGH, T. R. GLOVER and others (Cambridge University Press).  
*Nature Study.*—"The Fairland of Living Things." RICHARD KEARTON (Cassell).  
"The Adventures of Jack Rabbit." RICHARD KEARTON (Cassell).  
"Strange Tales from Dicky Bird Land." RICHARD KEARTON (Cassell).  
"Little Nurseries in the Fields." MARIAN CRAWFORD (R.T.S.).  
*Handwork.*—"Weaving and Other Pleasant Occupations." POLKINGHORNE (Cassell).  
*Kindergarten Occupations.*—"The Children's Paradise" (Milton, Bradley and Co.).  
"Child Life in Our Schools." MABEL BROWN (Geo. Philip and Son).  
*Songs.*—"In Songland with Children." CAREY BONNER (Pilgrim Press).  
*Montessori Work.*—"Dr. Montessori's Own Handbook" (Heinemann).  
*Number.*—"The Psychology and Teaching of Number." MARGARET DRUMMOND (Harrap).

# THINGS THAT MATTER

*By Rev Arthur Pringle*

## Christ and His Bible

**A** VAILABLE in many editions, with a wide choice of renderings, and with every device of attractive presentation, the Bible is still comparatively little read in our day. And this applies not only to people without any avowed interest in religion, but to a significantly large proportion of regular church-goers. Could a plebiscite be taken on the subject, it would be disconcerting to discover the small amount of actual reading of the Bible and, which is more to the point, the smaller amount of intelligent and interested understanding of its contents.

### A National Misfortune

On any showing, this neglect of the Bible is a misfortune; for it must mean grave loss to any community to cut itself off from such a supreme source of spiritual and moral stimulus. If we do that, we are like men trying to slake their thirst at sullied and inadequate streams when a reservoir of life-giving water is within their reach.

In addition, there is the subsidiary but important question of the literary value of the Bible. No thoughtful person need, to be reminded of the debt that English literature is under to the tone and quality of Scripture style. And this point gains emphasis from the fact that we are living in an age much given to slipshod and colloquial speech. For good or for ill, the day of carefully dignified utterance and the building up of ornate or beautiful periods has, for the time being, passed. This applies, in the main, to the pulpit, the political platform and every kind of public utterance; and, of course, it brings with it a gain in human directness—often, too, an added sense of reality. But equally certain is the corresponding danger of our losing the charm and potency which language always commands when she puts on her beautiful garments. And, in our drab prosaic age, can we afford to miss that? Such a question is its own answer; and it means that, were it for its literary value alone, to neglect the

Bible is to deprive ourselves of a unique treasure.

And, of course, this deprivation is tremendously accentuated when the religious aspect is considered; for, whatever our theories of inspiration, there is, confessedly, no question as to the supreme moral and spiritual value of the Bible. Why, then, is it not more read? I want to see and to state the case from the point of view of the ordinary thoughtful person, who is inevitably perplexed by the divergent pronouncements of theological experts as to what is meant by the inspiration of Scripture.

The fact must be faced that it is no longer possible for educated people to hold the theory of verbal or plenary inspiration, which, carried to its logical conclusion, means that not only every part of the Bible, but every passage and every word, is equally inspired—whatever that may mean. But, impossible as that view now is, it had at least the merit of being convenient. It made things easy for the numerous class who, especially in matters of religion, are unwilling to tax their thinking powers. The necessity of discrimination, of using their own judgment, of deciding between this and that, is uncongenial to people of this sort, who will do almost anything to avoid it. But others, of the wiser kind, know that the problem must be faced.

### What is the Best Way?

What, then, is the best way of meeting it? It can be, and has been, approached along several lines, each of them helpful; but there is one—and this, as I believe, the most helpful—which has been strangely neglected. For Christians, and for serious people generally, it would seem that the first thought in this connexion must be to ascertain the mind of Christ, to follow His example as Bible-reader. Yet you can hear sermon after sermon, and read book after book, on this subject without finding this source of guidance so much as referred to.

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So far as can be gathered, comparatively few people realize that the Old Testament was, to all intents and purposes, the Bible of Christ: that it was to Him supremely *the* Scripture, just as both Testaments are to us. And careful reading of the Gospels shows that in Christ's attitude to His Bible there are remarkably apposite suggestions as to how we should answer the questions that press themselves on us to-day. Indeed, it would scarcely be too much to say that on no subject is the mind of the Master more fully revealed. This will, I think, become clear if we take certain points in turn.

### **How Christ used His Bible**

It is, for example, plain that, under the stress and perplexity of temptation, Christ fell back on the Old Testament for strength and guidance. In the account of what is distinctively called *the* temptation, it is noteworthy that three specific lines of attack are countered by as many references to Scripture. No one can miss the significance of that. If words mean anything, it implies that, in one of the great crises of His life, Christ found in His Bible what He could find nowhere else. With all His conscious intimacy with God and His immediate contact with the divine spirit, He could not dispense with the written word, the record of revelation and experience in other days.

Only by dehumanizing the narrative, and robbing it of all reality, can this be denied. But see what it carries with it. It at once raises the question for everyone who takes his life seriously, "Can I, in facing my temptations, dispense with an aid that was, apparently, necessary to Christ?" And, of course, the question gains added point from the fact that the New Testament as well as the Old constitutes our storehouse and armoury. For all of us the ordeal is taxing enough to make us eagerly avail ourselves of any reinforcement, and, not least, of the counsel and experience of those who have been in the field before us.

### **What Attitude Shall We Adopt?**

Limits of space forbid the elaboration of any one point, but readers will be able to fill in the outline from their own reflection and experience. But the second point deserves specially careful attention in view of present-day perplexities. What attitude ought we to adopt towards those parts of the Old Testament that are frankly legendary? Great harm is done when it is insisted that

the Christian faith is bound up with the literal acceptance, for instance, of the stories of Jonah and of Lot's wife.

But—and here comes the crux of the matter—what are we to make of Christ's reference to these stories? Does it mean that He accepted them as literally true, and that we, therefore, must do the same? A little reflection will show that this is neither reasonable nor necessary. In a way that His hearers would understand, He was driving home the moral lessons and the spiritual truth conveyed by those stories, and such a use of them by no means implied His belief that a man was really swallowed by a whale or that a woman was turned into a pillar of salt.

When a modern speaker or writer enforces his point with an allusion to Homer or Shakespeare or any familiar legend or story, no one supposes that, by so doing, he suggests their historical truth. His one concern is to drive home his lesson with a reference that everyone will appreciate and that it would be childish to misunderstand.

### **Channels of Truth**

What is of practical importance is for us to learn from Christ that legends and parables may be valuable channels of truth; and that when we reject any narrative as "only a legend" we may be missing lessons of enduring worth. Both in His use of Old Testament stories and His own constant speaking of parables, our Lord gives us an impressive reminder of how picture and legend and myth can, in every time and place, be vehicles of divine revelation. In a word, Christ leaves us without excuse for thinking that inspiration can only come to men through literal history and cold facts; and to realize this, opens up wide reaches of helpfulness in the Bible that we might otherwise leave unexplored.

A third point, of particular interest to us, is Christ's insistence on *the progressive character of revelation*. Half our difficulties concerning the Bible disappear as soon as we regard it as a record of how men have been gradually educated to higher and truer views of God's character and ways. "*It was said by them of old time . . . but I say unto you.*" There is our Lord's declaration of how, from age to age, the truth comes to men according to their ability to receive it; and how, as the human level rises, the conception of the divine level rises also.

The bearing of this is obvious. No longer need we think of God as jealous or petty or

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vindictive, "because it is in the Bible"; we know that the passages which ascribe these qualities to God belong to crude and false stages of thought, which men slowly outgrew, and which were finally superseded by the perfect revelation of Christ. It is difficult for us to imagine the shock which our Lord gave to the Jews of His time, when He thus made them realize that their Scriptures were not all on the same level of inspiration, and, especially, that every part of them was to be judged in the light of His own revelation of the Father.

Why should we hesitate for a moment to grasp the relief and enlightenment that such a view brings? Carrying this lamp of guidance with us, we can explore the most difficult regions of Scripture and breathe freely and healthily. Instead of worrying ourselves with perplexing thoughts of God, instead of vainly trying to reconcile cruelty and injustice with the eternal love, we can make allowance for humanity's groping after the truth in the darkness and twilight, and trace the gradual preparation for the dawn of the Christian revelation. Such a view makes the Bible a new book, and enables us to read it with an intelligence and a happiness hitherto unknown.

### The Bible That Is Being Written

Nor is this all that Christ gives us in this connexion. Not only does He thus stimulate us to gain the utmost from the Bible that has been written, He reminds us of our grand heritage and share in *the Bible that is still being written*. He tells His disciples that He has many things to say to them which they cannot yet "bear"; and He encourages them to look for the ever-growing truth which is to be revealed to them by the Spirit as the days go by. What is this but to say that inspiration is continuous, confined to no book or place or time, but ever ready to be given to men in their need and perplexity?

Unless we understand and accept this, we have failed to grasp the full significance of the inspiration of the Bible. To think of the Bible as the *only*—even though it be the supreme—record of divine revelation, to regard its covers as in any way confining the operation of God's spirit, this is to mis-

understand Christ, and to shut ourselves up to an impossible narrowness. We do not appreciate the inspiration of the past until we realize that, according to our different circumstances, the same inspiration is ours in the present.

It will be a great day for religion when men learn to re-open their Bibles with Christ's guidance and example thus before them. What misunderstanding will then be destroyed, what needless perplexities and stumbling-blocks removed, with what sane and happy experience will simple and learned alike enter into this rediscovered treasure!

When we thus once more become a Bible-reading people, the reaction will be felt all along the line. Religious thought will shed off its extravagances and superstitions, and the practice of religion will gain a wholesomeness and virility that must make short work of shallowness and pretence. Having, as it were, received again the written word from the hands of Christ, we shall feel the reality of the divine spirit in such a way as our day, at least, has never known.



### The Quotation

*To the Bible men will return; and why? Because they cannot do without it. Because happiness is our being's end and aim, and happiness belongs to righteousness, and righteousness is revealed in the Bible. For this simple reason men will return to the Bible, just as a man who tried to give up food, thinking it was a vain thing and he could do without it, would return to food; or a man who tried to give up sleep, thinking it was a vain thing and he could do without it, would return to sleep.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



### THE PRAYER

**B**LESSED Lord, Who hast caused all Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning, grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of Thy Holy Word we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which Thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ.



# Plain Jane McNab

A Scottish Story  
By  
Nelia Gardner White

JANE'S father was born about twenty miles from Edinburgh, but Jane was born and brought up in the house next to the mill on Willow Street in Camrun Mills. Sandy McNab was the miller—a silent, kindly man, always greyed over with flour, homesick all his life for the heather of Scotland and with almost as much Scotch in his speech now, when Jane was twenty-six, as there had been the day he landed.

Jane was very like her father. A plain girl—nondescript, sandy hair; freckles; wide, friendly mouth; square chin; big frame. Only her warmly beautiful grey eyes redeemed her from homeliness. She was slow, too, of speech, and, when she did talk, her father's Scotch ruggedness of words crept in and made what she said plain to match the face of her as she said it.

She had gone to school in Camrun Mills, too big for her grade, too big for her seat, too big for her clothes. The other boys and girls married or got out of the small town to do things in the outside world. Elsie Butler married Seth Haight, who kept on in his father's hardware store. Margaret Manning married John Clark from Canisteo, a science teacher in the high-school there. Clair Ferguson worked up to the job of station master in Hornell, and then came back and got Hortense Miller to share his success. Felicia Harmon became more or less an authority on interior decoration and came home from New York only for Christmas and a couple of weeks in the summer. But Jane, who had gone to school with them all, had neither married nor made a name for herself. She stayed on in the place on Willow Street and was keeper of her father's house.

No one expected anything different of her. Folks liked her and depended on her, but for all that there was no denying that she was plain. No one counted on her eventually being married and having her own home. Perhaps that was partly her fault. She never let anyone know that *she* was counting on it. When any of the girls tried to pry into her intimate dreams, it

was as though a mist came over a well-loved, familiar hillside.

Nevertheless, Jane had had her hopes when she was a slip of a girl. There was a chest of oak in Jane's room. Her father had fashioned it himself, had laboured for weeks to make it perfect. And in it were the fine linens Jane's mother had brought from Scotland, sheets and pillowcases and tablecloths, all embroidered with a big "M." Jane's big hands were not at home fussing with needle and linen, but every stitch she did with beautiful exactness because the home she had built in her heart demanded it. She never showed the things, though, when the other girls displayed their handiwork. Perhaps her hopes were dominated, even then, by the remembrance of the plain face that looked at her from the mirror. There was in the chest a patched quilt of grey silk and another of soft cream and blue challis. A centre-piece with a little border of wild roses. Runners with delicate little cross-stitch designs. Fine edging—yards of it—for curtains.

If a man could have seen Jane sitting alone by her bedroom window with the bit of linen in her hands, her fingers stitching with loving patience, her grey eyes luminous with dreams—he would have loved her. Or if he could have known her in her kitchen—for she liked the kitchen far more than the needlecraft. Her heart always warmed to the row of kettles, fresh scoured, along the wall.

There was also the garden. Not the vegetable garden—though that was a satisfying spot, too, with its rows of onions and beets and peas and its weedless, fresh-hoed corn and potatoes—but the flower garden. Jane's hands seemed to coax miracles of bloom from dry, brown bulbs and tiny seeds.

All around the front of the house were ferns—ferns that Jane had dug herself from some cool, damp spot and transplanted without the ferns ever knowing that they were no longer at home. Everyone liked to go by McNab's house in summer. And they used to depend on Jane for flowers in church



## PLAIN JANE McNAB

every Sunday. But no man ever came upon her kneeling there in the garden, patting the earth gently into place with tender fingers, talking in a whisper to little sprouts of green just showing above the black earth.

Usually when people saw Jane she was on her way to the post office, neat but rather stiff in the pink gingham that made all her freckles stand out in ugly brownness. Or at a club meeting where her fingers showed none of the grace that seemed to inspire them as they worked over things for the oak chest. Or in church where—a capable, big woman, always a little overheated in her blue silk—she sat beside her father or taught a class for someone absent. She nearly always “filled in.” She was, of course, only “filling in” as the woman in her father’s house.

Sometimes she played the church organ when there was no one else to do it, and she baked extra cakes when someone failed to contribute at the church suppers. She often substituted at the schoolhouse when the regular teacher was ill. And when her father was too tired she had taken his report, as church treasurer, to the meetings of the church council.

When Jane was twenty-five she stopped making things for the beautiful carved chest. Not that she thought she was too old, though most of the Camrun Mills folks married younger, but because of a blow that had struck at her dreams. She had overheard someone say:

“Let’s ask Jane McNab to take charge of the circulating library. She won’t run off and get married at a minute’s notice, leaving everything all mixed up. She’s too old and plain to marry now, anyway!”

That was a bitter night for Jane. She had been working on a guest towel. She put it away in the chest, the “M” half embroidered, and she did not take it out again. She looked at herself a long time in the glass and knew that the neighbour had spoken the truth. Her father heard her in the long middle-night hours, pacing back and forth as a man would pace. Once he crept from his bed and out into the hallway, pausing before her door. But he was ever slow to show his feelings, and he went back to his own room without speaking. He muttered as he crept back into bed, helplessly, against someone unknown:

“The cowards—tae hurt my ain hairnie!”

But she served his breakfast the next morning with her usual good cheer and even laughed at some trick of the dog’s. There

was the regulation blue bowl of flowers on the table. All was as it had been, and Sandy McNab, watching her keenly through the meal, almost decided it had been his fancy, that measured pacing back and forth. Her life was not noticeably different after that. She only spent a little more time with her flowers, a little more time over the cooking, a little more time reading. The dream time was quickly swallowed up as though it had never been a part of the busy day.

One night Sandy McNab came home late from the mill. He sat down at the table and waited a few minutes before helping himself to food, as if he were too tired to eat.

“Tired, father?” Jane’s voice, brusque sometimes to others, was always tender for her father.

“It’s been a verra tee-dious day!” said Sandy. “The carload o’ flour tae unlift an’ a’. My auld shoulders willna stand the strain any mair! An’ noo th’ board meeting th’ night!”

“Why, I’ll go if you want me to!” offered Jane.

Sandy looked at her gratefully.

“Will ye? Jane—you’re a guid lass—a guid lassie!”

So, after the supper dishes were washed, Jane took off the pink gingham, put on the blue silk, took her father’s reports and went to the board meeting.

No one minded Jane’s coming instead of Sandy. They liked her, and she was always businesslike. She often put in a word or two about matters under discussion, things that the men let slip by, such as the most convenient place for the cupboards in the new church kitchen, the best one to ask to manage the junior department, and things like that.

They were glad to see her to-night. Quinn Spalding the grocer was there, his bristling black hair and beard as aggressive as ever, and Jim Bateman, timid and self-effacing but a strong supporter of the church. Old Mr. Dolloph—a charter member, who had been on every church board for years; snappy, energetic Lew Wainwright. There was the usual business. Then Lew cleared his throat.

“I expect you all know what we’re here for,” he said. The rest looked as if they knew. Jane alone was puzzled.

“We’ve got to have another minister in this church or we’ll be gone to seed inside another year!”

Jane gave an inward gasp of dismay. She

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had not known that anything like this was contemplated. What about young Mr. Stanley? Why, it would break his heart to be asked to go! And she had liked him so much—liked his boyish way of standing with his hands folded behind him; liked the friendly appeal in his blue eyes, liked his earnestness and the way he spoke to the children in the street and the way he always stopped to chat with old Mrs. Wilson, whom everyone avoided as a pest. Liked the way his eyes would stray towards the open church window during the anthem, the window that looked out upon the lovely little river and the pine-covered hillside beyond.

"I'm sick of these long-winded sermons full of long words no one understands! Why can't he get down to the level of common everyday folks?" Quinn Spalding's words bristled as did his hair.

"Seems he's more concerned about doctrines than he is about souls," old Mr. Dolloph grumbled into the silence after Quinn. "Wish we could have some real, old-time gospel preached to us again!"

"Well, we can!" said Lew Wainwright. "John Stanley's not the only minister in the world! We'll just tell him that we don't think he's suited to this town and ask for his resignation!"

Then Jim Bateman spoke in his timid, apologetic way.

"Seems kind of sudden to spring it on the boy," he said. "Wouldn't it be a little squarer to sort of give him a chance first? Maybe he could furnish our kind of talks if we'd just let him know what we wanted."

"He's preached the same kind now for a year and a half," snapped Lew.

"But suppose we give him a chance? I don't hold with jumping on anybody without giving them a chance first!" Jim's timid voice had more than its usual insistence.

"A chance," agreed Lew a little exasperatedly. "But we all know he won't make good on it! The point is to tell him he's on trial—to let him know we're tired of the way he's been preaching to us, and if things don't liven up a little, and right away, too, he'll have to go. I say, tell him this week. Let him know what's what!"

"Who'll tell him?" asked Jim Bateman. There was no response. Then—

"I think Mr. Dolloph ought to," said Lew. "He'd take it better from an older man."

"No," said old Mr. Dolloph. "I won't do

it. I'm for a change, but I've been telling ministers disagreeable things for fifty years now. Let someone else, for once. You, Lew—you've never been afraid to say your say."

Lew flushed a little.

"Well, I wouldn't mind," he said. "Only his sister and my wife are so friendly. He—he might not take it just right from me. Why don't you, Jim? You're right next door—you could slip over some night after supper."

Jim Bateman shook his head.

"I'd rather listen to his long sermons all my life than tell him he doesn't suit!" he stammered.

"I know I don't want the job," Quinn's bristling voice broke in. "He's always bought of me. It would look awful ungrateful!"

Jane had not spoken during the discussion, but she had listened. Her glance swept them all now, her grey eyes suddenly alive with scorn. Then she stood up. She looked very tall in her anger.

"I'll tell him!" she said. They stared at her in surprise, relief nevertheless discernible under their amazement.

"Why, Jane!" Lew tried to say something, but could go no further.

"If I were so afraid—so afraid of a boy whose sermons I didn't like! Why, the least—the very least you can do is to tell him! Do you think he'd want to stay when he knows you don't want him? I'll tell him to-morrow!"

She gathered up her papers and went out. She was almost trembling with the heat of her angry scorn. But the night air calmed her. Then she met him just as he was about to turn in at the gate.

Jane did not wait to choose words or to think about the fact that she did not have time to choose her words. She only thought:

"It's a good chance to tell him!"

John Stanley took off his hat and smiled at her.

"Isn't it a great night?" he said, and Jane wondered how he managed to invest that commonplace question with so much good cheer and friendliness.

"Mr. Stanley," Jane's fingers clutched tightly at the papers in her hand. "There's something I've got to—something I want to tell you. Will you walk up Willow Street a little way with me?"

The young minister flushed as he fell into step beside her. Jane swallowed hard once



"Her glance swept them all now, her grey eyes suddenly alive with scorn. 'I'll tell him!' she said"

Drawn by  
John Cameron

or twice. They were close to her house now. She began to speak, a little breathlessly.

"I've just been to a council meeting of the church," she said. "I—I went in father's place. They—they—" she turned and caught the expectant appeal of his blue eyes.

"Oh, I *can't* tell you!" she said in a soft little cry. "It's not fair, when you've tried so hard! They haven't realized the hours you've spent on your sermons. They don't stop to think that you're just out of the university: that you were stuffed full of doctrines there, and that you preach that way because you think you're expected to! I should think they'd know that isn't the real you—that it's more important that the bairn-

ies cuddle down, contented, in your arms—that flippant, heedless young Flossie Burton has stopped going with the Hawkins lad because you asked her to—that old Mrs. Wilson likes you when she hasn't liked a minister in years and years! That you didn't ask to have your salary raised when many another minister would. That—that—"

"You mean," young Stanley's voice, interrupting her, was very sober. "You mean that they don't want me to be their minister any longer?"

Jane's heart caught at the misery in his understanding.

"They want to put you on trial. Give you a chance. But they don't think you'll make good on the chance! They're never satisfied—they don't understand that you're

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sincere and earnest—that you're trying with all there is of you to make good here!"

They were standing before Jane's house. Jane was embarrassedly aware that she was speaking as she had never spoken to anyone before in all her life. She tried to find words to apologize, but before they came, John Stanley confronted her squarely and gazed into her eyes.

"I wonder," his voice was humble but earnest, "I wonder how *you* knew?" he asked.

"Why—why, I just *knew*!" said Jane.

"Yes, the way you know the hearts and motives of everyone in Camrun Mills! *You* fixed it so I'd get my chance to talk to Flossie about the Hawkins boy! You've always seen to it that there have been kiddies around for me to chum with! You've never once failed to give me the inspiration of your flowers on Sunday morning. You've made church suppers, that were all full of wrangles to begin with, go off smoothly! Why, you're the one that keeps everything worth while in Camrun Mills going! The circulating library, the Young Folks' Saturday Night Club and the Girls' Gymnasium—everything! And now you're telling me this!"

Jane was glad he could not see the crimson of her face.

"Well, then, someone had to tell you," she faltered.

"Yes, and no one else had the courage. Well, I suppose I ought to have the spirit to go, but I'm going to take the chance they've given me and *stay*! I knew my sermons weren't liked, but I didn't just know why. The more I worked on them the less folks seemed to like them. Now I know. It isn't doctrine but friendship they want. Why, don't they know I'd a thousand times rather give it to them! Anyway, I won't leave. I'll make them like me! I *can't* leave!"

He paused a moment and Jane, her heart hammering, turned away to escape from the sudden and revealing intensity of his eyes.

"Maybe you'll think I'm crazy, Jane McNab," he burst out, "but I can't leave because I can't leave *you*! You've had the courage to tell me this to-night and I'm going to tell you what I've been thinking for months—if it kills me. I'm a minister, but I'm young and I'm a man. You don't know what you've been to me ever

since I came! There was never anyone in the world so unselfish and so dear. Why, I've thought lots of times I couldn't go on here, but always, when I was right down and out, you'd have some encouragement for me! You're like that to everybody—I'm not fool enough to think it's just me! But it seems as though folks don't appreciate you, Jane McNab. I've wanted to tell you a thousand times, but you're so—so sort of dignified and reserved—I couldn't get up the courage.

"And then, when I saw you fixing up little Buddie Burton's dog that day—I've never forgotten how tender you were with it! 'The puir beastie!' you said, over and over. Ever since then I've—I've— Yes, I'm going to say it—I've loved you. When I think how you could love a man, it makes me dizzy! Oh, I know you've never thought about me like that, that you hardly feel as though you know me—but I'm going to make you love me! I don't know why you haven't married someone before now. It just doesn't seem possible that anyone so sweet—so kind—so large-hearted as you—"

Jane gave a sudden little wondering cry and put her hand on his arm to stop the flow of tender phrases.

"Oh, I won't say any more to-night—but I'm glad I've said what I have. You'll know now that I want you! And I'm going to stick it out here. You'll help me, as you always have, won't you, Jane? And, maybe, sometime, you'll help me in a—a different way yet!"

Jane found her hands in his and swiftly he stooped and kissed her.

"I—I didn't know I'd helped any," she said, in a softer voice than even Sandy McNab had ever heard. "I—I'm glad!"

Then she turned and went swiftly from him up the path and into the house.

Late that night her father thought he heard a sound in her room. After he had heard it several times he got up and went out into the hallway. The light shone under her door. He waited a moment. It was only the occasional creak of her rocker—no other sound. He went back to bed, wondering and a little worried.

If he could have seen what she was doing he would not have worried. Jane, a linen guest towel in her big, tender hands, was patiently embroidering the other half of the big "M."



## RESPECTABILITY

**S**OME people are born respectable. As babies they never drop their bread-and-milk down their bibs nor spoil their best pinnies investigating the interior of the coal-shed. At school they win the respect of their fellows and the commendation of their teachers, and the local paper prints the list of presents at their wedding to the extent of two columns. Other people wouldn't look respectable if you put them in best Bond Street clothes and only let them out on a padlocked chain.

### Time Never Makes Them More Decent

The vast generality of folk, however, start off with a fair dash of irresponsibility, but achieve respectability with middle age, and settle down to the accustomed veneration of grandparenthood. Respectability is the penalty of advancing years. It is the price you pay for growing up.

### The Motor-mania

I suppose it was the unconscious realization of that fact that guided Mrs. Editor and me during the successive attacks of motoritis to which we succumbed during the past few months. I should explain that the motor-mania is as prevalent as influenza in the winter and spring months, and is just as devastating. It makes its first appearance in the autumn, what time people from all parts of the world are flocking to the Motor Show, in London, to talk of new models and the glories of spring gaiters. Should one escape the epidemic at that season one is bound to fall for it in the spring, when the first frail glint of sun-shine lures a man to be out and about the great high roads. We succumbed both times. And yet, looking

back, one traces the subtle hand of Nature guiding us away from the irresponsibilities of youth to the staid and sober respectability of age.

### The First Attack

The first attack, in the autumn, left us with a brand-new car of low price and exceedingly popular make. In our younger days we had been seen on the roads on a diversity of machines, some weirdly and strangely made. Had we not toured the south coast on bicycles (called "push bykes" by superior moderns nowadays) loaded up with useful but distinctly unorthodox impedimenta? Had we not, after that, been seen pushing an ungodly three-wheeler of doubtful parentage down hills in an attempt to start the engine, whilst the village folk looked on with wonder and amaze?

Had we not, after that, serenely toured the country in an antiquated Ford, and even waxed eloquent on the virtues of that much maligned instrument of transport? Did we not, still later, dash from one end of the country to the other on a small car with still smaller engine—a car supremely scornful of gear boxes and differentials, but with the happy knack of developing extraordinary power if only you ran her at a very high speed? She was freakish, unorthodox, and, in the pride of our youth, we gloried in it and enjoyed ourselves.

Alas, age creeps on.

### To Church on Sundays

The brand-new car of popular make and low price was, at last, respectable. We took her to church on Sundays, and boldly placed her in the motor queue, which is a feature of our church; whereas, in other

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days, we had quietly left our disreputable but speedy little bus up a side street. We paid the price, of course. Our brand-new little car had a very sober gait, and everything she did was graceful—but slow. She, too, had a gearbox, and Mrs. Editor spent anxious nights puzzling over the reason why she had not made a "clean change" going up that hill, and asking me abstruse questions about why the countershaft wouldn't go at the same rate as the layshaft. Then, too, she had her book of words—weighty instructions and bewildering diagrams that we spent hours of an evening trying to understand and remember. We had no wireless fitted at our little domicile; we did not need it. Our time was taken up with the book of instructions.

She, too, had in addition to her thirty-nine articles her thirty-nine grease points to be oiled every other day or so. One couldn't be quite literal and do the thing daily, but every Saturday morning your poor Editor duly screwed on the grease gun to the thirty-nine points, turned the handle twice and hoped for the best.

So far so good, and the milkman, passing us on the road, took off his hat, and the A.A. man saluted. The doctor, too, appreciated our rise in the social scale next time he made out his half-yearly bill for services rendered.



### No End to the Matter

But, dear readers, once a man starts becoming respectable there is no end to the matter. The man who virtuously abandons a crystal set and earphones for a one-valve set ends up with four valves, a loud-speaker and the neighbours drinking coffee with him every night. And the man who allows himself to become respectable in the motoring world ends up with a Rolls-Royce—or the workhouse.

How it came about we cannot quite tell. I think it was because, having left the car outside the church on Sunday, we wanted to ask the minister to tea. We had invited him, casually. We had promised to call for him with our car and drive him home. . . . And then your Editor reflected. On a two-seater the passengers' seat would have to be offered to the minister's wife, and we should have to accommodate the minister in the dickey! No, no, it couldn't be done. Even when one's relatives came for a ride in the car the dickey seat wasn't exactly the place to ask them to mount, but the minister—!

You see how one tends to put the blame on some perfectly innocent person who knows nothing whatever about your mind complexes and social agitations? You notice, too, how, in some obscure way, it is the church that finds itself mixed up with the business? So it is when an otherwise virtuous lady has to buy an exceedingly attractive and expensive costume "because she's nothing decent to go to church in"!



### The Slippery Slope

But by this time your Editor was rapidly sliding down the slope. To be more literal, he strolled down Great Portland Street, and rashly asked one and all their views on motoring and the ideal car. The result was far from respectable—the evening calm of our country cottage being rudely disturbed by the disputes of rival dealers enticing us out for trial trips on their respective paragon of motoring virtue.



### Taking People's Advice

It was at this critical stage that I met a friend, who told me of a respectable—an eminently respectable—firm of motor dealers. I always take people's advice, so I duly called at the address in question. It was, indeed, a huge place, and oh, so very respectable. The window was adorned with saloons, and the side windows with limousines. I entered with hesitation, and wiped my boots on the mat. A gentleman in spats was buying a Daimler, and a lady in a fur coat criticizing the upholstery of an eight-cylindere saloon.

I waited my turn, and at length a salesman approached. I think the managers and supermanagers in the inner office had spied me from their seclusion, and judged that my respectability had not yet attained to South African millionaire rank. Anyhow, they sent along a human and sympathetic salesman, who in two minutes summed me up and "placed" me in my proper grade. (How wonderful and how awful is the thought that these salesmen know more about you in one look than your friends know in a lifetime.)

"I've the very thing for you—the *very* thing!" he murmured enthusiastically, and led me to the basement.



### "The Very Thing"

And here was "the very thing." She was



a four-seater that would take five without impropriety. She wasn't new, but she bore an honoured name. There was nothing smart about her, and no new-fangled devices spoiled the contour of her form. When I mentioned balloon tyres and front-wheel brakes the salesman bore a pained expression. The firm that made this car did not indulge in such fancies at the date of her birth, nor did they now, for the matter of that. They were very conservative and sound, and probably wouldn't fit anything so revolutionary for ten years or more. The engine power, I was told, was just right—not too high and not too low. The lines of the body were not dowdy, nor were they smart—they were just right; and the real leather upholstery was inconspicuous but substantial. She was (please whisper it quietly) second-hand; but her past was irreproachable and her paint unscratched. She was very, very, very respectable, and the gentleman who rode such a car could look the whole world in the face and be ashamed before no man.

### What Can't be Done

Now I know I ought to have jacked up both wheels and tested the alignment. I ought to have gone down on hands and knees and looked to see if the under-shield was properly adjusted; I ought to have sent for an expert mechanic to have examined her heart, and reported on the state of her internal mechanism. But, I ask you, how could I have insulted such an eminently respectable car ("a real motor-car," the salesman informed me), made by such eminently respectable makers and offered me by such a very respectable firm?

I did not. Instead I went for a short jaunt in the park. The police were very respectful. The very omnibus drivers forbore to jeer.

I grew bolder. I asked the salesman to drive her to my home in the country. He did. Mrs. Editor approved her—and I agreed to buy her on the spot.

The firm kindly undertook to accept my brand-new popular car in part payment. The agreement was signed, the details arranged. Saturday was fixed for the date of delivery, when (it was whispered) a real baron (in the employ of the firm) would drive her down and take the other car back with him.

On Saturday the car and the baron duly appeared. The latter proved to be an engaging youth, who detested all motor-cars and agreed that business was a "fag." I felt ashamed when he drove off with our popular two-seater, but as it disappeared down the hill I realized, alas, that I was respectable indeed.

### Things Begin to Happen

That day two or three things happened. We, of course, drove out, soberly and discreetly, Mrs. Editor at the wheel, and the gear-changing being "just right." That is fact number one.

Fact number two was not so pleasant. Mrs. Editor discovered that she would now need an entirely new costume, a new coat and at least one new hat. Also that we needed a new and respectable motor rug for the rear seat.

### A Surprise

Fact number three is as yet unknown to Mrs. Editor; it, too, was a surprise.

I took the car and my small son out for a little run in the evening. The little two-year-old is madly keen on motoring, and only awaits his legal age to claim his driver's licence. I felt it justifiable, under the circumstances, to "let her out a bit." And then I discovered that that eminently respectable family car has just a little bit of original sin left in her, despite her forbears and agents. She, too, if nobody is looking, will forget her respectable ways and tear like mad along the country roads. A long, straight stretch, a lonely road, the gloaming, an irresponsible passenger and an indulgent father-driver, and—bang goes discretion, middle age, respectability, police traps; off she romps at umpteen miles an hour, and the day of gay young things, of venturesome youth, of the joy of life is back with us again.

I have time and again tested the discretion of my friends who read this page; they will not give me away. And so to them I entrust my little secret. I am becoming staid and sober and respectable, and my second-hand family bus plays its part with honour. But there is a tinge of youth left in both of us yet, and at the cool of the day—

*The Editor*

# Problem Pages

## *The Woman at Home—A Tragic Story—Women Doctors* *By Barbara Dane*

### Is it Love?

**H**ERE, I think, is a problem which has troubled many women, especially those of inexperience, and it is put forward by "C. L." She writes:

"I am deeply interested in a man whom I meet very frequently. I think about him a good deal, and I have sometimes imagined that he cares for me. He is, however, rather shy, and I wondered if I might make it clear to him in a tactful, unobtrusive way that it would make me very happy to know that he loved me."

No, I do not think you should do this. I think that even the shyest of men soon finds a way of telling a woman that he loves her. If you made the first advance, and found that it was rejected, you might feel a little distressed, perhaps even a little humiliated, though there is no logical reason why a declaration of affection should have such a result. The tradition of ages, however, has given man the right to make the first declaration, and to have such a right taken from him would probably be resented. And I think you should remember that women do often mistake a quite genuine friendly interest for something deeper.

In these days, remember, when friendship between the sexes is the usual rather than the unusual thing, a man does not expect that his interest in any one woman will be misinterpreted, and for that reason is perhaps not so reserved in words or manner as men were five-and-twenty years ago. A friend of my own suffered greatly by receiving an avowal of love from a woman friend. He liked, but did not love the woman. He felt, however, that in some way he was to blame, and the result of this episode was that he became restrained in his manner to all women, fearful lest he might lay himself open to misunderstanding, and he remains a bachelor.

### The Woman at Home

Here, too, is a problem which I know must be shared by many of my readers. The writer signs herself, "An Interested Reader," and this is her letter:

"I am a reader of *THE QUEER*, and am always interested in your 'Problem Pages.' I

have a problem, like most people, and although I am afraid there is no solution to it, I feel I would like to tell someone about it, and if you can give me any advice I shall try and profit by it.

"I am an only child, my brother being killed in the war. I have always lived at home except for a few years at boarding-school. My mother and father are good, religious people and devoted to me. We have a nice home, keep one maid, and have a car, which my father and I drive between us. Apparently I have everything a girl could wish for. But I am very shy and reserved, and lately most of my school friends have married, or left this town, or both, and I do not make friends easily. My parents are very good to me, and in a way allow me every liberty, but they like to know where I am always, and who my correspondents are, and so on, and should I not tell them everything are hurt and surprised. We have had our car some years now, and have had lots of pleasure from it, but I seldom have it on my own to take any friends out, although I drive better than my father. That sounds conceited, but it is really a matter of age. Being younger, I learned more quickly. During the war we did without the aid of a maid, and instead of going out to work, as so many girls did, I did the housework. I get out and mix with people all I can, although often I feel very selfish, as my parents like me to be with them as much as possible, and this feeling spoils a lot of my pleasure. I cannot do anything drastic, as my father suffers from serious heart trouble. I am thirty years of age, and at times I get very 'fed up.'"

What a pathetic problem it is, and how many such problems there are! The love of freedom so often conflicts with one's affection for one's dear ones, but I do not know that it is always good that freedom should be denied. It is the right of every human being born into this world to have a measure of liberty in which to develop an individual life, and this, in my belief, applies as fully to women as to men. I think that the writer of this letter should make up her mind to go away from home for three months. No reasonable person would consider that to be a drastic step. Even if it means taking paid employment somewhere for a time, I advise her to do it.

I think her parents should be made to realize that it is not good for a normal-minded young woman to be at home always. After all, her father and her mother made



### Mothers

*After play see that the hands, face and bare knees of your children are antiseptically cleansed by the rich, creamy lather of Lifebuoy which combats the germs ever present in dirt.*



## The terrible menace of dust

Dust is not soil—not honest dirt or sun-purified sand of beaches.

Dust is the carrier of contagion—millions of invisible enemies to health.

It is this terribly dangerous dust that comes in contact with the faces and hands of your children, that is ground into their little bare knees, that is clogging the pores of their bodies and causing every tiny scratch and abrasion to become a focus of infection.

### Mothers are Health Doctors

Is it any wonder that you mothers—your home health doctors—fear dirt and insist upon your children washing whenever they have been in contact with dirty things?

It is inevitable that you should recognise the need of a soap which really combats these lurking dangers of dust.

Children need greater protection than is afforded by ordinary soap. They need Lifebuoy Health Soap.

### It Combats Dangerous Dirt

What is Lifebuoy Soap? Wherein does it differ from common soap? Why is it one

of the most widely used soaps in the world?

Lifebuoy, first of all, is pure—as fine and bland as any soap ever made. It is gratefully soothing to the skin. Its creamy wholesome lather comes from rich, nourishing and easy-lathering oils. There is not a trace of free alkali!

Lifebuoy is a perfect baby soap—a wonderful restorer of complexions to clear glowing health.

The protective element of Lifebuoy is indicated by the wholesome antiseptic odour.

You quickly come to like the odour which vanishes in a few seconds, leaving the skin deodorized. The protection remains.

### Lifebuoy will protect

Daily regular use of Lifebuoy will protect your entire family. It will keep the skin of everyone in fine healthy condition—soft, smooth, purified and sweet.

Buy several cakes and put one wherever hands are washed.

See how quickly your husband and children come to prize Lifebuoy for its copious stimulating lather. Lever Brothers, Limited, Port Sunlight.



for  
HEALTH



L283-23

## FREE

If you would like to discover how delicious Post Toasties are, we should like to send you a Free Sample Packet. Just send your name and address (please write clearly) to The Grape Nuts Co., Ltd., Dept. V.B.Y., 5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.



# *Breakfast time* with the Heart o' the Corn

UPCURLLED AND DAINTY—like leaf as it floats from an autumn tree. Crisp and Crunchy—like frost underfoot on a winter's night. Golden Hued—as prairies lit by the setting sun; so fall Post Toasties from airtight packet to your breakfast plate—an Invitation to Appetite.

FOOD O' THE STALWART. These crisp and tasty flakes are made from Indian Corn (for ages and ages the mainstay food—the energy food—of that stalwart race, the Redskin of America). Modern machinery selects just the heart of each grain, flakes and

cooks it—then Toasts all to a beautiful gold, to develop crispness, appetising taste, and fresh natural flavour.

READY COOKED and Ready to Serve. Eat Post Toasties just as they come from the package. See how these Double-Thick Corn Flakes stay crisp in cream or milk; neither soaking or softening. The fresh flavour and snap of the toasted corn remains till you chew it—as you should do to derive full benefit from the energy-principle which makes Indian Corn “the food o' the stalwart.”

INDIAN CORN—FOOD O' THE STALWART

# Post Toasties

## INDIAN CORN FLAKES

their own life together. They have each the companionship of the other, and that being so they should be prepared cheerfully to spare their child for a little while, so that she can see more of life, and widen her interests. It is not natural to expect a young woman to live at thirty the kind of life that her parents are living at fifty or sixty. What is natural and right and full of contentment for them is not necessarily so for her. I am afraid that my correspondent will not be inclined to take my advice; but let her be assured that she has my very sincere sympathy, and my deep interest in a problem that does seem difficult of solution.

## Cheap Places

The Editor has handed me a letter from a Kirkcaldy reader, who writes as follows:

"I was much interested in one problem in *THE QUIVER* recently, that of living in England. It would be interesting to many people to know the cheapest places in which to live at the present time. Rates and taxes, high food prices, the necessities of life run away with so much money. I have just had to pay death duties on a small estate, and one grudges the hundreds to be paid, along with all other expenses, when there is not much left to bring in an income to live on. It is all part of the aftermath of the Great War, I suppose, but 'how to live' is a problem for many women. I hope you can help me."

Well, I confess that I cannot help this correspondent. I have lived in London for so long now that I know little of conditions outside. I count on my readers, who live in so many different parts of the world, to give my correspondent the information she desires, and which would, I am sure, be of very great help to many. Is the country town cheap? Can one live inexpensively on the South Coast of England? What are provincial towns like? These are questions which only my readers can answer, and it would be a great help if they would tell me from their own experience the conditions of living in the places in which they happen to reside.

## Loneliness near Manchester

I have had a very interesting letter from a reader who lives near Manchester. She tells me that she has no one belonging to her but a married son, and that she is lonely. She is interested in Art and books and people, and seems to be very clever at designing and making dresses. She has an idea that she might open a little business if she could get in touch with the right person.

If any reader would like to be put in touch with this correspondent, more especially any reader in or near Manchester, I shall be happy to give the name and address of the lady who has written to me.

## A Tragic Story

A recently bereaved husband tells me a most pitiful story in this letter:

"A little while ago my wife became suddenly ill. She had taken the children to school on the Friday morning. On the Tuesday morning she died. It seems that before the Friday afternoon, when she first spoke of her indisposition, she had felt very ill, but she had said nothing to me, fearing to upset me by making a fuss. It was only when the doctors came that she admitted how ill she had been feeling for some days. I feel heart-broken about this, because I feel that if only we had known a little earlier we might have saved her. It was my dear wife's consideration for me, her fear of disturbing me—knowing that I am rather irritable—that caused her to die. I shall always feel that I was to blame, and I write to you only because my experience may perhaps help other men who have been as selfish as I was myself."

I wish I could comfort the writer of this letter. It is natural enough that in his grief he should be inclined to blame himself. I think that all of us, so close to death as he is, would wonder if we had done all that was possible for the dear dead, that we should find some cause for regret, some little thing left undone that might have been done. But in this case I think the writer torments himself needlessly. I doubt if in such a case the best doctors could have saved the wife; but even if an earlier diagnosis had been made, and there had so been a better chance of recovery, I do not think the husband ought to blame himself.

It is a very tragic story, but it is a story which might have been told anywhere, in any place. Most women are disinclined to call in a doctor until it is absolutely necessary, and if the wife had actually spoken of her suffering, it is by no means certain that either she or her husband would have then called in a doctor. I feel that I can only offer the writer of this letter my profound sympathy, and the sympathy, too, I feel sure, of all my readers.

## A Question of Servants

A reader wishes me to be the judge in a dispute between herself and her servants—or, rather, to say, I imagine, who was right and who was wrong. Now, I cannot do this. I have no theories about either mistresses or servants. My own experience has

## **THE QUIVER**

been that if you treat servants well you will get good service in return. But I do not believe in spoiling servants by treating them as a very special class who ought to be pampered. If a mistress gives a servant a good home, with reasonable wages and reasonable hours of liberty, if she is kindly and considerate, then I think she amply fulfils her duty.

To give servants the idea that you are ready to give them all kinds of little treats in order to get them to do their work well seldom pays. It destroys the dignity of work, puts an employer into an inferior position, and is wholly destructive of the good order, discipline and efficiency which ought to rule in every well-conducted home. I think that the day of the poor household drudge who slept in a miserable attic and worked from dawn to dusk vanished, if it ever existed, long ago. Domestic service to-day is an honourable and well-paid occupation.

### **Husbands and Wives**

"I should like your advice on a point of etiquette," writes "A Hostess." "I am fond of entertaining, and like my little dinners to be a success. But I find so often that husbands and wives, asked out together, are not so interesting as they are alone, and that very often I want to ask a wife and not her husband, or a husband and not the wife. People say, 'You can't ask Mrs. B. without her husband,' or 'If you ask Mr. C. he may be offended if you ignore his wife.' Please tell me what is the custom in such things, as I do not want to make any grave social errors."

There may, or may not, be a grave social error in asking a husband to dinner without his wife, or a wife without her husband. Everything depends on circumstances. For instance, if you and your husband have dined with your doctor and his wife, it would be a breach of etiquette to ask one without the other. On the other hand, if you have met Mrs. H. at the club or at the house of a friend, and know her husband slightly or not at all, it would be quite conventional to ask her to dinner without her husband. And if your husband wishes to bring home a man to dinner, there is no reason for you to ask his wife.

These things must be determined by the conditions of the moment. There is no hard-and-fast rule, though the tendency is certainly in the direction of much greater elasticity in the choice of guests. People,

especially those who go out a great deal, realize to-day perfectly well that there are many occasions on which a hostess, wishing to make up a certain number, may want another man or a woman, and they are not offended if they happen to be left out.

### **"I Shall Never Marry"**

I do not think, dear Mrs. T., that you need worry because your young daughter declares that she will never marry. This is a phase through which many girls pass. They find a delightful, interesting world awaiting them when they leave school, with all kinds of opportunities undreamed of years ago, and marriage seems much more remote and much less interesting than the immediate opportunity of making a career or having a good time. But you will find that when a girl meets a man who attracts her that her views will undergo a mysterious change, and that she will suddenly become highly interested in questions of housewifery, and so on.

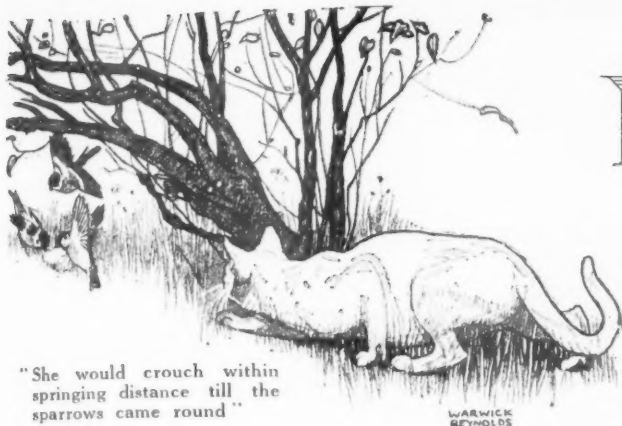
Let your girl have her head for a while. Don't try to rush her into marriage. Eventually she will probably find her mate; but, after all, she is only twenty, and in your heart of hearts I think you would like her to have her girlhood a little longer.

### **The Prospect for Women Doctors**

The outlook for women who wish to qualify in medicine is not very bright at the moment, "H. K." There is great competition for public appointments, which means that unless a woman is able to go in for general practice she may actually be out of work rather than making a good income. Recently there were nearly eighty applications from women for a post of house surgeon in a northern hospital at the salary of £100 a year. I do not wish you to dissuade your daughter from going in for medicine, but I think that you as father, and she as the woman who has to earn her living, ought to go into the matter very thoroughly before you send her to a medical school for a long and costly training.

There are opportunities in India for women doctors, but at the moment only a few medical women have been able to make a comfortable living out of general practice in England. If your daughter has any inclination to specialize, that is a different story, for the woman who is supremely good in any one special branch of her profession is always able to command high fees or get good appointments.





"She would crouch within  
springing distance till the  
sparrows came round"

WARWICK  
REYNOLDS

# NIX

by  
H.  
Mortimer  
Batten,  
F.Z.S

THE old adage about fine feathers cannot always be truly applied, and, so far as looks were concerned, Jane was a very commonplace cat. Cats, after all, are cats, but if ever I knew a cat which possessed some kind of makeshift for a soul, that cat was Jane. She had been known to do some remarkably intelligent things, such as placing a crust of bread in the open on a winter's morning, then crouching within springing distance till the sparrows came round. Also, I sincerely believe that she loved her master and mistress, for she would follow like a dog during their evening strolls, and if one was missing she would haunt the familiar places again and again in search of them. A gentle and lovable beast was Jane, the pure white tabby. Pure white cats often are.

But Jane had one crowning misfortune—or sorrow, shall we call it?—the regularity with which her families arrived. Those of her kittens which had ever been allowed to live were so appallingly commonplace that it was a cruelty to keep them, for the world has no use for ugly cats. So Dan Stalwart had affirmed that it was a case of the sieve and bucket for all of them until a pure white one arrived, and that should be kept to succeed Jane. But family followed family, and there was no white kit. Brown, black, brindled, tortoiseshell, blue—kittens of all the shades of the landscape and all the colours of the rainbow Jane produced, but never one which was colourless like herself.

That evening Dan Stalwart was out to obtain half a dozen young rabbits for a

rabbit pie, and returning home along the cart ruts at the edge of dusk, he saw a stoat run across ahead of him carrying a mouse. Of course, he shot at it, as most people who know anything about stoats would have done, at which it dropped the mouse and ran into the hedge bottom, dragging its hind legs. Evidently the poor creature was mortally wounded, but as Dan strode up he was surprised to see it dragging itself back into the centre of the road, where it seized the mouse it had dropped. So he gave it the second barrel, which settled the matter for all time.

Going up, Dan found the explanation of the creature's extraordinary conduct—coming back in the face of death, and mortally wounded as it was, for the thing the stoat had dropped was not a mouse, but an infant stoat, one of its own young.

"Evidently caught in the act of moving her family," Dan muttered to himself, a habit which he knew stoats have. Then as he strode homewards he fell to thinking how strange it is that often the fiercest and least lovable of wild things are the bravest, truest mothers.

That same day the fabric of another mother's affections had been torn asunder; Jane once again found herself childless. Someone had sneaked in while she was out on legitimate business and lifted the lot—all nine of them. She would have suspected one of the sheep dogs of the crime, but there was no scent of sheep dog about the place where she had left her kittens hidden. Anyway, they had vanished into thin air, as her families had a way

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of doing, so there you are! She searched the byre and the hay-loft, she hunted the granary from end to end, she nosed among the rusty mole traps and rabbit snares in what had been the harness room, and as dusk settled and her night instincts rose, she went out into the starlight, though all hope of finding her kits was gone. She went because she had to go somewhere—because, at dusk, instinct bids the mother hunt for her own needs, which are the needs of her young.

Along the white pathway, through the white gate, and so into the hedge bottom which bordered the home croft, Jane stole noiselessly, and about her were the budding spring flowers, the scent of wild garlic, and the whisper and creep of the mouse multitudes whose hour this was. But to-night Jane was not hunting mice; she was merely searching, searching for something to quench the unsatisfied motherhood at her heart. A mouse would not have satisfied it; a mouse might have run under her paws and she would not have heeded it, for in the wild those who are best able to kill are the most merciful when killing is not their aim.

Ninety yards from the homestead gate Jane heard a sound which caused her to freeze instantly in her tracks, one paw half raised, head half turned, as only a cat can freeze. The sound might have been the crying of young birds, which at that season were plentiful; a man would certainly have mistaken it for such. It came from among the roots of a giant chestnut tree—from far in among the blackthorn thickets which clustered around the roots—a high-pitched metallic screeching, which broke the night silence in sudden squalls.

For perhaps half a minute Jane listened, absolutely still, then she sat down to listen. Her expression as she did so was not exactly pleasant, for her eyes had taken on a questioning lustre, and her ears twitched to and fro. The sound was new to her, and presently she went a little nearer and again sat down, then nearer still, circling the blackthorn thicket, but in deadly stealth, her eyes and nostrils keen. Far and near quietude reigned over the moon-drenched pastures, save for the "tee-witt" of a barn owl or the sleepy "quashk" of a heron. And the cat's ears, trained to the faintest rustling of a leaf or waving of the grass, could detect no warning note among the shadows. Querulous, pleading, full of infant entreaty, the rasping went on.

Ten minutes later the pure white tabby was stealing home along the hedge bottom, across the cart ruts, through the white gate, then up the stone steps and through the cat-hole in the corner of the granary door. Something hung limply from her mouth—a vole of some kind, no doubt—and presently she reappeared by the same way from the inky blackness of the granary. Seven minutes later she again went back through the cat-hole, and again she carried a limp and lifeless field vole in her jaws. Four times she returned thus laden, for Jane had found a nest of young things in the blackthorn under the chestnut.

Normally Jane would have slain those things, but to-night she was not in a mood to kill. At her heart was a great yearning, and the sounds she had heard as she approached the blackthorn had found some answering note to her desires. Very clearly they were cries of hunger, cries which only a mother could satisfy. Even a man, whose ears were trained to the sounds of the wild folk, would have read that much in their cadences. So now Jane was mothering her adopted charges in the very bed where four hours ago she had mothered her own young kits.

When next morning the man went in for the hen corn, he was surprised to find Jane in possession of a new litter, as indeed he had need to be, since it was he who yesterday had drowned nine of her last.

"That cat's a marvel!" the man concluded, and forthwith he hastened to acquaint his employer with the phenomenon.

Dan had attained infinite faith in Jane's possibilities, but this was beyond him. He thrust Jane aside and examined the squirming atoms under her.

"Why," he exclaimed eventually, "they're not kittens at all! Where the dickens did she get them from?"

The man flung out his arms in a way which intimated that he was in no way responsible, and just then Mrs. Stalwart came in, and Mrs. Stalwart was a young and attractive woman.

"A miracle has occurred," Dan explained. "Exactly sixteen hours ago Jane's family of nine was drowned—nine, mind you! She has now produced a second family of four."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Stalwart sympathetically.

"But they aren't hers!" her husband interposed. "She's stolen them from somewhere else. She's pinched them!"

"Then she's done quite right," said Mrs.

Stalwart. "I always said she was the cleverest cat on earth."

At that Dan grunted sceptically. "Clever or not," he remarked, "she's done a jolly foolish thing this time, or I'm mistaken. Do you know what those things are? They're young stoats!"

Mrs. Stalwart gasped and started. "Stoats!" she exclaimed.

"Stoats!" echoed her husband doggedly. "Of course, I may be wrong, but I don't think I am. Fact is, I shot a mother stoat last evening carrying one of her young. It was exactly like these little devils, same size and shape and colour."

As a matter of fact, it is not uncommon for creatures within man's keeping to steal each other's children. A duck has been known to foster an otter cub, a goose to mother young rabbits, a cat to mother goslings. Such cases are even stranger, for it must be contrary to all the laws of Nature for birds to foster beasts and vice versa, but they go to show the strength of motherhood, which must have something young to satisfy its demands. Both the badger and the wolf have been known to mother human children, not very successfully, perhaps, but to the best of their limited powers. And if we knew the wild better than we do, truly we might find that motherhood must be met. The vixen who has lost her cubs will steal from the vixen next door, game birds steal each other's chicks, roe-deer have been known to annex the fawns of the red, so, after all, poor childless Jane was perhaps not startling exception.

It was, at any rate, within her powers to meet the needs of the babies she had taken. Had she stolen the young of a vegetarian mother she could not have hoped to rear them, but there was a chance, a sporting chance, of her bringing up the budding cut-throats to whom she had transferred her affections.

But the next few days were not very peaceful days for Jane, for she was inundated by visitors—local naturalists, newspaper men and fussy photographers, who

insisted on her charges being dragged out into the light. Such publicity also brought poor Dan more into the light than he had bargained for, but public attention of this kind quickly faded, and it is to be feared that Jane's strange family faded with it. The change of diet was evidently too much for the little tummies of the fosterlings, and one by one they gave it up till only one was left—the strongest and the biggest of the brood.

This one never looked behind him, and Dan made a habit of handling the kit daily, for his friends had told him that he would never succeed in taming it. It might be amenable while small, but, growing up, its wild instinct would return, and probably it would rise and slay its poor foster mother. All this Dan frankly disbelieved, for he was true to the theory of environment. So ere the kit's eyes were open he accustomed it



WARWICK  
REYNOLDS

"He would sprawl over his mother as they lay together in the sun"—p. 598

to the touch of his fingers, and Jane and her sole surviving charge were given a bed in the study. "And on your own head be it!" said Mrs. Stalwart.

Immediately the stoat kit obtained its sight things began to move. Ere it was known that its eyes were open, it was found in the early morning to be missing, and forthwith it was concluded that Jane had

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carried it off. An hour or so later the cook took up an oven pan which was leaning against the kitchen wall, when a snake-like spluttering and hissing reached her ears, and there was the tiny stoat bristling from end to end and making little frog-like leaps at her hands. Dan was fetched to restore it to its bed, and immediately his fingers closed upon it the little animal's fury subsided, and quite peacefully it allowed itself to be carried.

There were not many people who wanted to handle Jane's foster kit, and, at any rate, from that hour on only Dan was permitted the liberty. If any other body stretched out a hand towards it, the kit would hiss and bristle and strike like a rattlesnake, but seemingly, having become accustomed to Dan's particular scent and touch before its eyes were open, it regarded him with a certain degree of parental diffidence. Already the young stoat was so active that it could climb out of its existing bed in two seconds, and the danger lay in its getting crushed behind the furniture or of someone stepping upon it. Accordingly, it was placed in a cheese box, and that for a time defied its clumsy leaps.

Jane now took to feeding the kit on mice, and when she returned with a kill she would utter repeatedly a curious grunting mew as she entered the house, hearing which the stoat kit would wildly endeavour to escape from his prison. As Jane appeared, he would snatch the kill from her and shake and worry it with all the ferocity of a tiger.

But before very long, Jane, being a wise mother, realized that her growing son required more exercise than he could obtain in the confined quarters of the box, and so she took to lifting him out and carrying him to her favourite seat on the geranium bed under the south wall. Free now as a kitten would have been, Nix daily became more interesting. He would sprawl over his mother as they lay together in the sun, fighting with her tail and dabbing at her ears, though it is to be feared that at very frequent intervals he had to be admonished for his roughness. On the second day of his freedom, poor Jane was seen peering down disconsolately from the eaves, whereupon the little ginger head of Nix appeared from the rain-water gutter along which he was scampering. Evidently he had climbed up the creeper which covered the south wall, leaving his mother to follow, and thereafter he was several times known to fall out of the creeper from all manner of high alti-

tudes, hitting the ground with a thump, but never appearing in the least to hurt himself.

Sometimes now Jane brought Nix in for meals, and as he grew he was an unending source of amusement at such times. He had one favourite humpty which stood in the centre of the dining-room floor, and mounting this he would pivot round and round, striking off imaginary playmates which were attempting to storm his castle, and varying the performance by turning back-somersaults at bewildering speed. If given a bit of crust or some other morsel he did not appreciate, he would proceed to play battledore and shuttlecock, throwing it into the air, somersaulting over it, and performing these evolutions with such bewildering quickness that it tired the eye and fatigued the brain to watch him. But as an example of indefatigable, darting energy, he was, nevertheless, a joy to watch, and most of the poses which he struck were so full of grace that he won the hearts of all beholders. Yet, as the servants said: "He'd as leave bite you as look at you!"

But the day came when Nix distinguished himself in no small measure. This occurred on the unexpected arrival of Uncle George, and Uncle George was large and wealthy and noisy. As soon as he entered the garden gate everyone in the house knew that he had come, for on this occasion he was perhaps a shade more boisterous than usual.

Nix, it happened, was at that moment in the dining-room, but hearing the hubbub he fled pell-mell for the study, passing almost under the feet of the noisy visitor, and in an instant everyone became aware of an almost over-powering aroma. For describing that aroma human words are inadequate. Acetylene gas, essence of onions, paraffin, absinthe, might have figured in it, and conversation ceased like the closing of a door.

"My hat!" exclaimed Uncle George. "What on earth—?"

"Isn't it awful?" returned Mrs. Stalwart. "It must be—"

"I believe it is!" agreed her husband. "Now, where the dickens—?"

Later, Uncle George said that he had once been in a train which ran over a skunk, but now that famous master of smells was literally outshone. A skunk, said Uncle George, would pack up and go home if he encountered Nix. Meantime windows and doors were opened and a hurricane encouraged to whistle through the house.

The fact of the matter was that Uncle George's entrance had so alarmed the young

stoat that he had let loose his musk taint, according to the defensive and offensive manners of his kind. As a means of defence no one would deny its practicability, for very few of the stoat's natural foes can stand up to that awful gas-attack, unless the stern alternatives are stoat or starvation. The killing of a stoat is not worth the scanty meal he provides, and fox or wild cat encountering that aroma shake their heads and remember business elsewhere. Most of the weasels possess these scent glands, which, of course, attain their zenith in milord the skunk.

At any rate, if Nix was going to resort to such measures more than once a year, he would have to go, though the matter of getting rid of him after that incident might have presented difficulties. For some days he had been hovering at the brink, and evidently the arrival of Uncle George brought to him for all time his natural fear of man. Dan tried to catch him, but it

was like trying to catch a blob of mercury on a sheet of glass. Nix ran up the back of the bookcase, and hissed at them from the top of it; he whisked along the curtain rod, and scuttled down the inside of the curtain. He streaked along the mantelpiece without touching a vase, and finally, having looped the loop over his hump, he vanished as though the very air had swallowed him, though they knew he was still in the room.

Old Jane was now bethinking herself of another family—and truly her fosterling was independent of her care. From that day on, the household saw less and less of him. Sometimes if they were quiet he would appear miraculously in the dining-room during their evening meal, to perform his lightning evolutions, but he would disappear just as miraculously on hearing any sound which jarred his nerves. It was an old rambling house, with many walls of massive bulk, and Nix was making his home *inside* the walls. At night-time he could sometimes be heard scuttling hither and thither among the stones and mortar,



"He saw something dart between his feet into the smoke-filled room"—p. 601

Drawn by  
Warwick Reynolds

and though hitherto the place had been a stronghold of rats and mice, he at least did one good thing in getting rid of them. Sometimes he was heard pattering across the ceilings, sometimes he was seen on the roof, or whisking along the gutter. Every nook and cranny of the rambling old mansion was at his bidding, and Dan argued that it was not a bad thing to have a stoat about the place.

"Some night," said Uncle George, "he'll be getting hold of your nose when you're asleep, and then you'll know about it!"

Certainly Nix caused some trouble on one or two occasions. For example, it was discovered that he had succeeded in trapping himself behind an ancient tapestry on the dining-room wall, and a portion of the tapestry had to be removed in order to get him out.

This done, however, it was discovered that he was not there, for he had found some other way of exit; but it was also discovered that behind the tapestry was a secret gun-room, the existence of which had been hitherto unknown, and which, when the

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tapestry was removed, much enhanced the beauty of the room.

On another occasion strange noises were repeatedly heard to issue from a disused press, the doors of which had long been screwed to their panels. Out of curiosity Dan finally forced the doors open, whereupon he made an interesting discovery concerning their strange tenant. For Nix had been using the press as a store cupboard, and on the top shelf he had hoarded a strange assortment of oddments gleaned from all corners of the house. There was a small potato and the cork of a Bovril bottle from the kitchen, a cartridge from the study, a large horn button, several odd items of food, probably from the dining-room floor, a walnut from the dessert table, and three dead mice from the pantry. Many wild animals make stores of this kind, which often include oddments which they can never hope to eat.

So summer and autumn drifted by, and the first snows had fallen, when the strangest incident in this strange history brought the history to a close. The why and the wherefore of it I do not try to explain. To paint Nix, or any other stoat that ever lived, as a hero would be ridiculous. Believe me, no stoat was ever a hero at heart above the sense by which St. George rose to those levels by the art of slaying—except, perhaps, a stoat mother. I have seen her come back for her young in the face of certain death, and she is often a heroine. But mothers are a thing apart, and Nix was not a mother and never would be. To the levels of heroism, in unselfish freedom, the fox and the otter, the roe and the badger, may sometimes rise, but never the stoat. With fluff and feathers his pathway is strewn; he will murder his own mother over a dead mouse. He will wheel about and fight fire at the scent of his own life-blood. We hold the tiger as our emblem of ferocity, but the tiger is only a cat. The stoat is a weasel, and the weasel is a thousand times worse than any cat. If the tiger were, to scale, a stoat, there would be nothing in India but tigers. There would be no India—only the *terra incognita* of tigerland.

Yet whatever instincts prompted him, whatever promptings led him forth, Nix died a hero by our reckoning, and from that fact I must not detract.

It had been a still and oppressive day, which made the fire smoke and everyone demand open windows. It came a silent,

foggy night, with moisture on the window panes—the kind of night when the treading of a mouse along the gravel walk would sound unholy and unreal. They went to bed early, and to-night there was no creaking of oaken staircases, no chirp of crickets, no click and clatter of pebbles in the hollow walls, only a supreme and oppressive quietude which made the darkness deeper when the candles were extinguished.

Midnight had chimed from the clock on the staircase when Dan was wakened—by what he knew not. Then faintly it came to his nostrils—the scent of musk, the mingled aroma of acetylene and fermenting onions. He sat rigidly upright—was Nix in the room? Was he about to seize Mrs. Stalwart by the nose? If so, what a commotion and indignation there would be!

But as Dan listened he heard another sound, and his ears concentrating upon it, it seemed veritably to echo through all the quiet corridors—a sharp, almost metallic “chip-chip-chip,” as of someone beating two flints together—up and down, growing and fading, and accompanied, so it seemed, by the minute patter of paws.

Quickly Dan got up, lit a candle, and pushed open the bedroom door. The sound ceased, then began again, echoing up the staircase, and anon there was the musk-taint, stronger even than when Uncle George arrived. So far as Dan could make out, Nix, much disturbed at something, was scurrying up and down the dining-room corridor outside the closed door, and it occurred to Dan that an uninvited stranger might have called. Therefore he blew out his candle, possessed himself of his revolver, and tiptoed down.

He had gone half-way when a new scent came—one which he could not at first recognize, so intermingled was it with the master scent of stoat. Had someone left a lamp smoking, or was the supposed visitor using an oil lantern? One's senses are not at the best when wakened suddenly under such conditions.

Dan stood, one hand on the dining-room latch, and then he heard a sound as of padded feet on the carpet. Quickly he raised the latch and threw the door open.

Smoke! The room was full of smoke, stifling and dense, and towards the fireplace Dan could see a ruddy glow, which even as he stood there grew in brilliancy. The room was on fire, the air within was already unbreathable, and Dan realized that, fed by the draught from the open door, the



smouldering glow within was already breaking into flame. Unaided he could do nothing, so he stepped back quickly, closing the door behind him, though ere he did so he saw something white dart between his feet into the smoke-filled room, and again he could hear the metallic "chip."

Men were summoned, jorums of water placed in readiness, and a few minutes later the doors were opened and the fire raided. It proved not to be so serious a matter after all. An old oak beam, which probably had been smouldering for weeks, had led the sparks of conflagration to the floor, and a few bucketfuls of water, anything but judiciously distributed in the suffocating darkness, served to divert the forces which, had not Dan been awakened, would doubtless have demolished his home.

It was not till daylight came that the extent of the damage could be explored, and it was then that the strange discovery was made. Under the big humpty lay poor Jane, who had been left in possession of the hearth, and beside her crouched what might have been one of her own kittens—a pure white kit, such as, alas! she was never now to produce! The latter was Nix in his winter coat—Nix in the spotless purity of his ermine robe!

Poor Jane, for thus a prisoner in the room, her appeals were unheard behind the closed door, and she had perished by the fumes. Unheard I say, but was there just one who had heard her, one to whom she had given life and mother warmth, and who, hearing, it would seem, chose to take his place beside her when at length the door was opened?



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## ***Furnishing, Decorating and Running the Small Home***

*By J. S. Bainbridge, B.Sc.*

### ***No. 2.—Decorating the Small Home***

**W**HEN I first asked a craftsman learned in the art to give me a few hints which would help me to redecorate the interior of my house, his

reply was very similar to that given by Mr. Punch to those about to marry. After ten minutes with him I began to feel that were I to make the attempt I should be a very foolish and foolhardy man. Even the lowest estimate, however, which came in from the various firms who were approached on the matter convinced me that the attempt was worth making, and as a result of my experience I can safely say that, although perfection may only come with practice, it is a fairly easy matter satisfactorily to distemper or paper a room, whitewash the ceiling, renovate the paint and stain the floors—all are operations quite within the scope of the handyman about the house. The golden rule is not to attempt to finish off a room in one evening, but to let each coat, no matter whether it is paint, varnish, or distemper, dry thoroughly before applying the next coat, and to use good materials and good brushes for the work.

The order in which the various operations should be tackled is as follows, and a short description of each will be given in this order:

- (a) Preparation of the room.
- (b) Whitewashing the ceiling and distempering (or papering) the walls.
- (c) Painting the woodwork.
- (d) Staining the floor.

#### **(a)—Preparation of the Room**

All furniture should first be taken out of the room, or if this is impossible, and only a surround is to be stained, remove as much



In distempering a wall, brush evenly in all directions within reach of the arm



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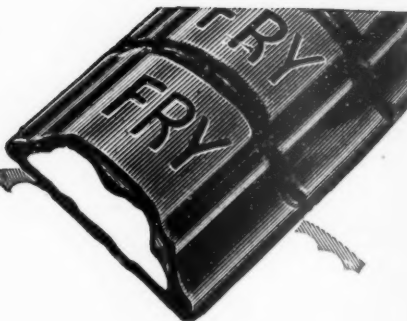
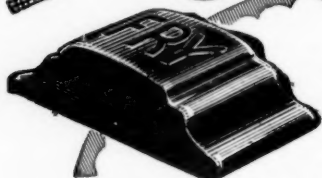
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## DECORATING THE SMALL HOME



For painting window sashes a narrow brush should be used

as possible, gather the remainder into the centre and cover with a dust-sheet, spreading numerous sheets of newspaper over the rest of the floor and pinning other sheets (or hanging a dust-sheet) over the door and mantel. This may sound rather unnecessary, but it is an indisputable fact that an amateur, although he may possibly produce a very creditable piece of work, will nevertheless splash and make more mess than would a professional. It is better to spend a few minutes spreading dust-sheets and newspapers than later a whole afternoon washing off goutts of whitewash and distemper from the floor and wainscoting, etc.—a particularly nauseating job. Any drops which do make their way on to the floor or paint should be wiped off before they dry, otherwise they will be difficult to move, although turpentine will generally do the trick.

Next rig up some sort of arrangement for reaching the ceiling. A sugar box on a kitchen table will do if nothing else is available, but a stout plank and two pairs of steps are better. Now moisten a small portion of the ceiling, rub lightly with a finger and see if anything is removed. This will show whether the ceiling has been whitewashed with ordinary limewash, lime,

or washable distemper; and if anything does come off, it will be necessary to wash the ceiling thoroughly.

An old distemper brush or a sponge and plenty of clean water should be used for the washing, carefully washing off *all traces* of the old distemper, if removable, but remember it is the ceiling which is being attacked and not the floor. If the ceiling has begun to "flake off," scrape it with a broad stripping knife.

Assuming this cleaning satisfactorily carried out, and that the walls have previously been papered, proceed to wet the whole of the paper on the walls, repeating this damping until the paper *easily* comes off when scraped. With ordinary wallpapers three wettings will usually be sufficient to achieve this, but occasionally, as in a bathroom with a varnished paper, more difficulty will be encountered. In this second case warm caustic soda solution must be used (working in rubber gloves) or one of the trade preparations sold for this purpose. Then gather up and remove all the old wallpaper.



To remove the old wallpaper wet the whole of the surface of the walls and the paper will easily come off when scraped

## THE QUIVER



Glasspaper wrapped round a flat iron forms a simple method of going over the floor surface before staining

If there are any holes or cracks in the ceiling or walls, mix two parts of plaster-of-paris with one of whiting, make the mixture into a workable paste with water, damp the places to be filled in, and force the mixture in, finishing off with a smooth surface. Wash the walls down with vinegar and water to remove any sourness due to the old paste, and leave twenty-four hours to dry.

### (b) - Whitewashing and Distempering

Walls and ceiling should first be sized. Otherwise if the plaster is at all porous the distemper will later sink in and show a patchy surface, an effect which will only be accentuated by succeeding coats. The size should be broken up into small pieces and placed in an old pail with just a covering of water, a little alum being added if there are any stains on the ceiling. Place the pail over a fire until the size is dissolved, and brush quickly but thoroughly over walls and ceiling.

For whitewashing and distempering trade preparations may be used. Instructions are always given on the packets as regards the amount of hot and cold water necessary, so that there will be no difficulty, but personally I should recommend using ordinary distemper. Three parts fill a bucket with dry whiting, cover with clean tap or spring

water, and leave overnight to steep. If tub size cannot be bought (either Cannon's or even Sea-weed brand), steep four or five cakes of good glue, melt down by boiling, and add sufficient water to form a workable jelly when cold. Now mix up, say, half a pail of whiting with sufficient size to bind it, and add a little blue or yellow ochre as the walls or ceiling require. The mixture should work well in the morning if mixed the night before.

It is rather difficult to determine the exact quantities of size and whiting required, since they vary with each room. A ceiling I recently whitewashed, for example, was a "dry" one, and needed  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of size jelly in 7 lb. of prepared whiting. Some plasters, again, are "hot" and very absorbent, others being "slape" and hard.

A similar mixture is used for the walls, the requisite amount of dry colour being thoroughly mixed in, and more size added the more dry colour used. The whitewash or distemper should be of the consistency of thin cream (almost milk). One is often tempted to use a thicker liquid in the hope that only one coat will be required, but this will certainly lead to a patchy appearance, and is not to be recommended.

Use a 12 in. or 14 in. whitewash brush (or, as they are called in the trade, 8 oz. or 10 oz.) and well "slap" the whitewash into the ceiling. Remember that the whitewash must be worked into the surface if it is to adhere, and work quickly so that the edge of the first strip is still wet when the second strip is started, in order to avoid patches. The brush should be worked up and down in parallel strokes, cross strokes not being employed. When working on the walls brush evenly in all directions within reach of the arm, and when the next section is started take care to brush the two edges well into each other.

Be careful never to add anything (water, size, etc.) when a wall or ceiling has been started on, as this very much affects the colour. If a washable distemper is chosen—of which the Wal-pa-mur seems to be the best—prepare the walls as before, and then give a coat of "liquid" supplied by the same people. Even then two coats should be given to make a really good job, stippling the second if you can borrow a stippler.





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### (c) -Painting and Enamelling

Having satisfactorily completed the white-washing and distempering, the painting is next taken in hand. A very important point to bear in mind here is that paint fulfils a dual function. It is both a decorative and a preserving medium, and the second rôle is often forgotten when the paint is bought. Obviously its rôle as a preservative depends on the constituents of the paint, and it would therefore be a fatal mistake to buy paint of an inferior brand. Paint manufactured by a reliable firm, with a large sale and a reputation to lose, will in the long run be more satisfactory than cheaper brands manufactured by less well-known firms.

Success with the first object, the decorative value of the paint, depends very largely on the preliminary preparation of the surfaces to be covered, and it cannot be denied that this preparation may be a long and wearying job. It has to be tackled, however, if a good smooth surface is to be obtained.

After the paint has been cleaned, rub it down with glasspaper or wet pumicestone. Since it is useless painting on top of perished paint, old paint that is cracked or blistered must be removed entirely, and there are two ways whereby this may be accomplished. The first of these—a blow-lamp—is a tricky job for an amateur, who had better use a patent paint remover. This is a caustic solution which is painted over the paintwork and then scraped, when all the paint comes away fairly easily. The woodwork should afterwards be well rinsed and washed with water containing a little acid (e.g. vinegar) to neutralize any alkali remaining from the paint remover.

When rubbing down the paint, either with wet pumicestone or with glasspaper (Nos. 1½ or 2), particular attention should be paid to doors and other large surfaces where defects are more easily seen. Pumice is preferable to glasspaper since it avoids the formation of fine paint dust, which may hang about and later settle on the wet paint. Before painting, the floor should be scrubbed to remove this paint dust and so prevent it rising.

Use plenty of glasspaper, throwing one piece away when it is filled with paint dust. Rub lightly—it is a mistake to try and dig the glasspaper in—and if rubbing virgin or stripped wood, always rub with, and not across, the grain.

How many coats of paint will be required

will depend upon the condition of the woodwork, whether a light colour is being put on top of a dark one and so on. It will usually be necessary to apply two, and possibly three, undercoats, being finished off with the glossy paint or enamel, which should only be used for the top or final coat. In certain cases of prepared paints and enamels, it is necessary to use the special undercoating supplied by the same firm.

Good paintwork demands good brushes. Brushes of a suitable size and quality should therefore be bought, and a little extra-



In applying enamel to the skirting a light touch is necessary

gance here is justified, since a good brush (if well cared for) will last a very long time. A wide brush will produce a more even surface than a narrower one. This means that as wide a brush as possible should always be used, or, in other words, it will be necessary to buy at least two brushes, a narrow sash brush for window sashes and the like, and a wider (2½ in. by 3 in.) brush for covering larger surfaces. New brushes, by the way, work better if they are soaked in turpentine and then dried.

## THE QUIVER

The paint should be of such a consistency that it will flow easily. An undercoat is first laid on, thinly and well-brushed out—two thin coats are much better than one thick one, as the latter has a tendency to skin over instead of drying, which eventually causes blisters. Blisters are also formed if a second coat is applied before

strokes running from left to right or vertically as may be necessary.

With enamel the procedure is slightly different, since it is here desired to produce a porcelain-like surface, free from any suspicion of brushwork. Fortunately enamel has a natural tendency to flow, so that no matter in what direction the brush is drawn, if the touch is sufficiently light the enamel will show no trace.

A word of warning with reference to the use of enamel is perhaps necessary. As has been said, enamel has a natural tendency to flow—due to the varnish it contains—so that if it is used in too liberal a manner there is great danger of drops collecting and running down the woodwork. This is especially true at corners and under the shelter of bevellings, where great care should be taken. A finished surface disfigured in this manner is a sure sign that the enamel has been too liberally applied.



Avoid splashing the skirting board by drawing the brush along at right angles to the skirting

the first is thoroughly dry, or if the surface is damp. The surface must therefore be absolutely dry, both from moisture and paint. Apply the undercoat very evenly, drawing the brush forwards and backwards horizontally, since a downward motion makes drips almost unavoidable. Then brush the paint well out by crossing it in all directions.

When the first coat of undercoating is quite dry rub it down gently with fine glass-paper to remove any slight ridges, and then stop up any holes or cracks with a mixture of equal parts of putty and white lead, following this with a second undercoat. If this is the last undercoat it should not be rubbed over, but any little specks of grit, etc., should be carefully removed.

The final brushing will depend on whether paint or enamel is being used. In the first case it is not of great importance if slight brush marks show, provided they run the same way as does the grain of the wood. The direction of the grain must therefore be followed when brushing out the paint, the

the floor is at the bottom of a room's success, and here again, as with paintwork, it is the preparation of the floor before staining which will make or mar the result. This is true no matter which of the stains—water, varnish or oil—is employed.

The preparation of the floor will to some extent depend on the type of stain used. Thus unless an opaque varnish stain or oil paint is to be used, any previous stain must first be removed. Hot water to which plenty of washing soda has been added will effectively remove most stains, and will, in addition, wash off any grease spots—a necessary proceeding since neither stain nor varnish can be applied to a greasy surface. Should the stain be refractory, the water and soda must be left on the wood to sink in the floor, the floor afterwards being thoroughly washed with clean water. Strong soda water is apt to take the skin off the hands, and as several applications may be necessary, steps must be taken to prevent this.

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### (d) Staining the Floor

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## DECORATING THE SMALL HOME

used to hold down a carpet must be extracted, and any protruding nails (which cannot be extracted since they hold down the floor-boards) must be driven home. Nail holes, cracks and crevices must then be filled up with any suitable filler. Suitable materials are brown paper made into a pulp with weak hot glue, or putty tinted with a little of the stain. Next remove any splinters or particularly rough places with a plane or an old knife, and finally go over the whole surface with glasspaper. If the glasspaper is wrapped round a flat iron or similar support the operation, although lengthy, will not be difficult.

### Applying the Stain

Water stains and varnish stains are often used, but they are not to be recommended, except perhaps for back rooms and the like, where a first-class finish is not essential. Potassium permanganate is the best known water stain. The solution may be diluted to give any desired tint from almost colourless to deep brown; but it possesses no waterproofing or preserving qualities, and it fades if used in a room which receives much sunlight. Varnish stains are popular because they combine the two processes of staining and varnishing, but the effect is purely a surface one. These stains do not sink into the wood, and as a natural result they have a short life and wear patchy, particularly in spots such as the doorway where the traffic is heaviest.

Oil stains are undoubtedly the best. The stains sink into the wood and so help to preserve it, and waxing or varnishing produces a really excellent finish. Oil stains

can be obtained in a large variety of tints—light and fumed oak, mahogany, walnut, etc.—and an additional advantage is their transparency, through which the natural grain of the wood can be seen. A good oil stain is obtained by mixing Brunswick black and turpentine, adding less turpentine the darker the tint required.

An oil stain should be laid on quite freely (using as wide a brush as possible), so that it may penetrate the wood to the fullest extent, and it should only be applied to an absolutely dry surface. To obtain a deep, even tone two coats will be required, allowing the first to dry thoroughly before starting on the second—thirty-six hours may be regarded as a minimum interval.

Actually to apply the stain is not a difficult operation. After distempering and painting it is, in fact, almost child's play. Attention may, however, be drawn to two little points which will expedite the work. Care must be taken not to splash the skirting board, especially if this is painted a light colour, but this can easily be avoided by drawing the brush along at right angles to the skirting. For the remainder of the floor the brush must be drawn backwards, holding near the bristles and going with the grain of the wood.

Afterwards the floor may be varnished, waxed or polished according to inclination. A good floor polish, such as "Ronuk" or "Mansion Polish," will in a few weeks produce a surface of which anyone could be justifiably proud; a surface which will give ever-changing reflections of the furniture and mirror the glow of the fire in winter or chance rays of sunlight in summer.

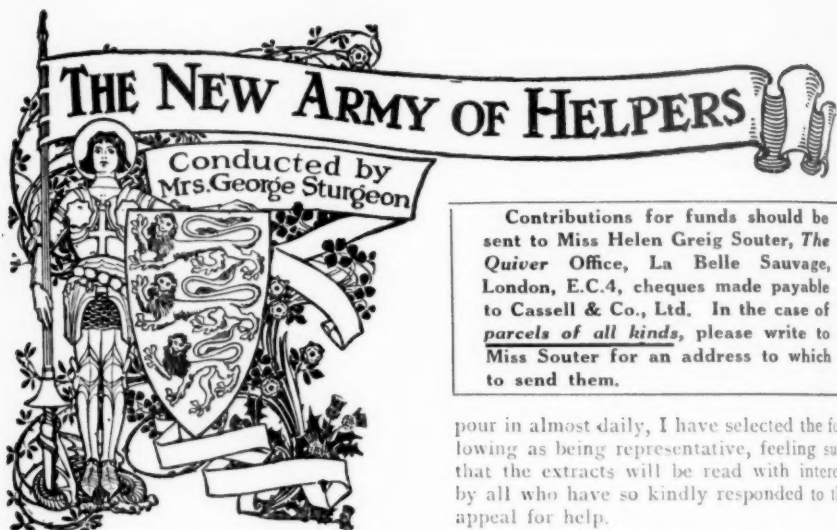
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**M**Y DEAR READERS,—A kind Helper very generously sent me a supply of coal and bread tickets, part of which I distributed amongst some of the invalids and others not on our regular list for coals, etc., and the rest I passed on to a friend, a devoted deaconess, whose labours are much appreciated in some of the West End slums which are tucked away behind the prosperous streets and dignified squares in the vicinity of the Marble Arch.

She has many a fine tale to tell of humble heroism and Christ-like lives amidst the most unpromising surroundings, and she was specially delighted with the tickets for coals, as some of her dear old people are limited to half a hundredweight a week, and the thought of a whole bag at a time was a most joyful event.

Then there was a poor mother with six hungry children, and very little to give them. She was the recipient of two large loaves of bread, and according to an eyewitness the entire supply was consumed at one meal; but then the poor things would have nothing else, unless a scrape of margarine!

There are always fresh applicants for the SOS Fund, which continues its beneficent work; for although the winter has been by no means severe, the prevalence of damp, muggy weather has been most trying, and on every hand there have been cases of illness and influenza.

From the scores of letters of thanks which

pour in almost daily, I have selected the following as being representative, feeling sure that the extracts will be read with interest by all who have so kindly responded to the appeal for help.

It gives one a shock as well as acts as an incentive to personal gratitude for all the everyday blessings of life, which so many of us accept as our due and pretty much as a matter of course, when one reads: "My most grateful thanks for the cheque. It will prove a boon and a blessing, I assure you. I can do with less food when I am warm and comfy."

M. S. writes: "I can't express my gratitude enough to you and *THE QUIVER HELPERS*. I had reached a depth of despair last year, but this has given me heart again. I realize now that the world is full of good people and I have much to thank God for."

Miss V., in acknowledging the gifts of two Helpers, adds: "Oh, if those kind people knew how much they helped and cheered us up! I felt as if I hadn't much more courage left, for some work was finished and fresh is very difficult to obtain, then came your kind note and the welcome cheque."

An elderly couple, neither of whom is eligible for the Old Age Pension for some time, were feeling very sad indeed, and had gone to bed one night when the postman arrived with a letter. "When we lit the candle and saw your letter and the wonderful cheque—well, you probably will never realize what it meant to us! It seemed too good to be true to two old people who are most grateful, and who earnestly wish that the helpers may have all that they wish for themselves, and prove the truth of the old adage—'The hand that gives gathers.'"

#### A "Thanking" Letter

The quaint phrasing of the following note from the Rev. Guru Manickam, Wesleyan Minister of Dharapuram, Southern India, deserves publicity:

"Most Hon'd. Madam, Please note my change of address from next week forward.

"I am again going to the same Mass Movement Field, where Chakalisz (cobblers), the lowest of all castes in India are becoming kind.

## The Charm of Good Hosiery



**St. Margaret**  
"For Every Occasion" **HOSIERY**

Write for illustrated Booklet, No. 59, and name of nearest retailer—sent, post free, on application to N. Corah and Sons, Ltd., St. Margaret's Works, Leicester.

"I'VE put them in, Madam." "That's right, I know I'm safe when ST. MARGARET is included. People can think what they like about foreign Hosiery, but while there is British Hosiery to be obtained, and such good British as St. Margaret, I'll never buy foreign makes. Keep the British flag flying is my motto, and the best way is to buy British goods."

Ask for "CORA," a typical example of St. Margaret value in Artificial Silk.

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SEVEN PRIZE  
MEDALS.



These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil—Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a Special Process.

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Give that "CHIC" appearance.

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Simple to a Just. Cross elastic at back of hat and draw over the crown. "FREDa" are ideal for motor-touring. They are non-sticky. Made in Nottingham.

Made in 12 styles. Price 6jd. to 1/2/11.

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We blend Doctor's China Tea from the very choicest leaf for flavour's sake. Try it yourself. There are Three qualities:—

3/4, 4/-, and 4/6

Harden Bros. & Lindsay  
Ld. (Dept. 87a),  
23 Rood Lane, London,  
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**free!**  
**1/4 POUND**

Simply send 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, and we will promptly send you a 2-oz. packet of each of the 3/4 and 4/- qualities—making in all a free quarter-pound of the world's finest China Tea, together with name of the nearest agent.

This delicious Tea with a sure appeal to the connoisseur has all excess tannin eliminated, which allows the true flavour to be appreciated and makes it safe for Dyspeptics and Invalids.

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EAT plenty of good, nourishing bread. But let it be HOVIS because HOVIS contains full nourishment for the body.

# HOVIS

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is made only from wheat, like white bread, but with this important difference: it contains added quantities of the vital 'germ' which constitutes its most nourishing and vitalising part.

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See those tins of biscuits,  
Soldered true and tight;  
Made so well,  
Sound as a bell—  
Wonderful stuff, **FLUXITE**.

BISCUIT tins are a fine example of soldering art. Every little join and seam is carefully soldered, making the tin perfectly damp-proof and air-tight. Fluxite is the secret of perfect soldering. Bear that in mind, when the old kettle, saucepan or pan springs a leak, and with Fluxite to help you soldering is as simple as A B C.

ALL MECHANICS WILL HAVE

# FLUXITE

BECAUSE IT

## SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

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Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little

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PRICE

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ANOTHER USE FOR FLUXITE—  
HARDENING TOOLS AND CASE HARDENING

ASK FOR LEAFLET ON IMPROVED METHODS

## THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

"There are 156 boys and 50 girls in the boarding school, all belonging to the depressed classes (the outcasts). I am glad to state that Mrs. —, from Durham, sent some sweets and Christmas cards for the children, which they enjoyed before the Christmas holidays. Thank you very much for this.

"I kindly request you to remember the innocent and outcaste children. I am writing a thanking letter to the kind and benevolent lady who sent the Christmas presents to the children. —With kindest regards and with best New Year wishes, yours very sincerely,

"GURU MANICKAM."

### **Fresh Appeals**

A Helper has brought a very pathetic case under my notice of a widow of 76, almost crippled by rheumatism and chained to her chair. She is in very poor circumstances, and is being faithfully and lovingly tended by a friend, who went to her as a housemaid in 1878, and gives her services entirely free. Her mistress regards her as one of her greatest blessings, and writes: "She takes the greatest care of me." The maid, who is tall and thin, is in want of clothing and calico for underwear for herself and her mistress. It is very rare these days to hear of such long service and disinterested devotion, and I should much like to help both.

### **The New Poor**

I was deeply touched recently by the death of a well-known woman writer, who died after a long illness under very sad and lonely circumstances. She had for years bravely supported herself and her two sisters, one of whom was a helpless cripple, the other over sixty and not strong, by her pen. They are the daughters of a clergyman, are quite incapable of earning any money, and are completely dependent on a very few who know their pitiful case. They appear to be singularly lonely and helpless, but for one or two novelists who are taking an interest in them for the sake of their sister. I shall be very much pleased to forward anything contributed to ease their burden, as neither is eligible for the Old Age Pension.

### **Wants and Wishes**

As most housewives and others have a general clear out of clothes, etc., just before or after the spring cleaning, may I put in a plea for a share for some of our readers who are in sore need, and whose appeals I am compelled to answer in the negative, as nothing of that description is being offered me?



Toy-time at the Babies' Hospital, London

Photo :  
"Daily News"

## THE QUIVER

There are several young mothers with little ones from six months to seven and eight years of age, who are suffering intensely because of lack of warm underwear, etc.

Boots and shoes from 4's to 8's are also greatly in demand for both men and women, and there are several sad cases among the former, where underclothing would be most gratefully received. I find it very hard to say "No," but one would require a general store these days to meet the imperative wants, let alone the wishes, of many who are in dire need through no fault of their own.

Miss L. H., a cripple, appeals for a pair of boots (4's) which she can have fitted with instruments, as otherwise they would cost her £4, which is quite prohibitive. She would also be very grateful for odds and ends to furnish a small room for letting, and so defray part of her weekly rent.

An invalid suffering from chronic rheumatoid arthritis is in need of a pair of soft glacé kid shoes, 4's, low-heeled.

N.B.—Will helpers kindly note that clothes must *not* be forwarded to the office? If they will be good enough to send me a card, giving particulars of the clothing, I shall be pleased to send an address.

### Orders Required

A young girl, personally known to me, and now in a sanatorium, would be glad of orders for pretty and novel bead butterfly brooches. In one colour they cost 10d., and in two 1s. She also does hat and dress trimmings in beads, and knits and crochets children's things and lengths of lace.

Miss S., a retired missionary, receives from time to time parcels of embroidered articles, such as photo frames, Treasury-note cases, etc., and hand-made lace from a former pupil in China, who by means of her needle supports not only herself, her husband and family, but her aged father and mother-in-law. All the money goes direct to the worker, and is of the utmost help.

Miss P., who has been ill for some time and unable to work, would like to dispose of the following articles in stock: Children's knitted bonnets, 1s. each; socks, 1s. 6d. a pair; men's socks, 2s. 6d. and 3s. Children's overalls, 1s. 6d. each; petticoats, 1s. 6d.; knitted 2s. 6d., etc.

*Easter Novelties.*—Invalid would be grateful for orders for raffia egg-cosies, which would be acceptable Easter gifts. She also makes small work baskets, glass holders and dinner mats in fine cane work.

### Our Readers' Register

L. H., a young ex-Service man, married, with five children, who is generally handy and can run and repair any kind of car, is anxious to obtain a situation as a private chauffeur. He is engaged meantime with a business firm on a motor wagon, but the long hours and trying journeys in all weather are too much for his physical strength.

A. P. and his wife, an elderly couple, thoroughly respectable and trustworthy, are looking out for a post as caretakers.

F. H., a disabled ex-Service man, and recently the victim of an accident which kept him for a couple of months in hospital, would be very grateful for work as clerk, storekeeper or cloak-room attendant, and is in need of clothing and boots (No. 11).

### A Babies' Clinic and Hospital

If there is one sight more than another that appeals to the maternal instincts of every woman it surely must be that of suffering babies. Somehow it seems so unnatural that they should be anything but gay and bright, plump and rosy and as happy as birds, which even in wintry weather sing quite cheerfully. Such were my feelings on a recent visit to the Babies' Hospital at 127 Ladbrooke Road, W.11, which has been in existence now for five years as a memorial to Margaret Ramsay MacDonald, whose mother heart prompted her to express herself thus:

"These statistics of mortality among children have become unbearable to me. I used to be able to read them in a dull, scientific sort of a way, but now I seem to know the pain behind each one. It is not true that other children can make it up to you, that time heals the pain. It doesn't; it grows worse and worse. We women must work for a world where little children will not needlessly die."

Lady Maurice is the treasurer, and showed a friend and myself round the house. We had just left a nursery where twin daughters of my hostess were looking as lovely and healthy children as one could wish to see, and the contrast, perhaps, appeared all the more painful on that account.

Dr. Ethel Bentham, one of the medical officers, who has been closely associated with the work, very kindly gave us some interesting facts about this novel departure in Child Welfare.

It appears that the Women's Labour



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in all styles and sizes for men, women and children, is obtainable from all leading footwear stores, including all branches of:

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Your footwear repairer can re-sole the shoes you are now wearing with "Dri-ped" Leather.

SHOE quality is determined by the soles. Neither smart design nor shapely last, nor clever workmanship, nor skilful stitching can make a worth-while shoe if the sole leather is of doubtful durability, of questionable waterproofness.

Sole leather of dependable quality is not common, since leather is a natural product, but there is one leather, produced from a careful selection of the finest obtainable hides, tanned by a special process, which is ever consistent—"Dri-ped," the famous super-leather for soles.

This leather is guaranteed waterproof; guaranteed to give double wear. It ensures greater foot comfort, freedom from wet-feet chills. It helps shoes to retain their style longer.

Many leading footwear manufacturers have selected "Dri-ped" for leading ranges of men's, women's, and children's footwear.

**CAUTION.** If soles are stamped with any mark other than the "Dri-ped" diamond in purple beware of substitution. "Dri-ped" is not merely a brand name—it identifies the best sole leather you can obtain. In case of difficulty please write to:—DRI-PED, Ltd., Bolton, Lancs.



Q 11

# DRI-PED SOLED FOOTWEAR

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are boldly  
facing the  
**Anglo-  
Catholic  
Challenge**  
in every part  
of the country.

They stand for

**A FULL GOSPEL  
A WHOLE BIBLE  
A LIVING FAITH**

The errors of Sacerdotalism are met by the  
Sword of the Spirit.

£1,000 per month is needed  
to maintain this great witness.  
Every reader of *The Quiver* should help.

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**THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN**  
HACKNEY ROAD, BETHNAL GREEN, E.2,  
which deals with larger numbers of children than any other  
Hospital of its kind, is almost overwhelmed with applications  
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HALIFAX, YORKS.

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Boys and Girls received between the ages of 10 and 12, and  
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Fees: £30 per annum.  
Prospectus from Mr. W. R. Sheard, Secretary.

**GREY  
HAIR  
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HAIR TINT**

tints grey or faded hair any  
natural shade desired—  
brown, dark-brown, light-  
brown, or black. It is  
permanent and washable,  
has no grease, and does not  
burn the hair. It is used  
by over a million people.  
Medical certificate accom-  
panies each bottle. Of all  
Chemists, Stores and Hair-  
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## 100,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers  
of *The Quiver*, April, 1925. On receipt of P.O. for  
1925 we will forward Direct from our Looms  
to your address, one of our "Prudential" **12/6**  
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**REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN**

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS

Carriage  
1/-  
extra.



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Suitable for Dressing-  
room, Dining-room, Bed-  
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thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable  
self shades of Crimson, Green, Blue,  
and Art Colourings to suit all require-  
ments and large enough to cover  
any ordinary sized room.  
These Carpets with **FREE RUGS**  
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**CARPETS**

showing  
you the  
identical  
quality  
we sup-  
ply. They  
are made  
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equal to  
wool, and  
being a  
special  
type of

our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus  
saving the purchaser all middle profits. **Over 400,000**  
**sold during the past 12 months.** Money willingly re-  
funded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and  
Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall  
**absolutely give away** a very handsome Rug to match.  
**Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets,  
Hearthrugs, Casements, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table  
Linens, Curtains, &c., post free** if mentioning *The Quiver*,  
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MATERNITY  
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Booklet and Special  
Catalogue,  
'Everything for  
Baby from Birth'  
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garment tailored by Wood Bros. ensures for the wearer  
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Quickly and Permanently Cured without Operation.  
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**DON'T LOOK OLD!** But restore your grey and  
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**LOCKYER'S Sulphur HAIR RESTORER.**

Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days,  
thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain  
their position. **2/- Sold Everywhere.**

Lockyer's gives health to the hair and restores the natural colour. It  
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This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair  
Specialists, J. P. FRY & Co., Ltd., 22 Bedford Lane, London.  
S.E.4., and can be obtained direct from them by post, or from any  
Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

**SULPHOLINE**

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear  
complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritating pimples, disfiguring  
blisters, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying Sulpholine. Lotions  
which render the skin spotless, soft, sweet, supple, comfortable. For  
40 years it has been the remedy for

Eruptions	Psoriasis	Eczema	Blotches
Pimples	Roughness	Scurs	spots
Redness	Rashes	Acne	Rosacea

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. P. FRY & Co.,  
Ltd., 22 Bedford Lane, London, S.E.4., and is sold in bottles of  
12 and 6. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any  
Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

## THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS



Nine tiny tots at the Babies' Hospital enjoying their dinner

Photo:  
"Daily News"

League, whose activities were forced into other channels after the franchise was bestowed, decided to open a children's clinic in memory of two of their leading members who had died within a short time of each other, namely, Mrs. Ramsay MacDonald and Mrs. Mary Middleton.

### Inadequate Accommodation

Naturally they encountered all the difficulties which fall to the lot of the pioneer in any undertaking. Premises were practically non-existent, or else landlords were unsympathetic, and after waiting indefinitely they rented a small shop, using the front part for a waiting-room and the back for consultations. A modest notice hung in the window resulted in mothers and babies waiting on the doorstep the first day, and since then they have been generally crowded out, and examine on an average 7,000 annually. Three doctors devote three afternoons a week to children and one to mothers, and the scheme is admirable, since the small patients, where possible, are treated on the spot, minor ailments are checked straightaway, and the mothers receive the best advice close at home, when they can find sufficient time from their daily duties, instead of

having the trouble and fatigue of taking their little ones to hospital.

The pressing need and utter lack of hospital accommodation for children under five was soon brought home to Dr. Bentham and her colleagues, so the next step was to acquire the present house, which, being of the tall, old-fashioned type, is not very well suited for such an institution and cannot well be further adapted. A combined nursery, play- and dining-room with sunny balconies, on which the little cots are placed in good days, occupies the best part of the ground floor, whilst a couple of wards are on the second; but, needless to say, this entails a larger staff than would be necessary if all the patients were on the one level. The house next door may one day be available, and would solve the problem to some extent if funds were forthcoming; but the height of Dr. Bentham's ambition is the sum of £5,000 for a new hospital built to order.

The casual woman in the home or the man in the street, if they gave the matter a thought, might well be pardoned for supposing there were districts in London more needy than that of the Royal Borough of Kensington; but Dr. Bentham, whose experience is extremely wide and varied, told

## THE QUIVER

me that there is nothing in the Mile End Road or Whitechapel to exceed the overcrowding in that neighbourhood. In one ward at least there are 366 persons to the acre. The residents are by no means the type which make slums, but consist largely of respectable artisans, railway officials, postmen and the like, who are compelled to live with their families in two rooms—often basement ones—dark, damp and insanitary. The wives and mothers suffer acutely from rheumatism and kindred ills, and as soon as the babies are born they fall heir to the same ailments, as well as rickets, anæmia and more juvenile complaints. Lack of sunlight and elbow room are the chief contributory causes of poor development among the tiny patients, rather than bad heredity.

### In the Wards

There are twenty cots and beds in the hospital, and these were all occupied save one. The older children had just finished dinner, but had not risen from the low, kidney-shaped table. Amongst these were twin girls, whom the doctor has named "Bluey" and "Pinky," from the colours of their woollies; sweet little mites, both suffering from rickets and anæmia, but, like the others, responding very well to the violet-ray light treatment. Two mites were being treated in the lamp-room. They were lying naked on a rug, under the direction of a sister, and we had to wear goggles as a protection against the strong glare.

Most encouraging results have also followed the new glandular treatment in a number of cases. One pretty, fair-haired mite was very backward and delicate, but thanks to the good food and care, she is improving both in mind and body. A temporary home is required for Rosie, whose mother is a cook in a big establishment and "lives in," so cannot make a home for her out-of-work husband and a little boy.

Ronnie, a dear, wee fellow, with chronic heart trouble, which is likely to be a life-long handicap, was toddling about, playing at being a coalman and delivering black diamonds. He has been detained in hospital for a year in the hope that a vacancy might occur for him in some convalescent or seaside home, but this, unfortunately, has not as yet materialized.

Several were the victims of malnutrition; one at five months was less than half the normal weight, and one infant, six months old, was suffering from acute indigestion!

The majority are chronic rather than acute cases, but all are in need of constant and skilled attention, such as is out of the question in their own homes. The healthy surroundings, the regularity of feeding, the nourishment, and the devoted service of Miss Garnett and her staff all play a part in building up a C grade baby, so that later on he may be standardized as B, if not A.

The parents, if they can afford it, pay a small weekly sum; but this is not insisted on, and as there are no endowments, it is often difficult to meet the weekly bills. At the present time the exchequer is empty, and funds are urgently needed by the treasurer; whilst the matron would be extremely grateful for donations of white wool, which the nurses would willingly knit into all sorts of woollies for their charges, since the garments sent in are often either a bad fit or quite unsuitable.

### Letters, Gifts, etc.

I acknowledge with grateful thanks the above received from Mrs. Gibson, Miss Mackie, Miss Mitchell, Mrs. Guthrie, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Miller, "Reader" (Wimborne), Miss Ambrose, Miss Bourne, Miss Field (coal and bread tickets), Miss Woodham, Miss Maxtone Graham, Mrs. Edley Morton, Mrs. Sheepshanks, Miss Bowden, Miss Griffin, and the mother of a brave Scot-Canadian, whom Alfred Martin wishes me to thank specially, along with others, who kindly sent him books and letters.

*S.O.S. Fund.*—J. G. S., 10s.; C. M. Harrison, 5s.; A. W. S., £1; Miss A. Matheson, £1; F. Kent, £1; E. H., 2s. 6d.; M. A. Peacock, £1; F. W. H., 7s. 6d.; H. Stovin, 10s.; E. M. King, 5s.; L. Kislbury, £1; Miss M. Gunn, 5s.; A QUIVER Reader, 5s.; M. G. M., £1; Miss C. M. Woodham, £2; The Misses Fitness, £2; C. W. Parkes, £1; A Friend in Shetland, 10s.; R. S. O., 5s.; H. J. B., 10s.; J. M. Tapley, 10s.; Anon., 5s.; C. W. Parkes, £2; Miss E. Hill, £2 2s.

*Dr. Barnardo's Homes.*—F. W. H., 10s.

*St. Dunstan's.*—F. W. H., 7s. 6d.

It would greatly facilitate the keeping of the accounts if the recipients of cheques would cash these as soon as possible.

Would all those readers and helpers who so kindly apply to me for an address where clothes would be welcome be good enough to give some idea of the sizes of same, so that they may be sent to the persons for whom they are best suited.

Yours sincerely,  
HELEN GRIG SOUTER.

# Lady Pamela's Letter

DEAR COUSIN DELIA,—I have just been listening to the lament of a friend because her little daughter has just been "moved down" at school. Yet the child is by no means stupid and the report of her work during school hours is satisfactory.

The root of the trouble, I feel convinced, lies in the housing problem! Perhaps at first sight there does not seem much connexion between this and the progress of a child at school, but the two matters are very dependent on each other. In this case the family lives in a medium-sized house, and one large room is devoted to the children as a nursery. The little girl who has been "moved down" is the eldest child and the only one who goes to school.

When she returns from school at midday she has her dinner and then goes for a walk with the nurse and younger children, returns for tea, and then tries to do her "preparation." I say tries advisedly, for she sits at a table in the nursery, and all around her games and rompings are in progress that disturb and distract her.

When she gets a difficult lesson she enlists her mother's help, and this is given freely but injudiciously. Her mother "tells her what to write," works out the sums, etc., instead of trying to explain and make the child understand for herself.

Thus in every way the child is handicapped. The work she does in the nursery is very meagre, and it is not surprising that, next day at school, lessons are "returned" as not properly learnt. In the case of written work what she gives in is far too often the work of her mother! This is unfair to the child. If help is given it must be given carefully and not in such a manner that it makes the child lazy and lacking in self-dependence.

Then some adequate provision must be made for the child to do her work in peace and quiet. Any room will do provided it is warmed and light and the disturbing influences of talk, etc., are removed from it until lessons are finished. There is usually a dining-room available for an hour or two, or even the child's own bedroom can be so arranged that it is suitable as a study place as well as for sleeping. A writing-table set in a good light and a gas fire to warm the room when necessary is all that is required, and the trouble entailed by making these few simple arrangements is more than repaid by the rapid progress made at school by the child whose home lessons are well and carefully prepared.

Ever yours,

PAMELA.

## Answers to Correspondents.

*Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.*

ADDRESS WANTED. Mrs. J. M. T. (Paignton).—I wonder if your daughter has ever thought of taking up horticulture? If so she could write for particulars about training to the Horticultural College, Swanley, Kent. The other address you asked for is the Norland Institute, 10 Pembridge Square, W.2.

A VALUABLE TONIC. Pimpernel (Bath).—You seem to have a very busy life and, in fact, at times really to overwork yourself. You should make a point of keeping a bottle of Phosferine at hand and take it regularly. It has wonderful power in keeping you in good health. The brain and body are invigorated by it, with very lasting and beneficial results. The tendency to neuralgia which you mention is of course due to over-strain and over-fatigue. You will find Phosferine invaluable in making you feel well and vigorous.

NURSERY DECORATION. Inquirer (Warrington).—The room you have set apart as a nursery sounds delightful with its pleasant outlook over the fields. I think you will like to have a plain paper relieved by a patterned frieze and dado. You can get these nowadays in such charming designs; not only nursery rhymes and farm scenes, but also silhouettes and designs of flowers, birds, etc. It is sometimes a good idea to have a coloured ceiling. You can get ceiling papers with cloud effects. If you get a cloudy blue paper (not too dark) spangled with stars and a crescent moon, this looks charming in a night nursery.

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR. Ida B. (Walton-on-Thames).—It is not at all too early to be preparing your own and the children's lighter frocks. In our curious climate the sunny, spring-like weather often takes us by surprise, and then our old clothes look so dingy. It is delightful to have ready a supply of lighter garments. I strongly recommend you to buy a fabric that is fast in colour, and you cannot do better than invest in Duro cloth for all washing garments. The colours are unaltered after many visits to the wash-tub, a great recommendation. It is so disheartening to spend time making a pretty frock and then to find it faded and ruined when washed. This never happens when Duro fabrics are worn, and the makers give a guarantee that inspires confidence too.

## THE QUIVER

**HINT FOR A BUNGALOW.** A. M. B. (St. Margarets).—I do not personally advise you to buy expensive pictures. Why not frame the coloured magazine covers you have been collecting? It is quite simple and pleasant to use passe-partout framing, and you can get a complete outfit very reasonably. It is not necessary to use always a black binding. You can use colours, gilt binding, etc., and this provides variety to suit different types of pictures in different rooms.

**FOR Dainty Comfort.** Dinkie (Arundel).—When planning how you will spend your next quarter's dress allowance I strongly advise you to add St. Margaret hosiery to your list. This dainty and well-made hosiery is commended because it wears well and looks well to the end. You tell me you have tried many makes and do not feel satisfied. This is because you have not heard of St. Margaret make. If you once try stockings, etc., made by this firm you will always make a point of wearing them. As you like artificial silk you will be pleased to hear about "Cora," which is a typical example of St. Margaret value in artificial silk. It is always a satisfaction to recommend such well-made British-made goods.

**FOOTWEAR HINT.** Anxious Reader (Macclesfield).—I have never heard of the preparation you mention. You can use ordinary varnish. Just paint it on the soles, and let it dry thoroughly before wearing the shoes. You can apply two or three coats with advantage, letting each one dry before you apply the next. The shoes need not necessarily be new, although of course it is easy to apply the varnish to the smooth sole before it has been roughened by wear.

**SATISFACTION IN SHOPPING.** Penelope (Kentish Town).—The friend who advised you to go to "Boots" was very sensible and I thoroughly endorse her good advice. At Boots the Chemists you not only get pure drugs, delightful toilet preparations and the accurate dispensing of your prescriptions, but in their gift departments you will find a veritable happy hunting ground for charming presents for your friends and for articles that are both useful and artistic for the home. There are fortunately branches everywhere—such a great convenience to everybody.

**FOR THE DRESSING TABLE.** Miriam (Harrigate).—Yes, you can use leather in this way. Cut the mats about two inches wider than you wish them to be when finished, and then with scissors or a sharp knife cut a fringe at the edges. Then paint a design on the centre, using colours that harmonize well with the predominant colour note of your room. A conventional design looks well, or groups of fruit and flowers, and part of the design and fringes can be treated with gold or silver paint. These mats are very durable and it is a pleasant hobby to make them.

**CORRECT INFANT FEEDING.** Materfamilias (Hampstead).—You are wise to realize the very great importance of diet in securing good health for your child. I can thoroughly re-

commend Mellin's Food, for it prepared as directed it provides all that an ideal diet should give a baby. This food is so admirable because it contains all that is necessary for the proper development of bone and muscle, and the secret of its success is its nearness to nature. You should send 6d. in stamps to Mellin's Food, Limited, London, S.E.15, and mention this magazine and then samples and a descriptive booklet will be forwarded to you post free. I feel sure if you use Mellin's Food your baby will thrive well and you will feel very satisfied with her progress.

**MANICURE HINT.** Iris B. (Dorking).—It is a mistake to cut the cuticle at the base of the nail. This makes it grow fast again and also coarsens it. If it is broken you may be obliged to trim it gently, but do not make a practice of cutting it. It is best to use an orange-wood stick dipped in lemon juice for cleaning the free edge of the nail and also for pressing back the skin that tends to grow up from the base. The pressure must be very gentle and great care must be taken not to bruise the nail or tear the cuticle. Hangnails are painful, but they rarely appear when the cuticle is gently pressed back each time the hands are washed.

**COLOUR IN DOOR FURNITURE.** Puzzled (Datchet). I know exactly what you mean and the effect is excellent. You can get door knobs and finger plates, etc., to harmonize in colour with the decorative scheme of any room. The material of which this coloured door furniture is made is very durable and can be kept clean so easily. It is actually made from dried milk, but it is hard to realize, for the effect is just like enamel.

**A SEASONABLE DOSE.** Biddy (Leicester).—Many people share your dislike for the unnecessary taking of medicines, and this is quite reasonable if the health is safeguarded by taking the well-tried effervescent saline Eno's Fruit Salt. This can be taken by old and young with perfect safety, for it contains only health-giving ingredients. It is invaluable in keeping the system healthy and in eliminating tiresome complaints such as indigestion and sleeplessness, that detract from perfect health. Eno's Fruit Salt has a world-wide reputation, and you will find that its regular use during the coming months will keep you fit and well.

**TO CURE STAMMERING.** Bluebird (Ipswich).—As the habit is not confirmed there is every hope of a cure. Make him speak very slowly and try to give him the impression that you are in no hurry and will wait until he has said all he wishes to say. Many little children begin to stammer just because they are in such a hurry to speak and half afraid the grown-ups will not listen patiently.

**A HOUSEHOLD HINT.** E. L. M. (Reigate).—A good and cheap washing-up mop is made by cutting a loofah into two pieces and using them in turn in one of the mop handles now available. The mop handle is of wood split to hold the loofah or mop head, the two pieces being held together by a metal ring which draws the wood closely so that it grips the loofah.





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